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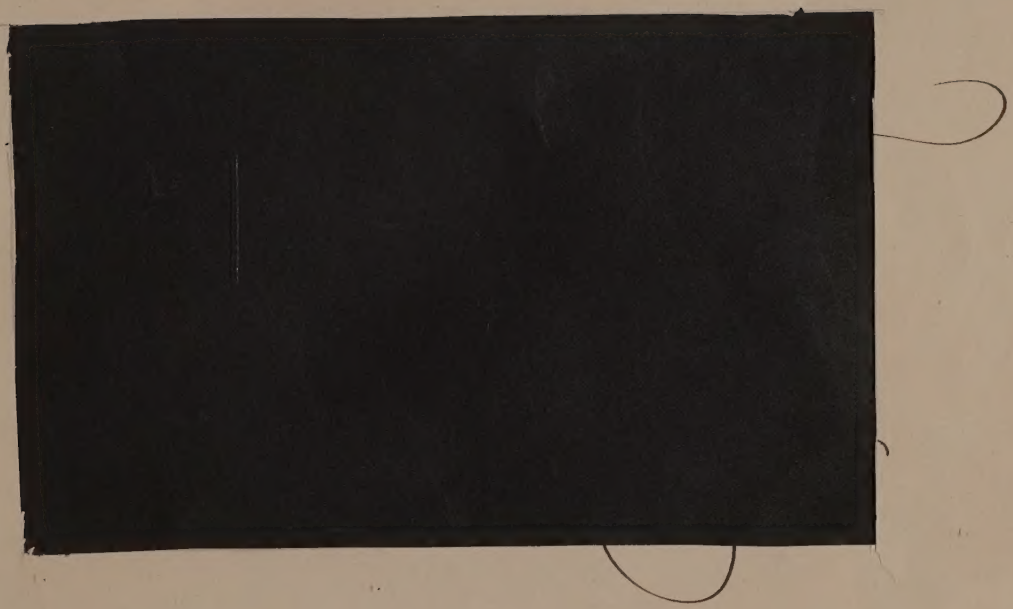

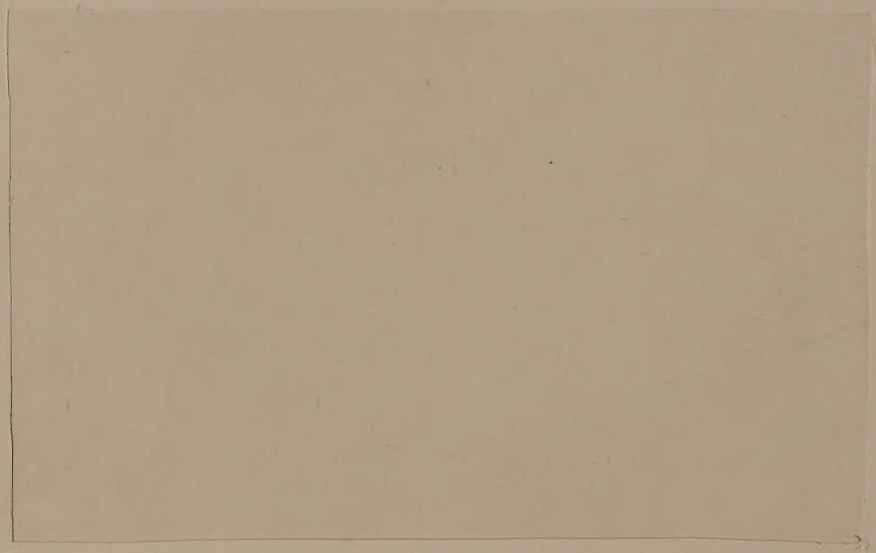

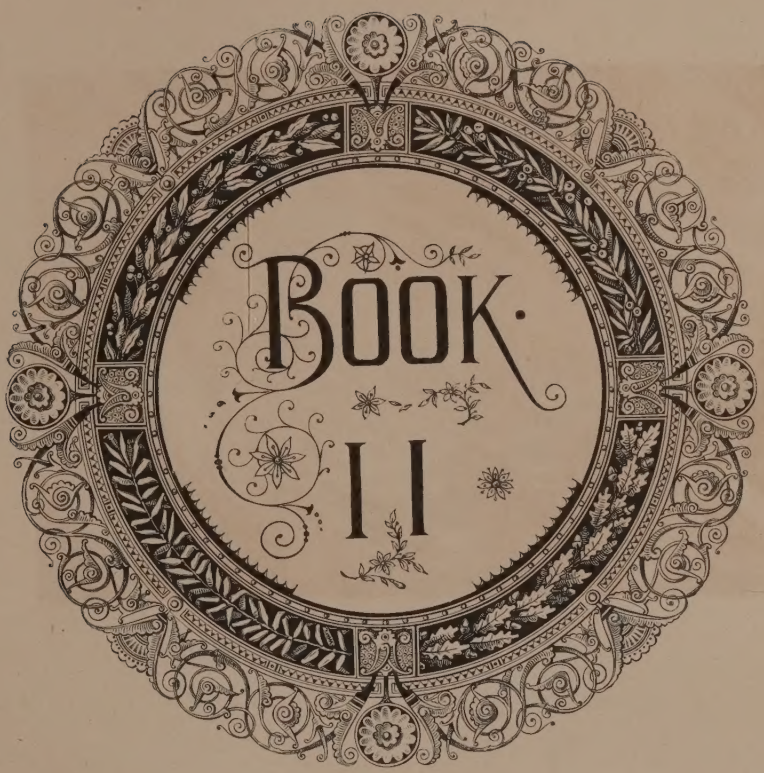
BOOK
II

Something the heart must have to cherish,
Must love, and joy, and sorrow learn;
Something with passion clasp, or perish,
And in itself to ashes burn.

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BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

SPRING.

It was a sweet carol which the Rhodian children sang of old in Spring, bearing in their hands, from door to door, a swallow as herald of the season: —

"The Swallow is come!
The Swallow is come!
Oh, fair are the seasons, and light
Are the days that she brings,
With her dusky wings,
And her bosom snowy white!"

A pretty carol, too, is that which the Hungarian boys, on the islands of the Danube, sing to the returning stork in Spring: —

"Stork! Stork! poor Stork!
Why is thy foot so bloody?
A Turkish boy hath torn it;
Hungarian boy will heal it,
With fiddle, fife, and drum."

But what child has a heart to sing in this capricious clime of ours, where Spring comes sailing in from the sea, with wet and heavy cloud-sails, and the misty pennon of the East-wind nailed to the mast? Yet even here, and in the stormy month of March even, there are bright, warm mornings, when we open our windows to inhale the balmy air. The pigeons fly to and fro, and we hear the whirring sound of wings. Old flies crawl out of the cracks, to sun themselves, and think it is Summer. They die in their conceit; and so do our hearts within us, when the cold sea-breath comes from the eastern sea, and again

"The driving hail
Upon the window beats with icy flail."

The red-flowering maple is first in blossom, its beautiful purple flowers unfolding a fortnight before the leaves. The moose-wood follows, with rose-colored buds and leaves; and the dog-wood, robed in the white of its own pure blossoms. Then comes the sudden rain-storm; and the birds fly to and fro, and shriek. Where do they hide themselves in such storms? at what firesides dry their feathery cloaks? At the fireside of the great, hospitable sun, — to-morrow, not before; — they must sit in wet garments until then.

In all climates spring is beautiful. In the South it is intoxicating, and sets a poet beside himself. The birds begin to sing; they utter a few rapturous notes, and then wait for an answer in the silent woods. Those green-coated musicians, the frogs, make holiday in the neighboring marshes. They, too, belong to the orchestra of Nature, whose vast theatre is again opened, though the doors have been so long bolted with icicles, and the scenery hung with snow and frost like cobwebs. This is the prelude which announces the opening of the scene. Already the grass shoots forth. The waters leap with thrilling pulse through the veins of the earth; the sap through the veins of the plants and trees; and the blood through the veins of man. What a thrill of delight in Spring-time! What a joy in being and moving! Men are at work in gardens; and in the air there is an odor of the fresh earth. The leaf-buds begin to swell and blush. The white blossoms of the cherry hang upon the boughs like snow-flakes; and erelong our next-door

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neighbors will be completely hidden from us by the dense green foliage. The Mayflowers open their soft blue eyes. Children are let loose in the fields and gardens. They hold buttercups under each other's chins, to see if they love butter. And the little girls adorn themselves with chains and curls of dandelions; pull out the yellow leaves, to see if the schoolboy loves them, and blow the down from the leafless stalk, to find out if their mothers want them at home.

And at night so cloudless and so still! Not a voice of living thing, — not a whisper of leaf or waving bough, — not a breath of wind, — not a sound upon the earth nor in the air! And overhead bends the blue sky, dewy and soft, and radiant with innumerable stars like the inverted bell of some blue flower, sprinkled with golden dust, and breathing fragrance. Or if the heavens are overcast, it is no wild storm of wind and rain, but clouds that melt and fall in showers. One does not wish to sleep, but lies awake to hear the pleasant sound of the dropping rain.

It was thus the Spring began in Heidelberg.

CHAPTER II.

A COLLOQUY.

"And what think you of Tiedge's 'Urania'?" said the Baron, smiling, as Paul Flemming closed the book, and laid it upon the table.

"I think," said Flemming, "that it is very much like Jean Paul's grandfather, — in the highest degree poor and pious."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the Baron. "That is the best criticism I have heard upon the book. For my part, I dislike it as much as Goethe did. It was once very popular, and lay about in every parlor and bedroom. This annoyed the old gentleman exceedingly; and I do not wonder at it. He complains that at one time nothing was sung or said but this 'Urania.' He believed in Immortality; but wished to cherish his belief in quietness. He once told a friend of his, that he had, however, learned one thing from all this talk about Tiedge and his 'Urania;' which was, that the saints, as well as the nobility, constitute an aristocracy. He said he found stupid women who were proud because they believed in Immortality with Tiedge, and had to submit himself to not a few mysterious catechizings and tea-table lectures on this point; and that he cut them short by saying, that he had no objection whatever to enter into another state of existence hereafter, but prayed only that he might be spared the honor of meeting there any of those who had believed in it here, — for, if he did, they would flock around him on all sides, exclaiming, 'Were we not in the right? Did we not tell you so? Has it not all turned out just as we said?'"

"How shocked the good old ladies must have been!" said Flemming.

"No doubt, their nerves suffered a little; but the young women loved him all the better for being witty and wicked, — and thought, if they could only marry him, how they would reform him."

"Bettina Brentano, for instance."

"Oh, no! That happened long afterwards. Goethe was then an old man of sixty. She had never seen him, and knew him only by his writings: a romantic girl of seventeen."

"And yet much in love with the sexagenarian. And surely, a more wild, fantastic passion never sprang up in woman's breast. She was a flower that worshipped the sun."

"She afterwards married Achim von Arnim, and is now a widow. And not the least singular part of the affair is, that, having grown older, and I hope colder, she should herself publish the letters which passed between her and Goethe."

"Particularly the letter in which she describes her first visit to Weimar, and her interview with the hitherto invisible divinity of her dreams. The old gentleman took her upon his knees, and she fell asleep with her head upon his shoulder. Oberon must have touched her eyes with the juice of Love-in-

idleness. However, this book of Goethe's 'Correspondence with a Child' is a very singular and valuable revelation of the feelings which he excited in female hearts. You say she afterwards married Achim von Arnim?"

"Yes; and he and her brother, Clemens Brentano, published that wondrous book, the 'Boy's Wonder-Horn.'"

"The 'Boy's Wonder-Horn'!" said Flemming, after a short pause, for the name seemed to have thrown him into a reverie; — "I know the book almost by heart. Of all your German books, it is the one which produces upon my imagination the most wild and magic influence. I have a passion for ballads!"

"And who has not?" said the Baron, with a smile. "They are the gypsy-children of song, born under green hedgerows, in the leafy lanes and by-paths of literature, — in the genial Summer-time."

"Why do you say Summer-time, and not Summer?" inquired Flemming. "The expression reminds me of your old Minnesingers; — of Heinrich von Ofterdingen, and Walther von der Vogelweide, and Count Kraft von Toggenburg, and your own ancestor, I dare say, Burkhart von Hohenfels. They were always singing of the gentle Summer-time. They seemed to have lived poetry, as well as sung it; like the birds who make their marriage-beds in the voluptuous trees."

"Is that from Shakespeare?"

"No; from Lope de Vega."

"You are deeply read in the lore of antiquity, and the Aubades and Watch-Songs of the old Minnesingers. What do you think of the shoemaker poets that came after them, — with their guilds and singing-schools? It makes me laugh to think how the great streams of your German Helicon, shrunk to small rivulets, go bubbling and gurgling over the pebbly names of Zwinger, Wurgendrussel, Buchenlin, Hellfire, Old Stoll, Young Stoll, Strong Bopp, Dang Brotscheim, Batt Spiegel, Peter Pfort, and Martin Gumpel. And then the Corporation of the Twelve Wise Masters, with their stumpfe-reime and klingende-reime, and their Hans Tindeisen's rosemary-weise, and Joseph Schmierer's flowery-paradise-weise, and Frauenlob's yellow-weise, and blue-weise, and frog-weise, and looking-glass-weise!"

"Oh, I entreat you," exclaimed Flemming,

laughing, "do not call those men poets! You transport me to quaint old Nuremberg, and I see Hans Sachs making shoes, and Hans Folz shaving the burgomaster."

"By the way," interrupted the Baron, "did you ever read Hoffmann's beautiful story of Master Martin, the Cooper of Nuremberg? I will read it to you this very night. It is the most delightful picture of that age which you can conceive. But look! the sun has already set behind the Alsatian hills. Let us go up to the castle and look for the ghost in Prince Ruprecht's tower. Oh, what a glorious sunset!"

Flemming looked at the evening sky, and a shade of sadness stole over his countenance. He told not to his friend the sorrow with which his heart was heavy, but kept it for himself alone. He knew that the time, which comes to all men, — the time to suffer and be silent, — had come to him likewise, and he spake no word. Oh, well has it been said, that there is no grief like the grief which does not speak!

CHAPTER III.

OWL-TOWERS.

"THERE sits the old Frau Himmelauen, perched up in her owl-tower," said the Baron to Flemming, as they passed along the Hauptstrasse. "She looks down through her round-eyed spectacles from her nest there, and watches every one that goes by. I wonder what mischief she is hatching now. Do you know she has nearly ruined your character in town? She says you have a rakish look, because you carry a cane, and your hair curls. Your gloves, also, are a shade too light for a strictly virtuous man."

"It is very kind in her to take such good care of my character, particularly as I am a stranger in town. She is doubtless learned in the Clothes-Philosophy."

"And ignorant of everything else. She asked a friend of mine, the other day, whether Christ was a Catholic or a Protestant."

"That is really too absurd!"

"Not too absurd to be true. And, ignorant as she is, she contrives to do a good deal of mischief in the course of the year. Why, the women already call you Wilhelm Meister."

"They are at liberty to call me what they please. But you, who know me better, know that I am something more than they would imply by the name."

"She says, moreover, that the American women sit with their feet out of the window, and have no pocket-handkerchiefs."

"Excellent!"

They crossed the market-place, and went up beneath the grand terrace into the courtyard of the castle.

"Let us go and sit under the great linden-trees that grow on the summit of the Rent Tower," said Flemming. "From that point as from a watch-tower, we can look down into the garden, and see the crowd below us."

"And amuse ourselves, as old Frau Himmelauen does at her window in the Hauptstrasse," added the Baron.

The keeper's daughter unlocked for them the door of the tower, and, climbing the steep staircase, they seated themselves on a wooden bench under the linden-trees.

"How beautifully these trees overgrow the old tower! And see what a solid mass of masonry lies in the great fosse down there, toppled from its base by the explosion of a mine! It is like a rusty helmet cleft in twain, but still crested with towering plumes!"

"And what a motley crowd in the garden! Philisters and Sons of the Muses! And there goes the venerable Thibaut, taking his evening stroll. Do you see him there, with his silver hair flowing over his shoulders, and that friendly face, which has for so many years pored over the Pandects? I assure you, he inspires me with awe. And yet he is a merry old man, and loves his joke, particularly at the expense of Moses and other ancient law-givers."

Here their attention was diverted by a wild-

looking person, who passed with long strides under the archway in the fosse, right beneath them, and disappeared among the bushes. He was ill-dressed, his hair flying in the wind, his movements hurried and nervous, and the expression of his broad countenance wild, strange, and earnest.

"Who can that be?" asked Flemming. "He strides away indignantly, like one of Ossian's ghosts!"

"A great philosopher, whose name, I have forgotten. Truly, a strange owl!"

"He looks like a lion with a hat on."

"He is a mystic, who reads Schubert's 'History of the Soul,' and lives, for the most part, in the clouds of the Middle Ages. To him the spirit-world is still open. He believes in the transmigration of souls; and I dare say is now following the spirit of some departed friend, who has taken the form of yonder pigeon."

"What a strange hallucination! He lives, I suppose, in the land of cloud-shadows. And, as St. Thomas Aquinas was said to be lifted up from the ground by the fervor of his prayers, so, no doubt, is he by the fervor of his visions."

"He certainly appears to neglect all sublunary things; and, to judge from certain appearances, since you seem fond of holy similitudes, one would say, that, like St. Serapion the Sindonite, he had but one shirt. Yet what cares he? he lives in that poetic dream-land of his thoughts, and clothes himself in poetry."

"He is a poet, then, as well as a philosopher?"

"Yes; but a poet who never writes. There is nothing in nature to which his imagination does not give a poetic hue. But the power to make others see these objects in the same poetic light is wanting. Still he is a man of fine powers and feelings; for next to being a great poet is the power of understanding one, — of finding one's self in him, as we Germans say."

Three figures, dressed in black, now came from one of the green alleys, and stopped on the brink of a fountain that was playing among the gay flowers of the garden. The eldest of the three was a woman in that season of life when the early autumn gives to the summer leaves a warmer glow, yet fades them not. Though the mother of many children, she was still beautiful; — resembling those trees which blossom in October, when the leaves are changing, and whose fruit and blossom are on the branch at once. At her side was a girl of some sixteen years, who seemed to lean upon her arm for support. Her figure was slight; her countenance beautiful, though deadly white; and her meek eyes like the flower of the nightshade, pale and blue, but sending forth golden rays. They were attended by a tall youth of foreign aspect, who seemed a young Antinoüs, with a mustache and a nose *à la Kosciusko*. In other respects a perfect hero of romance.

"Unless mine eyes deceive me," said the Baron, "there is the Frau von Ilmenau, with her pale daughter Emma, and that eternal Polish count. He is always hovering about them, playing the unhappy exile, merely to excite that poor girl's sympathies; and as wretched as genius and wantonness can make him."

"Why, he is already married, you know," replied Flemming. "And his wife is young and beautiful."

"That does not prevent him from being in love with some one else. That question was decided in the Courts of Love in the Middle Ages. Accordingly he has sent his fair wife to Warsaw. But how pale the poor child looks!"

"She has just recovered from severe illness. In the winter, you know, it was thought she would not live from hour to hour."

"And she has hardly recovered from that disease, before she seems threatened with a worse one; namely, a hopeless passion. However, people do not die of love now-a-days."

"Seldom, perhaps," said Flemming. "And yet it is folly to pretend that one ever wholly recovers from a disappointed passion. Such wounds always leave a scar. There are faces I can never look upon without emotion. There are names I can never hear spoken without almost starting."

"But whom have we here?"

"That is the French poet Quinet, with his fair German wife; one of the most interesting women I ever knew. He is the author of a very wild Mystery, or dramatic prose-poem, in which the Ocean, Mont Blanc, and the Cathedral of Strasburg have parts to play; and the

saints on the stained windows of the minster speak, and the statues and dead kings enact the Dance of Death. It is entitled 'Ahasuerus, or the Wandering Jew.'"

"Or, as the Danes would translate it, the Shoemaker of Jerusalem. That would be a still more fantastic title for his fantastic book. You know I am no great admirer of the modern French school of writers. The tales of Paul de Kock seem to me like obscene stories told at dinner-tables. It has been truly said of him, that he is not only *populaire* but *populacier;* and rather harshly of George Sand and Victor Hugo, that their works stand like fortifications, well built and well supplied with warlike munitions; but ineffectual against the Grand Army of God, which marches onward, as if nothing had happened. In surveying a national literature, the point you must start from is national character. That lets you into many a secret. The most prominent trait in the French character is love of amusement and excitement: and" —

"I should say, rather, the fear of ennui," interrupted Flemming. "Some one has said, with a great deal of truth, that the gentry of France rush into Paris to escape from ennui, as, in the noble days of chivalry, the defenceless inhabitants of the champaign fled into the castles at the approach of some plundering knight or lawless baron: forsaking the inspired twilight of their native groves, for the luxurious shades of the royal gardens. What do you think of that?"

The Baron replied, with a smile: —

"There is only one Paris; and out of Paris there is no salvation for decent people."

Thus conversing of many things sat the two friends under the linden-trees on the Rent-Tower, till gradually the crowd disappeared from the garden, and the objects around them grew indistinct, in the fading twilight. Between them and the amber-colored western sky, the dense foliage of the trees looked heavy and hard as if cast in bronze; and already the evening stars hung like silver lamps in the towering branches of that Tree of Life, brought more than two centuries ago from its primeval paradise in America, to beautify the gardens of the Palatinate.

"I take a mournful pleasure in gazing at that tree," said Flemming, as they rose to depart. "It stands there so straight and tall, with iron bands around its noble trunk and limbs, in silent majesty, or whispering only in its native tongue, and freighting the homeward wind with sighs! It reminds me of some captive monarch of a savage tribe, brought over the vast ocean for a show, and chained in the public market-place of the city, disdainfully silent, or breathing only in melancholy accents a prayer for his native forest, a longing to be free."

"Magnificent!" cried the Baron. "I always experience something of the same feeling, when I walk through a conservatory. The luxuriant plants of the tropics — those illustrious exotics, with their gorgeous flamingo-colored blossoms, and great flapping leaves, like elephants' ears — have a singular working upon my imagination, and remind me of a menagerie and wild beasts kept in cages. But your illustration is finer; — indeed, a grand figure. Put it down for an epic poem."

CHAPTER IV.

A BEER-SCANDAL.

On their way homeward, Flemming and the Baron passed through a narrow lane, in which was a well-known Studenten-Kneipe. At the door stood a young man, whom the Baron at once recognized as his friend Von Kleist. He was a student; and universally acknowledged, among his young acquaintance, as a "devilish handsome fellow," notwithstanding a tremendous scar on his cheek, and a cream-colored mustache as soft as the silk of Indian corn. In short, he was a renowner, and a duellist.

"What are you doing here, Von Kleist?"

"Ah, my dear Baron! Is it you? Come in; come in. You shall see some sport. A Fox-Commerce is on foot, and a regular Beer-Scandal."

"Shall we go in, Flemming?"

"Certainly. I should like to see how these things are managed in Heidelberg. You are a baron, and I am a stranger. It is of no consequence what you and I do, as the king's fool Angeli said to the poet Bautru, urging him to put on his hat at the royal dinner-table."

William Lilly, the Astrologer, says, in his Autobiography, that, when he was committed to the guard-room in Whitehall, he thought himself in hell; for "some were sleeping, others swearing, others smoking tobacco; and in in the chimney of the room there were two bushels of broken tobacco-pipes, and almost half a load of ashes." What he would have thought, if he had peeped into this Heidelberg Studenten-Kneipe, I know not. He certainly would not have thought himself in heaven; unless it were a Scandinavian heaven. The windows were open; and yet so dense was the atmosphere with the smoke of tobacco and the fumes of beer, that the tallow candles burned but dimly. A crowd of students were sitting at three long tables, in the large hall; a medley of fellows, known at German universities under the cant names of Old-Ones, Mossy-Heads, Princes of Twilight, and Pomatum-Stallions. They were smoking, drinking, singing, screaming, and discussing the great Laws of the Broad-Stone and the Gutter. They had a great deal to say, likewise, about Besens, and Zobels, and Poussades; and, if they had been charged for the noise they made, as travellers used to be in the old Dutch taverns, they would have a longer bill to pay for that than for their beer.

In a large arm-chair, upon the middle table, sat one of those distinguished individuals known among German students as a Senior, or Leader of a Landsmannschaft. He was booted and spurred, and wore a very small crimson cap, and a very tight blue jacket, and very long hair, and a very dirty shirt. He was President of the night; and, as Flemming entered the hall with the Baron and his friend, striking upon the table with a mighty broadsword, he cried in a loud voice: —

"Silentium!"

At the same moment, a door at the end of the hall was thrown open, and a procession of new-comers, or Nasty-Foxes, as they are called in the college dialect, entered two by two, looking wild, and green, and foolish. As they came forward, they were obliged to pass under a pair of naked swords, held crosswise by two Old-Ones, who, with pieces of burnt cork, made an enormous pair of mustaches on the smooth rosy cheeks of each, as he passed beneath this arch of triumph. While the procession was entering the hall, the President lifted up his voice again, and began to sing the well-known Fox-song, in the chorus of which all present joined lustily.

What comes there from the hill?
What comes there from the hill?
What comes there from the leathery hill?
Sa! Sa!
Leathery hill!
What comes there from the hill?

It is a postilion!
It is a postilion!
It is a leathery postilion!

Sa! Sa!
Postilion!
It is a postilion!

What brings the postilion?
What brings the postilion?
What brings the leathery postilion?
Sa! Sa!
Postilion
What brings the postilion?

He bringeth us a Fox!
He bringeth us a Fox!
He bringeth us a leathery Fox!
Sa! Sa!
Leathery Fox!
He bringeth us a Fox!

Your servant, Masters mine!
Your servant, Masters mine!
Your servant, much-honored Masters mine!
Sa! Sa!
Much-honored Masters mine!
Your servant, Masters mine!

How does the Herr Papa?
How does the Herr Papa?
How does the leathery Herr Papa?
Sa! Sa!
Herr Papa!
How does the Herr Papa?

He reads in Cicero!
He reads in Cicero!
He reads in leathery Cicero!
Sa! Sa!
Cicero!
He reads in Cicero!

How does the Frau Mamma?
How does the Frau Mamma?
How does the leathery Frau Mamma?
Sa! Sa!
Frau Mamma!
How does the Frau Mamma?

She makes the Papa tea!
She makes the Papa tea!
She makes the Papa leathery tea!
Sa! Sa!
Leathery tea!
She makes the Papa tea!

How does the Mamsell Sœur?
How does the Mamsell Sœur?
How does the leathery Mamsell Sœur?
Sa! Sa!
Mamsell Sœur!
How does the Mamsell Sœur?

She knits the Papa socks!
She knits the Papa socks!
She knits the Papa leathery socks!
Sa! Sa!
Leathery socks!
She knits the Papa socks!

How does the Herr Rector?
How does the Herr Rector?
How does the leathery Herr Rector?
Sa! Sa!
Herr Rector
How does the Herr Rector?

He calls the scholar, Boy!
He calls the scholar, Boy!
He calls the scholar, leathery Boy!
Sa! Sa!
Leathery Boy!
He calls the scholar, Boy!

And smokes the Fox tobacco!
And smokes the Fox tobacco!
And smokes the leathery Fox tobacco!
Sa! Sa!
Fox tobacco!
And smokes the Fox tobacco!

A little, Masters mine!
A little, Masters mine!
A little, much-honored Masters mine!
Sa! Sa!
Much-honored Masters mine!
A little, Masters mine!

Then let him fill a pipe!
Then let him fill a pipe!
Then let him fill a leathery pipe!
Sa! Sa!
Leathery pipe!
Then let him fill a pipe!

O Lord! it makes me sick!
O Lord! it makes me sick!
O Lord! it makes me leathery sick!
Sa! Sa!
Leathery sick!
O Lord! it makes me sick!

Then let him throw it off!
Then let him throw it off!
Then let him throw it leathery off!
Sa! Sa!
Leathery off!
Then let him throw it off!

Now I again am well!
Now I again am well!
Now I again am leathery well!

Sa! Sa!
Leathery well!
Now I again am well!

So grows the Fox a Bursch!
So grows the Fox a Bursch!
So grows the leathery Fox a Bursch!
Sa! Sa!
Fox a Bursch!
So grows the Fox a Bursch!

At length the song was finished. Meanwhile large tufts and strips of paper had been twisted into the hair of the Branders, as those are called who have been already one term at the University, and then at a given signal were set on fire, and the Branders rode round the table on chairs amid roars of laughter. When this ceremony was completed, the President rose and in a solemn voice pronounced a long discourse, in which old college jokes were mingled with much parental advice to young men on entering life, and the whole was profusely garnished with select passages from the Old Testament. Then they all seated themselves at the table, and the heavy beer-drinking set in, as among the Gods and Heroes of the old Northern mythology.

"Brander! Brander!" screamed a youth whose face was hot and flushed with supper and with beer; "Brander, I say! Thou art a Doctor! No, — a Pope; — thou art a Pope, by — !" These words were addressed to a pale, quiet-looking person, who sat opposite, and was busy in making a wretched shaved poodle sit on his hind legs in a chair, by his master's side, and hold a short clay pipe in his mouth, — a performance to which the poodle seemed nowise inclined.

"Thou art challenged!" replied the pale student, turning from his dog, who dropped the pipe from his mouth, and leaped under the table. Seconds were chosen on the spot; and the arms ordered; namely, six mighty goblets, or Bassgläser, filled to the brim with foaming beer. Three were placed before each duellist.

"Take your weapons!" cried one of the seconds, and each of the combatants seized a goblet in his hand.

"Strike!"

And the glasses rang, with a salutation like the crossing of swords.

"Set to!"

Each set the goblet to his lips.

"Out!"

And each poured the contents down his throat, as if he were pouring them through a tunnel into a beer-barrel. The other two glasses followed in quick succession, hardly a long breath drawn between. The pale student was victorious. He was first to drain the third goblet. He held it for a moment inverted, to let the last drops fall out, and then, placing it quietly on the table, looked his antagonist in the face, and said: —

"Hit!"

Then, with the greatest coolness, looking under the table, he whistled for his dog. His antagonist stopped midway in his third glass. Every vein in his forehead seemed bursting; his eyes were wild and bloodshot, his hand gradually loosened its hold upon the table, and he sank and rolled together like a sheet of lead. He was drunk.

At this moment a majestic figure came stalking down the table, ghost-like, through the dim, smoky atmosphere. His coat was off, his neck bare, his hair wild, his eyes wide open, and looking straight before him, as if he saw some beckoning hand in the air, that others could not see. His left hand was upon his hip, and in his right hand he held a drawn sword extended, and pointing downward. Regardless of every one, erect, and with a martial stride, he marched directly along the centre of the table, crushing glasses and overthrowing bottles at every step. The students shrank back at his approach; till at length one more intoxicated, or more courageous, than the rest, dashed a glass full of beer into his face. A general tumult ensued, and the student with the sword leaped to the floor. It was Von Kleist. He was renowning it. In the midst of the uproar could be distinguished the offensive words: —

"Arrogant! Absurd! Impertinent! Dummer Junge!"

Von Kleist went home that night with no less than six duels on his hands. He fought them all out in as many days; and came off with only a gash through his upper lip and another through his right eyelid from a dexterous Suabian Schläger.

CHAPTER V.

THE WHITE LADY'S SLIPPER AND THE PASSION-FLOWER.

THAT night Emma of Ilmenau went to her chamber with a heavy heart, and her dusky eyes were troubled with tears. She was one of those gentle beings who seem created only to love and to be loved. A shade of melancholy softened her character. She shunned the glare of daylight and of society, and wished to be alone. Like the evening primrose, her heart opened only after sunset; but bloomed through the dark night with sweet fragrance. Her mother, on the contrary, flaunted in the garish light of society. There was no sympathy between them. Their souls never approached, never understood each other, and words were often spoken which wounded deeply. And therefore Emma of Ilmenau went to her chamber that night with tears in her eyes.

She was followed by her French chambermaid, Madeleine, a native of Strasburg, who had grown old in the family. In her youth, she had been poor, — and virtuous, because she had never been tempted; and now that she had grown old, and seen no immediate reward for her virtue, as is usual with weak minds, she despaired of Providence, and regretted she had never been tempted. Whilst this unfortunate personage was lighting the wax tapers on the toilet, and drawing the bed-curtains and tattling about the room, Emma threw herself into an arm-chair, and, crossing her hands in her lap, and letting her head fall upon her bosom, seemed lost in a dream.

"Why have these gentle feelings been given me?" said she in her heart. "Why have I been born with all these warm affections, these ardent longings after what is good, if they lead only to sorrow and disappointment? I would love some one, — love him once and forever; — devote myself to him alone, — live for him, — die for him, — exist alone in him! But, alas! in all this wide world there is none to love me as I would be loved, — none whom I may love as I am capable of loving. How empty, how desolate, seems the world about me! Why has Heaven given me these affections, only to fall and fade?"

Alas! poor child! thou too must learn, like others, that the sublime mystery of Providence goes on in silence, and gives no explanation of itself, — no answer to our impatient questionings!

"Bless me, child, what ails you?" exclaimed Madeleine, perceiving that Emma paid no attention to her idle gossip. "When I was of your age" —

"Do not talk to me now, good Madeleine. Leave me, I wish to be alone."

"Well, here is something," continued the maid, taking a billet from her bosom, "which I hope will enliven you. When I was of your age" —

"Hush! hush!" said Emma, taking the billet from the hard hand of Madeleine. "Once more I beg you, leave me. I wish to be alone."

Madeleine took the lamp and retired slowly, wishing her young mistress many good nights and rosy dreams. Emma broke the seal of the note. As she read, her face became deadly pale, and then, quick as thought, a crimson blush gleamed on her cheek, and her hands trembled. Tenderness, pity, love, offended pride, the weakness and dignity of woman, were all mingled in her look, changing and passing over her fine countenance like cloud-shadows. She sunk back in her chair, covering her face with her hands, as if she would hide it from herself and Heaven.

"He loves me!" said she to herself; "loves me and is married to another, whom he loves not! and dares to tell me this! Oh never, — never, — never! And yet he is so friendless and alone in this unsympathizing world, — and an exile, and homeless! I can but pity him; — yet I hate him, and will see him no more!"

This short reverie of love and hate was broken by the sound of a clear, mellow voice, which, in the universal stillness of the hour, seemed almost like the voice of a spirit. It

was a voice, without the accompaniment of any instrument, singing those beautiful lines which Goethe wrote on the wall of a summer-house at Ilmenau : —

> "O'er all the hill-tops is quiet now!
> In all the woodlands hearest thou
> Hardly a sound!
> The little birds are asleep in the trees;
> Wait! wait! and soon, like these,
> Sleepest thou!"

Emma knew the voice, and started. She rushed to the window to close it. It was a beautiful night, and the stars were shining peacefully over the mountain of All-Saints. The sound of the Neckar was soft and low; nightingales were singing among the brown shadows of the woods; the large red moon shone like a ruby in the horizon's ample ring; and golden threads of light seemed braided together with the rippling current of the river. Tall and spectral stood the white statues on the bridge. The outlines of the hills, the castle, the arches of the bridge, and the spires and roofs of the town, were as strongly marked as if cut out of pasteboard. Amid this fairy scene, a little boat was floating silently down the steam. Emma closed the window hastily, and drew the curtains close.

"I hate him; and yet I will pray for him," said she, as she laid her weary head upon that pillow, from which, but a few months before, she thought she should never raise it again. "Oh that I had died then! I dare not love him, but I will pray for him!"

Sweet child! If the face of the deceiver comes so often between thee and Heaven, I tremble for thy fate! The plant that sprang from Helen's tears destroyed serpents; — would that from thine might spring up heart's-ease, — some plant, at least, to destroy the serpents in thy bosom! Believe me, upon the margin of celestial streams alone those simples grow which cure the heart-ache!

And this the silent stars beheld, looking down from heaven, and told it not again. This likewise the Frau Himmelauen beheld, looking from her chamber-window, and was not so discreet as the silent stars.

CHAPTER VI.

GLIMPSES INTO CLOUD-LAND.

"THERE are many things, which, having no corporeal evidence, can be perceived and comprehended only by the discursive energies of reason. Hence the ambiguous nature of matter can be comprehended only by adulterated opinion. Matter is the principle of all bodies, and is stamped with the impression of forms. Fire, air, and water derive their origin and principle from the scalene triangle. But the earth was created from right-angled triangles, of which two of the sides are equal. The sphere and the pyramid contain in themselves the figure of fire; but the octahedron was destined to be the figure of air, and the icosahedron of water. The right-angled isosceles triangle produces from itself a square, and the square generates from itself the cube, which is the figure peculiar to earth. But the figure of a beautiful and perfect sphere was imparted to the most beautiful and perfect world, that it might be indigent of nothing, but contain all things, embracing and comprehending them in itself, and thus might be excellent and admirable, similar to and in concord with itself, ever moving musically and melodiously. If I use a novel language, excuse me. As Apuleius says, pardon must be granted to novelty of words, when it serves to illustrate the obscurity of things."

These words came from the lips of the lion-like philosopher who has been noticed before in these pages. He was sitting with Flemming, smoking a long pipe. As the Baron said, he was indeed a strange owl; for the owl is a grave bird; a monk, who chants midnight mass in the great temple of Nature; — an anchorite, — a pillar saint, — the very Simeon Stylites of his neighborhood. Such, likewise, was the philosophical Professor. Solitary, but with a mighty current, flowed the river of his

life, like the Nile, without a tributary stream, and making fertile only a single strip in the vast desert. His temperament had been in youth a joyous one; and now, amid all his sorrows and privations, — for he had many, — he looked upon the world as a glad, bright, glorious world. On the many joys of life he gazed still with the eyes of childhood, from the far-gone Past upward, trusting, hoping; — and upon its sorrows with the eyes of age, from the distant Future, downward, triumphant, not despairing. He loved solitude, and silence, and candle-light, and the deep midnight. "For," said he, "if the morning hours are the wings of the day, I only fold them about me to sleep more sweetly; knowing that, at its other extremity, the day, like the fowls of the air, has an epicurean morsel, — a parson's nose; and on this oily midnight my spirit revels and is glad."

Such was the Professor, who had been talking in a half-intelligible strain for two hours or more. The Baron had fallen fast asleep in his chair; but Flemming sat listening with excited imagination, and the Professor continued in the following words, which, to the best of his listener's memory, seemed gleaned here and there from Fichte's "Destiny of Man" and Schubert's "History of the Soul."

"Life is one and universal; its forms many and individual. Throughout this beautiful and wonderful creation there is never-ceasing motion, without rest by night or day, ever weaving to and fro. Swifter than a weaver's shuttle it flies from Birth to Death, from Death to Birth; from the beginning seeks the end, and finds it not, for the seeming end is only a dim beginning of a new out-going and endeavor after the end. As the ice upon the mountain, when the warm breath of the summer sun breathes upon it, melts, and divides into drops, each of which reflects an image of the sun; so life, in the smile of God's love, divides itself into separate forms, each bearing in it and reflecting an image of God's love. Of all these forms the highest and most perfect in its God-likeness is the human soul. The vast cathedral of Nature is full of holy scriptures, and shapes of deep, mysterious meaning; but all is solitary and silent there; no bending knee, no uplifted eye, no lip adoring, praying. Into this vast cathedral comes the human soul, seeking its Creator; and the universal silence is changed to sound, and the sound is harmonious, and has a meaning, and is comprehended and felt. It was an ancient saying of the Persians, that the waters rush from the mountains and hurry forth into all the lands to find the Lord of the Earth; and the flame of the fire, when it awakes, gazes no more upon the ground, but mounts heavenward, to seek the Lord of Heaven; and here and there the Earth has built the great watch-towers of the mountains, and they lift their heads far up into the sky, and gaze ever upward and around, to see if the Judge of the World comes not! Thus in Nature herself, without man, there lies a waiting and hoping, a looking and yearning, after an unknown somewhat. Yes; when, above there, where the mountain lifts its head over all others, that it may be alone with the clouds and storms of heaven, the lonely eagle looks forth into the gray dawn, to see if the day comes not; when, by the mountain torrent, the brooding raven listens to hear if the chamois is returning from his nightly pasture in the valley; and when the soon uprising sun calls out the spicy odors of the thousand flowers, the Alpine flowers, with heaven's deep blue and the blush of sunset on their leaves; — then there awake in Nature, and the soul of man can see and comprehend them, an expectation and a longing for a future revelation of God's majesty. They awake, also, when, in the fulness of life, field and forest rest at noon, and through the stillness are heard only the song of the grasshopper and the hum of the bee; and when at evening the singing lark up from the sweet-smelling vineyards rises, or in the later hours of night Orion puts on his shining armor, to walk forth into the fields of heaven. But in the soul of man alone is this longing changed to certainty, and fulfilled. For, lo! the light of the sun and the stars shines through the air, and is nowhere visible and seen; the planets hasten with more than the speed of the storm through infinite space, and their footsteps are not heard; but where the sunlight strikes the firm surface of the planets, where the storm-wind smites the wall

of the mountain cliff, there is the one seen and the other heard. Thus is the glory of God made visible, and may be seen, where in the soul of man it meets its likeness changeless and steadfast. Thus, then, stands Man; — a mountain on the boundary between two worlds; — its foot in one, its summit far-rising into the other. From this summit the manifold landscape of life is visible, the way of the Past and Perishable, which we have left behind us; and as we evermore ascend, bright glimpses of the daybreak of Eternity beyond us!"

Flemming would fain have interrupted this discourse at times, to answer and inquire; but the Professor went on, warming and glowing more and more. At length there was a short pause, and Flemming said: —

"All these indefinite longings, these yearnings after an unknown somewhat, I have felt and still feel within me; but not yet their fulfilment."

"That is because you have not faith," answered the Professor. "The Present is an age of doubt, and disbelief, and darkness; out of which shall arise a clear and bright Hereafter. In the second part of Goethe's 'Faust' there is a grand and striking scene, where in the classical Walpurgis Night, on the Pharsalian Plains, the mocking Mephistopheles sits down between the solemn antique Sphinxes, and boldly questions them, and reads their riddles. The red light of innumerable watch-fires glares round about, and shines upon the terrible face of the arch-scoffer; while on either side, severe, majestic, solemnly serene, we behold the gigantic forms of the children of Chimæra, half buried in the sand, their mild eyes gazing fixedly, as if they heard through the midnight the swift-rushing wings of the Stymphalides, striving to outstrip the speed of Alcides' arrows! Angry Griffins are near them; and not far are Sirens, singing their wondrous songs from the rocking branches of the willow-trees! Even thus does a scoffing and unbelieving Present sit down between an unknown Future and a too believing Past, and question and challenge the gigantic forms of Faith, half buried in the sands of Time, and gazing forward steadfastly into the night, whilst sounds of anger and voices of delight alternate vex and soothe the ear of man! — But the time will come when the soul of man shall return again childlike and trustful to its faith in God, and look God in the face and die; for it is an old saying, full of deep, mysterious meaning, that he must die who hath looked upon a God. And this is the fate of the soul, that it should die continually. No sooner here on earth does it awake to its peculiar being, than it struggles to behold and comprehend the Spirit of Life. In the first dim twilight of its existence, it beholds this spirit, is pervaded by its energies, — is quick and creative like the spirit itself, and yet slumbers away into death after having seen it. But the image it has seen remains; in the eternal procreation, as a homogeneal existence, is again renewed; and the seeming death, from moment to moment, becomes the source of kind after kind of existences in ever-ascending series. The soul aspires ever onward to love and to behold. It sees the image more perfect in the brightening twilight of the dawn, in the ever higher-rising sun. It sleeps again, dying in the clearer vision; but the image seen remains as a permanent kind; and the slumberer awakes anew and ever higher after its own image, till at length, in the full blaze of noonday, a being comes forth, which, like the eagle, can behold the sun and die not. Then both live on, even when this bodily element, the mist and vapor through which the young eagle gazed, dissolves and falls to earth."

"I am not sure that I understand you," said Flemming; "but if I do, you mean to say, that, as the body continually changes and takes unto itself new properties, and is not the same to-day as yesterday, so likewise the soul lays aside its idiosyncrasies, and is changed by acquiring new powers, and thus may be said to die. And hence, properly speaking, the soul lives always in the Present, and has, and can have, no Future; for the Future becomes the Present, and the soul that then lives in me is a higher and more perfect soul; and so onward for evermore."

"I mean what I say," continued the Professor; "and can find no more appropriate language to express my meaning than that which I have used. But, as I said before, pardon must be granted to the novelty of words, when

it serves to illustrate the obscurity of things. And I think you will see clearly from what I have said, that this earthly life, when seen hereafter from heaven, will seem like an hour passed long ago, and dimly remembered; — that long, laborious, full of joys and sorrows as it is, it will then have dwindled down to a mere point, hardly visible to the far-reaching ken of the disembodied spirit. But the spirit itself soars onward. And thus death is neither an end nor a beginning. It is a transition, not from one existence to another, but from one state of existence to another. No link is broken in the chain of being; any more than in passing from infancy to manhood, from manhood to old age. There are seasons of reverie and deep abstraction, which seem to me analogous to death. The soul gradually loses its consciousness of what is passing around it; and takes no longer cognizance of objects which are near. It seems for the moment to have dissolved its connection with the body. It has passed, as it were, into another state of being. It lives in another world. It has flown over lands and seas; and holds communion with those it loves, in distant regions of the earth, and the more distant heaven. It sees familiar faces, and hears beloved voices, which to the bodily senses are no longer visible and audible. And this likewise is death; save that, when we die, the soul returns no more to the dwelling it has left."

"You seem to take it for granted," interrupted Flemming, "that, in our reveries, the soul really goes out of the body into distant places, instead of summoning up their semblance within itself by the power of memory and imagination."

"Something I must take for granted," replied the Professor. "We will not discuss that point now. I speak not without forethought. Just observe what a glorious thing human life is, when seen in this light; and how glorious man's destiny. I am; thou art; he is! seems but a school-boy's conjugation. But therein lies a mysterious meaning. We behold all round about us one vast union, in which no man can labor for himself, without laboring at the same time for all others; a glimpse of truth, which, by the universal harmony of things, becomes an inward benediction, and lifts the soul mightily upward. Still more so, when a man regards himself as a necessary member of this union. The feeling of our dignity and our power grows strong, when we say to ourselves: My being is not objectionless and in vain; I am a necessary link in the great chain, which, from the full development of consciousness in the first man, reaches forward into eternity. All the great and wise and good among mankind, all the benefactors of the human race, whose names I read in the world's history, and the still greater number of those whose good deeds have outlived their names, — all those have labored for me. I have entered into their harvest. I walk the green earth which they inhabited. I tread in their footsteps, from which blessings grow. I can undertake the sublime task which they once undertook, the task of making our common brotherhood wiser and happier. I can build forward, where they were forced to leave off; and bring nearer to perfection the great edifice which they left uncompleted. And at length I, too, must leave it, and go hence. Oh, this is the sublimest thought of all! I can never finish the noble task; therefore, so sure as this task is my destiny, I can never cease to work, and consequently never cease to be. What men call death cannot break off this task, which is never-ending; consequently no period is set to my being, and I am eternal. I lift my head boldly to the threatening mountain-peaks, and to the roaring cataract, and to the storm-clouds swimming in the fire-sea overhead, and say, — I am eternal and defy your power! Break, break over me! and thou Earth, and thou Heaven mingle in the wild tumult! and ye Elements, foam and rage, and destroy this atom of dust, — this body, which I call mine! My will alone, with its fixed purpose, shall hover brave and triumphant over the ruins of the universe; for I have comprehended my destiny; and it is more durable than ye! It is eternal; and I, who recognize it, I likewise am eternal! Tell me, my friend, have you no faith in this?"

"I have," answered Flemming, and there was another pause. He then said: —

"I have listened to you patiently and with-

out interruption. Now listen to me. You complain of the scepticism of the age. This is one form in which the philosophic spirit of the age presents itself. Let me tell you, that another form which it assumes is that of poetic reverie. Plato of old had dreams like these; and the Mystics of the Middle Ages; and still their disciples walk in the cloud-land and dream-land of this poetic philosophy. Pleasant and cool upon their souls lie the shadows of the trees under which Plato taught. From their whispering leaves comes wafted across the noise of populous centuries a solemn and mysterious sound, which to them is the voice of the Soul of the World. All nature has become spiritualized and transfigured; and, wrapped in beautiful, vague dreams of the real and the ideal, they live in this green world, like the little child in the German tale, who sits by the margin of a woodland lake, and hears the blue heaven and the branches overhead dispute with their reflection in the water, which is the reality and which the image. I willingly confess that such day-dreams as these appeal strongly to my imagination. Visitants and attendants are they of those lofty souls, which, soaring ever higher and higher, build themselves nests under the very eaves of the stars, forgetful that they cannot live on air, but must descend to earth for food. Yet I recognize them as day-dreams only; as shadows, not substantial things. What I mainly dislike in the New Philosophy is the cool impertinence with which an old idea folded in a new garment looks you in the face and pretends not to know you, though you have been familiar friends from childhood. I remember an English author, who, in speaking of your German philosophies, says very wisely: 'Often a proposition of inscrutable and dread aspect, when resolutely grappled with, and torn from its shady den, and its bristling intrenchments of uncouth terminology, and dragged forth into the open light of day, to be seen by the natural eye and tried by merely human understanding, proves to be a very harmless truth, familiar to us from old, sometimes so familiar as to be a truism. Too frequently the anxious novice is reminded of Dryden in the "Battle of the Book;" there is a helmet of rusty iron, dark, grim, gigantic; and within it, at the farthest corner, is a head no bigger than a walnut.' — Can you believe that these words ever came from the pen of Thomas Carlyle? He has himself taken up the uncouth terminology, of late; and many pure, simple minds are much offended at it. They seem to take it as a personal insult. They are angry, and deny the just meed of praise. It is, however, hardly worth while to lose our presence of mind. Let us rather profit as we may, even from this spectacle, and recognize the monarch in his masquerade. For, hooded and wrapped about with that strange and antique garb, there walks a kingly, a most royal soul, even as the Emperor Charles walked amid solemn cloisters under a monk's cowl, — a monarch still in soul. Such things are not new in the history of the world. Ever and anon they sweep over the earth, and blow themselves out soon; and then there is quiet for a season, and the atmosphere of Truth seems more serene. Why would you preach to the wind? Why reason with thunder-storms? Better sit quiet, and see them pass over like a pageant, cloudy, superb, and vast."

The Professor smiled self-complacently, but said not a word. Flemming continued: —

"I will add no more than this; — there are many speculations in literature, philosophy, and religion, which, though pleasant to walk in, and lying under the shadow of great names, yet lead to no important result. They resemble rather those roads in the Western forests of my native land, which, though broad and pleasant at first, and lying beneath the shadow of great branches, finally dwindle to a squirrel track, and run up a tree!"

The Professor hardly knew whether he should laugh or be offended at this sally; and, laying his hand upon Flemming's arm, he said seriously: —

"Believe me, my young friend, the time will come when you will think more wisely on these things. And with you, I trust, that time will soon come; since it moves more speedily with some than with others. For what is Time? The shadow on the dial, — the striking of the clock, — the running of the sand, — day and night, — summer and winter, — months, years, centuries; — these are but arbitrary and out-

ward signs, the measure of Time, not Time itself. Time is the Life of the soul. If not this, then tell me what is Time?"

The high and animated tone of voice in which the Professor uttered these words aroused the Baron from his sleep; and, not distinctly comprehending what was said, but thinking the Professor asked what time it was, he innocently exclaimed: —

"I should think it must be near midnight!"

This somewhat disconcerted the Professor, who took his leave soon afterward. When he was gone, the Baron said: —

"Excuse me for treating your guest so cavalierly. His philosophy annoyed me not a little; and I took refuge in sleep. One would think, to judge by the language of this sect, that they alone saw any beauty in Nature; and when I hear one of them discourse, I am instantly reminded of Goethe's Baccalaureus, when he exclaims: 'The world was not before I created it; I brought the sun up out of the sea; with me began the changeful course of the moon; the day decked itself on my account; the earth grew green and blossomed to meet me; at my nod, in that first night, the pomp of all the stars developed itself; who but I set you free from all the bonds of Philister-like, contracting thoughts? I, however, emancipated as my mind assures me I am, gladly pursue my inward light, advance boldly in a transport peculiarly my own, the bright before me, and the dark behind!' — Do you not see a resemblance? Oh, they might be modest enough to confess that one straggling ray of light may, by some accident, reach the blind eyes of even us poor, benighted heathen!"

"Alas! how little veneration we have!" said Flemming. "I could not help closing the discussion with a jest. An ill-timed levity often takes me by surprise. On all such occasions, I think of a scene at the University, where, in the midst of a grave discussion on the possibility of Absolute Motion, a scholar said he had seen a rock split open, from which sprang a toad, who could not be supposed to have any knowledge of the external world, and consequently his motion must have been absolute. The learned Professor who presided on that occasion was hardly more startled and astonished than was our learned Professor, five minutes ago. But come; wind up your watch, and let us go to bed."

"By the way," said the Baron, "did you mind what a curious head he has? There are two crowns upon it."

"That is a sign," replied Flemming, "that he will eat his bread in two kingdoms."

"I think the poor man would be very thankful," said the Baron, with a smile, "if he were always sure of eating it in one. He is what the Transcendentalists call a God-intoxicated man; and I advise him, as Santeul advised Bossuet, to go to Patmos and write a new Apocalypse."

CHAPTER VII.

MILL-WHEELS AND OTHER WHEELS.

A FEW days after this, the Baron received letters from his sister, telling him that her physicians had prescribed a few weeks at the Baths of Ems, and urging him to meet her there before the fashionable season.

"Come," said he to Flemming; "make this short journey with me. We will pass a few pleasant days at Ems, and visit the other watering-places of Nassau. It will drive away the melancholy day-dreams that haunt you. Perhaps some future bride is even now waiting for you, with dim presentiments and undefined longings, at the Serpent's Bath."

"Or some widow of Ems, with a cork leg!" said Flemming, smiling; and then added, in a tone of voice half jest, half earnest, "Certainly; let us go in pursuit of her: —

"'Whoe'er she be,
That not impossible she,
That shall command my heart and me:

"'Where'er she lie,
Hidden from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of destiny.'"

They started in the afternoon for Frankfort, pursuing their way slowly along the lovely Bergstrasse, famed throughout Germany for its beauty. They passed the ruined house where Martin Luther lay concealed after the Diet of Worms, and through the village of Handschuhsheimer, as old as the days of King Pepin the Short, — a hamlet, lying under the hills, half buried in blossoms and green leaves. Close on the right rose the mountains of the mysterious Odenwald; and on the left lay the Neckar, like a steel bow in the meadow. Farther westward, a thin, smoky vapor betrayed the course of the Rhine; beyond which, like a troubled sea, ran the blue billowy Alsatian hills. Song of birds, and sound of evening bells, and fragrance of sweet blossoms, filled the air; and silent and slow sank the broad red sun, half hidden amid folding clouds.

"We shall not pass the night at Weinheim," said the Baron to the postilion, who had dismounted to walk up the hill leading to the town. "You may drive to the mill in the valley of Birkenau."

The postilion seized one of his fat horses by the tail, and swung himself up to his seat again. They rattled over the paved streets of Weinheim, and took no heed of the host of the Golden Eagle, who stood so invitingly at the door of his own inn; and the ruins of Burg Windeck, above there, on its mountain throne, frowned at them for hurrying by, without staying to do him homage.

"The old ruin looks well from the valley," said the Baron; "but let us beware of climbing that steep hill. Most travellers are like children; they must needs touch whatever they behold. They climb up to every old broken tooth of a castle which they find on their way; get a toilsome ascent and hot sunshine for their pains, and come down wearied and disappointed. I trust we are wiser."

They crossed the bridge, and turned up the stream, passing under an arch of stone which serves as a gateway to this enchanted valley of Birkenau. A cool and lovely valley, shut in by high hills; — shaded by alder-trees and tall poplars, under which rushes the Wechsnitz, a noisy mountain-brook, that ever and anon puts its broad shoulder to the wheel of a mill, and shows that it can labor as well as laugh. At one of these mills they stopped for the night.

A mill forms as characteristic a feature in the romantic German landscape as in the romantic German tale. It is only not a mill, but likewise an alehouse and rural inn; so that the associations it suggests are not of labor only, but also of pleasure. It stands in the narrow defile, with its picturesque thatched roof; thither throng the peasants, of a holiday; and there are rustic dances under the trees.

In the twilight of the fast-approaching sum-

mer night, the Baron and Flemming walked forth along the borders of the stream. As they heard it rushing and gushing among the stones and tangled roots, and the great wheel turning in the current, with its never-ceasing plash! plash! it brought to their minds that exquisite, simple song of Goethe, the "Youth and the Mill-brook." It was for the moment a nymph which sang to them in the voice of the waters.

"I am persuaded," said Flemming, "that, in order fully to understand and feel the popular poetry of Germany, one must be familiar with the German landscape. Many sweet little poems are the outbreaks of momentary feelings; — words to which the song of birds, the rustling of leaves, and the gurgle of cool waters form the appropriate music. Or perhaps I should say they are words which man has composed to the music of nature. Can you not, even now, hear this brooklet telling you how it is on its way to the mill, where at daybreak the miller's daughter opens her window, and comes down to bathe her face in its stream, and her bosom is so full and white, that it kindles the glow of love in the cool waters?"

"A most delightful ballad, truly," said the Baron. "But, like many others of our little songs, it requires a poet to feel and understand it. Sing them in the valley and woodland shadows, and under the leafy roofs of garden walks, and at night, and alone, as they were written. Sing them not in the loud world, — for the loud world laughs such things to scorn. It is Müller who says, in that little song where the maiden bids the moon good evening: —

> 'This song was made to be sung at night,
> And he who reads it in broad daylight
> Will never read the mystery right;
> And yet it is childlike easy!'

He has written a great many pretty songs, in which the momentary, indefinite longings and impulses of the soul of man find an expression. He calls them the 'Songs of a Wandering Horn-Player.' There is one among them much to our present purpose. He expresses in it the feeling of unrest and desire of motion, which the sight and sound of running waters often produce in us. It is entitled, 'Whither?' and is worth repeating to you.

> "'I heard a brooklet gushing
> From its rocky fountain near,
> Down into the valley rushing,
> So fresh and wondrous clear.
>
> "'I know not what came o'er me,
> Nor who the counsel gave;
> But I must hasten downward,
> All with my pilgrim-stave.
>
> "'Downward, and ever farther,
> And ever the brook beside;
> And ever fresher murmured,
> And ever clearer, the tide.
>
> "'Is this the way I was going?
> Whither, O brooklet? say!
> Thou hast, with thy soft murmur,
> Murmured my senses away.
>
> "'What do I say of a murmur?
> That can no murmur be;
> 'T is the water-nymphs, that are singing
> Their roundelays under me.
>
> "'Let them sing, my friend, let them murmur
> And wander merrily near;
> The wheels of a mill are going
> In every brooklet clear.'"

"There you have the poetic reverie," said Flemming, "and the dull prose commentary and explanation in matter of fact. The song is pretty; and was probably suggested by some such scene as this which we are now beholding. Doubtless, all your old national traditions sprang up in the popular mind as this song in the poet's."

"Your opinion is certainly correct," answered the Baron; "and yet all this play of poetic fancy does not prevent me from feeling the chill night-air and the pangs of hunger. Let us go back to the mill, and see what our landlady has for supper. Did you observe what a loud, sharp voice she has?"

"People always have, who live in mills, and near waterfalls."

On the following morning, they emerged unwillingly from the green, dark valley, and journeyed along the level highway to Frankfort, where in the evening they heard the glorious "Don Giovanni" of Mozart. Of all operas, this was Flemming's favorite. What rapturous flights of sound! what thrilling, pathetic chimes! what wild, joyous revelry of passion!

ARTIST: W. T. SMEDLEY.

"The Baron and Flemming walked forth along the borders of the stream."

what a delirium of sense! what an expression of agony and woe! — all the feelings of suffering and rejoicing humanity sympathized with and finding a voice in those tones. Flemming and the Baron listened with ever increasing delight.

"How wonderful this is!" exclaimed Flemming, transported by his feelings. "How the chorus swells and dies, like the wind of summer! How those passages of mysterious import seem to wave to and fro, like the swaying branches of trees; from which anon some solitary sweet voice darts off like a bird, and floats away and revels in the bright, warm sunshine! and then mark! how, amid the chorus of a hundred voices and a hundred instruments, of flutes, and drums, and trumpets, this universal shout and whirlwind of the vexed air, you can so clearly distinguish the melancholy vibration of a single string, touched by the finger, — a mournful, sobbing sound! Ah, this is indeed human life! where, in the rushing, noisy crowd, and amid sounds of gladness, and a thousand mingling emotions, distinctly audible to the ear of thought, are the pulsations of some melancholy string of the heart, touched by an invisible hand."

Then came, in the midst of these excited feelings, the ballet, drawing its magic net about the soul. And soon, from the tangled yet harmonious mazes of the dance, came forth a sylph-like form, her scarf floating behind her, as if she were fanning the air with gauze-like wings. Noiseless as a feather or a snow-flake falls, did her feet touch the earth. She seemed to float in the air, and the floor to bend and wave under her, as a branch when a bird alights upon it and takes wing again Loud and rapturous applause followed each wonderful step, each voluptuous movement; and, with a flushed cheek and burning eye, and bosom panting to be free, stood the gracefully majestic figure for a moment still, and then the winged feet of the swift dancing-girls glanced round her, and she was lost again in the throng.

"How truly exquisite this is!" exclaimed the Baron, after joining loudly in the applause.

"What a noble figure! What grace! what attitudes! How much soul in every motion! how much expression in every gesture! I assure you, it produces upon me the same effect as a beautiful poem. It is a poem. Every step is a word; and the whole together a poem!"

The Baron and Flemming were delighted with the scene; and at the same time exceedingly amused with the countenance of an old prude in the next box, who seemed to look upon the whole magic show with such feelings as Michal, Saul's daughter, experienced when she looked from her window and saw King David dancing and leaping with his scanty garments.

"After all," said Flemming, "the old French priest was not so far out of the way, when he said, in his coarse dialect, 'The dance is the Devil's procession; and paint and ornaments, the whetting of the Devil's sword; and the ring that is made in dancing, the Devil's grindstone, whereon he sharpens his sword; and finally, — a ballet is the pomp and mass of the Devil, and whosoever entereth therein entereth into his pomp and mass; for the woman who singeth is the prioress of the Devil, and they that answer are clerks, and they that look on are parishioners, and the cymbals and flutes are the bells, and the musicians that play are the ministers of the Devil.'"

"No doubt, this good lady near us thinks so likewise," answered the Baron, laughing; "but she likes it for all that."

When the play was over, the Baron begged Flemming to sit still till the crowd had gone. "I have a strange fancy," said he, "whenever I come to the theatre, to see the end of all things. When the crowd is gone, and the curtain raised again to air the house, and the lamps are all out, save here and there one behind the scenes, the contrast with what has gone before is most impressive. Everything wears a dream-like aspect. The empty boxes and stalls, the silence, the smoky twilight, and the magic scene dismantled, produce in me a strange, mysterious feeling. It is like a dim reflection of a theatre in water or in a dusty mirror, and reminds me of some of Hoffmann's wild tales. It is a practical moral lesson, a commentary on the play, and makes the show complete."

"It was truly as he said; only tenfold more desolate, solemn, and impressive; and produced upon the mind the effect we experience when slumber is suddenly broken, and dreams and realities mingle, and we know not yet whether we sleep or wake. As they at length passed out through the dimly-lighted passage, they heard a vulgar-looking fellow, with a sensual face and shaggy whiskers, say to some persons who were standing near him, and seemed to be hangers-on of the play-house: —

"I shall run her six nights at Munich, and then take her on to Vienna."

Flemming thought he was speaking of some favorite horse. He was speaking of his beautiful wife, the ballet-dancer.

CHAPTER VIII.

GOETHE.

WHAT most interested our travellers in the ancient city of Frankfort was neither the opera, nor the Ariadne of Dannecker, but the house in which Goethe was born, and the scenes he frequented in his childhood and remembered in his old age. Such, for example, are the walks around the city, outside the moat; the bridge over the Main, with the golden cock on the cross, which the poet beheld and marvelled at when a boy; the cloister of the Barefooted Friars, through which he stole with mysterious awe to sit by the oilcloth-covered table of old Rector Albrecht; and the garden in which his grandfather walked up and down among fruit-trees and rose-bushes, in long morning-gown, black velvet cap, and the antique leather gloves, which he annually received as Mayor on Pipers-Doomsday representing a kind of middle personage between Alcinoüs and Laertes. Thus, O Genius! are thy footprints hallowed; and the star shines forever over the place of thy nativity.

"Your English critics may rail as they list," said the Baron, while he and Flemming were returning from a stroll in the leafy gardens outside the moat; "but, after all, Goethe was a magnificent old fellow. Only think of his life; his youth of passion, alternately aspiring and desponding, stormy, impetuous, headlong; — his romantic manhood, in which passion assumes the form of strength; assiduous, careful, toiling, without haste, without rest; — and his sublime old age, — the age of serene and classic repose, where he stands like Atlas, as Claudian has painted him in the Battle of the Giants, holding the world aloft upon his head, the ocean-streams hard frozen in his hoary locks."

"A good illustration of what the world calls his indifferentism."

"And do you know I rather like this indifferentism? Did you never have the misfortune to live in a community, where a difficulty in the parish seemed to announce the end of the world? or to know one of the benefactors of the human race, in the very storm and pressure period of his indiscreet enthusiasm? If you have, I think you will see something beautiful in the calm and dignified attitude which the old philosopher assumes."

"It is a pity that his admirers had not a little of this philosophic coolness. It amuses me to read the various epithets which they apply to him: — The Dear, dear Man! The Life-enjoying Man! The All-sided One! The Representative of Poetry upon Earth! The Many-sided Master-Mind of Germany! His enemies rush into the other extreme, and hurl at him the fierce names of Old Humbug! and Old Heathen! which hit like pistol-bullets."

"I confess he was no saint."

"No; his philosophy is the old ethnic philosophy. You will find it all in a convenient and concentrated portable form in Horace's beautiful 'Ode to Thaliarcus.' What I most object to in the old gentleman is his sensuality."

"Oh, nonsense! Nothing can be purer than the 'Iphigenia;' it is as cold and passionless as a marble statue."

"Very true; but you cannot say the same of some of the 'Roman Elegies,' and of that strange book, the 'Elective Affinities.'"

"Ah, my friend, Goethe is an artist; and looks upon all things as objects of art merely. Why should he not be allowed to copy in words what painters and sculptors copy in colors and in marble?"

"The artist shows his character in the choice of his subject. Goethe never sculptured an Apollo, nor painted a Madonna. He gives us only sinful Magdalens and rampant Fauns. He does not so much idealize, as realize."

"He only copies nature."

"So did the artists who made the bronze lamps of Pompeii. Would you hang one of those in your hall? To say that a man is an artist and copies nature is not enough. There are two great schools of art; the imitative and the imaginative. The latter is the most noble, and the most enduring; and Goethe belonged rather to the former. Have you read Menzel's attack upon him?"

"It is truly ferocious. The Silesian hews into him lustily. I hope you do not take sides with him."

"By no means. He goes too far. He blames the poet for not being a politician. He might as well blame him for not being a missionary to the Sandwich Islands."

"And what do you think of Eckermann?"

"I think he is a kind of German Boswell. Goethe knew he was drawing his portrait, and sat for it accordingly. He works very hard to make a Saint Peter out of an old Jupiter, as the Catholics did at Rome."

"Well, call him Old Humbug, or Old Heathen, or what you please; I maintain, that, with all his errors and shortcomings, he was a glorious specimen of a man."

"He certainly was. Did it ever occur to you that he was in some points like Ben Franklin, — a kind of rhymed Ben Franklin? The practical tendency of his mind was the same; his love of science was the same; his benignant, philosophic spirit was the same; and a vast number of his little poetic maxims and soothsayings seem nothing more than the worldly wisdom of Poor Richard, versified."

"What most offends me is, that now every German jackass must have a kick at the dead lion."

"And every one who passes through Weimar must throw a book upon his grave, as travellers did of old a stone upon the grave of Manfredi, at Benevento. But, of all that has been said or sung, what most pleases me is Heine's Apologetic, if I may so call it; in which he says, that 'the minor poets, who flourished under the imperial reign of Goethe, resemble a young forest, where the trees first show their own magnitude after the oak of a hundred years, whose branches had towered above and overshadowed them, has fallen. There was not wanting an opposition that strove against Goethe, this majestic tree. Men of the most warring opinions united themselves for the contest. The adherents of the old faith, the orthodox, were vexed that in the trunk of the vast tree no niche with its holy image was to be found; nay, that even the naked Dryads of paganism were permitted to play their witchery there; and gladly, with consecrated axe, would they have imitated the holy Boniface, and levelled the enchanted oak to the ground. The followers of the new faith, the apostles of Liberalism, were vexed, on the other hand, that the tree could not serve as a Liberty Tree, or, at any rate, as a barricade. In fact the tree was too high; no one could plant the red cap upon its summit, or dance the Carmagnole beneath its branches. The multitude, however, venerated this tree for the very reason that it reared itself with such independent grandeur, and so graciously filled the world with its odor, while its branches streaming magnificently toward heaven made it appear as if the stars were only the golden fruit of its wondrous limbs.' Do you not think that beautiful?"

"Yes, very beautiful. And I am glad to see that you can find something to admire in my favorite author, notwithstanding his frailties; or, to use an old German saying, that you can drive the hens out of the garden without trampling down the beds."

"Here is the old gentleman himself!" exclaimed Flemming.

"Where?" cried the Baron, as if for the moment he expected to see the living figure of the poet walking before them.

"Here at the window, — that full-length cast. Excellent, — is it not? He is dressed, as usual, in his long yellow nankeen surtout,

with a white cravat crossed in front. What a magnificent head! and what a posture! He stands like a tower of strength. And, by Heavens! he was nearly eighty years old when that was made."

"How do you know?"

"You can see by the date on the pedestal."

"You are right. And yet how erect he stands, with his square shoulders braced back, and his hands behind him! He looks as if he were standing before the fire. I feel tempted to put a live coal into his hand, it lies so invitingly half-open. Gleim's description of him, soon after he went to Weimar, is very different from this. Do you recollect it?"

"No, I do not."

"It is a story which good old father Gleim used to tell with great delight. He was one evening reading the Göttingen Musen-Almanach in a select society at Weimar, when a young man came in, dressed in a short green shooting-jacket, booted and spurred, and having a pair of brilliant, black, Italian eyes. He, in turn, offered to read; but finding, probably, the poetry of the Musen-Almanach of that year rather too insipid for him, he soon began to improvise the wildest and most fantastic poems imaginable, and in all possible forms and measures, pretending all the while to read from the book. 'That is either Goethe or the Devil,' said good old father Gleim to Wieland, who sat near him. To which the Great I of Osmannstadt replied, — 'It is both, for he has the Devil in him to-night; and at such times he is like a wanton colt, that flings out before and behind, and you will do well not to go too near him!'"

"Very good!"

"And now that noble figure is but mould. Only a few months ago, those majestic eyes looked for the last time on the light of a pleasant spring morning. Calm, like a god, the old man sat; and with a smile seemed to bid farewell to the light of day, on which he had gazed for more than eighty years. Books were near him, and the pen which had just dropped, as it were, from his dying fingers. Open the shutters, and let in more light! were the last words that came from those lips. Slowly stretching forth his hand, he seemed to write in the air; and, as it sank down again and was motionless, the spirit of the old man departed."

"And yet the world goes on. It is strange how soon, when a great man dies, his place is filled; and so completely, that he seems no longer wanted. But let us step in here. I wish to buy that cast."

CHAPTER IX.

THE DAYLIGHT OF THE DWARFS AND THE FALLING STAR.

After lingering a day or two in Frankfort, the two friends struck across through Hochheim to the Rhine, and up among the hills of the Rheingau to Schlangenbad, where they tarried only to bathe and to dine, and then pursued their way to Langenschwalbach. The town lies in a valley, with gently sloping hills around it, and long avenues of poplars leading forth into the fields. One interminable street cuts the town in twain, and there are old houses with curious faces carved upon their fronts, and dates of the olden time.

Our travellers soon sallied forth from their hotel, impatient to drink the strength-giving waters of the fountains. They continued their walk far up the valley under the poplars. The new grain was waving in the fields; the birds singing in the trees and in the air; and everything seemed glad, save a poor old man who came tottering out of the woods, with a heavy bundle of sticks on his shoulders.

Returning upon their steps, they passed down the valley and through the long street to the tumble-down old Lutheran church. A flight of stone steps leads from the street to the green terrace or platform on which the church stands, and which in ancient times was the church-yard, or, as the Germans more devoutly say, God's-acre; where generations are scattered like seeds, and that which is sown in corruption shall be raised hereafter in incorruption. On the steps stood an old man, — a very old man, — holding a little girl by the hand. He took off his greasy cap as they passed, and wished them good day. His teeth were gone; he could hardly articulate a syllable. The Baron asked him how old the church was. He gave no answer; but when the question was repeated, came close up to them, and, taking off his cap again, turned his ear attentively, and said: —

"I am hard of hearing."

"Poor old man," said Flemming; "he is as much a ruin as the church we are entering. It will not be long before he, too, shall be sown as seed in this God's-acre!"

The little girl ran into a house close at hand, and brought out the great key. The church-door swung open, and, descending a few steps, they passed through a low-roofed passage into the church. All was in ruin. The gravestones in the pavement were started from their places; the vaults beneath yawned; the roof above was falling piecemeal; there were rents in the old tower; and mysterious passages, and side doors with crazy flights of wooden steps, leading down into the churchyard. Amid all this ruin one thing only stood erect; it was a statue of a knight in armor, standing in a niche under the pulpit.

"Who is this?" said Flemming to the old sexton; "who is this, that stands here so solemnly in marble, and seems to be keeping guard over the dead men below?"

"I do not know," replied the old man; "but I have heard my grandfather say it was the statue of a great warrior!"

"There is history for you!" exclaimed the Baron. "There is fame! To have a statue of marble, and yet have your name forgotten by the sexton of your parish, who can remember only that he once heard his grandfather say that you were a great warrior!"

Flemming made no reply, for he was thinking of the days, when, from that old pulpit, some bold reformer thundered down the first tidings of a new doctrine, and the roof echoed with the grand old hymn of Martin Luther.

When he communicated his thoughts to the Baron, the only answer he received was: —

"After all, what is the use of so much preaching? Do you think the fishes, that heard the sermon of St. Anthony, were any better than those who did not? I commend to your favorable notice the fish-sermon of this saint, as recorded by Abraham à Sancta Clara. You will find it in your favorite Wonder-Horn."

Thus passed the day at Langenschwalbach; and the evening at the Allée-Saal was quite solitary; for as yet no company had arrived to fill its chambers, or sit under the trees before the door. The next morning even Flemming and the Baron were gone; for the German's heart was beating with strong desire to embrace his sister; and the heart of his friend cared little whither he went, sobeit he were not too much alone.

After a few hours' drive, they were looking down from the summit of a hill directly upon the house-tops of Ems. There it lay, deep sunk in the hollow beneath them, as if some inhabitant of Sirius, like him spoken of in Voltaire's tale of Micromegas, held it in the hollow of his hand. High and peaked rise the hills that throw their shadows into this romantic valley, and at their base winds the river Lahn. Our travellers drove through the one long street composed entirely of hotels and lodging-houses. Sick people looked out of the windows as they passed. Others were walking leisurely up and down, beneath the few decapitated trees which represent a public promenade; and a boy, with a blue frock and crimson cap, was driving three donkeys down the street. In short, they were in a fashionable watering-place; as yet sprinkled only by a few pattering drops of the summer rain of strangers, which generally follows the first hot days.

On alighting at the London Hotel, the Baron found — not his sister, but only a letter from her, saying she had changed her mind and gone to the Baths of Franconia. This was a disappointment, which the Baron pocketed with the letter, and said not a word more about either. It was his way, — his philosophy in small things and great. In the evening, they went to an æsthetic tea, at the house of the Frau Kranich, the wife of a rich banker of Frankfort.

"I must tell you about this Frau Kranich," said the Baron to Flemming on the way. "She is a woman of talent and beauty, and just in the prime of life; but, unfortunately, very ambitious. Her mania is to make a figure in the fashionable world; and to this end she married a rich banker of Frankfort, old enough to be her father, not to say her grandfather, hoping, doubtless, that he would soon die; for, if ever a woman wished to be a widow, she is that woman. But the old fellow is tough and won't die. Moreover, he is deaf, and crabbed, and penurious, and half the time bedridden. The wife is a model of virtue, notwithstanding her weakness. She nurses the old gentleman as if he were a child. And, to crown all, he hates society, and will not hear of his wife's receiving or going into company."

"How, then, can she give æsthetic teas?" asked Flemming.

"I was just going to tell you," continued the Baron. "The gay lady has no taste for long evenings with the old gentleman in the back chamber, — for being thus chained like a criminal under Mezentius, face to face with a dead body. So she puts him to bed first, and" —

"Gives him opium."

"Yes, I dare say; and then gives herself a tea-party, without his knowing anything about it. This course of deception is truly hateful in itself, and must be particularly so to her, for she is not a low or an immoral woman; but one of those who, not having strength enough to complete the sacrifice they have had strength enough to commence, are betrayed into a life of duplicity and falsehood."

They had now reached the house, and were ushered into a room gayly lighted and filled with guests. The hostess came forward to receive them, dressed in white and sailing down the room like a swan. When the customary salutations had passed and Flemming had been duly presented, the Baron said, not without a certain degree of malice: —

"And, my dear Frau Kranich, how is your good husband to-night?"

This question was about as discreet as a cannon-ball. But the lady replied, in the simplicity of her heart, and not in the least disconcerted: —

"The same as ever, my dear Baron. It is astonishing how he holds out. But let us not talk of these things now. I must introduce your friend to his countryman, the Grand Duke of Mississippi; alike remarkable for his

wealth, his modesty, and the extreme simplicity of his manners. He drives only six horses. Besides, he is known as a man of learning and piety, — has his private chapel, and private clergyman, who always preaches against the vanity of worldly riches. He has also a private secretary, whose sole duty is to smoke to him, that he may enjoy the aroma of Spanish cigars, without the trouble of smoking."

"Decidedly a man of genius!"

Here Flemming was introduced to his illustrious countryman; a person who seemed to consist chiefly of linen, such a display did he make of collar, bosom, and wristbands.

"Pray, Mr. Flemming, what do you think of that Rembrandt?" said he, pointing to a picture on the wall. "Exquisite picture! The grandeur of sentiment and splendor of chiaroscuro are of the first order. Just observe the liquidity of the water, and the silveriness of the clouds! Great power! There is a bravura of handling in that picture, sir, which it requires the eye of the connoisseur to appreciate."

"Yes, a most undoubted — copy!"

And here their conversation ended; for at that moment the little Moldavian Prince Jerkin made his way through the crowd, with his snuff-box as usual in his hand, and hurried up to Flemming, whom he had known in Heidelberg. He was eager to let every one know that he spoke English, and in his haste began by making a mistake.

"Good-bye! Good-bye! Mr. Flemming!" said he, instead of good evening. "I am ravished to see you in Ems. Nice place; — all that there is of most nice. I drink my water and am good! Do you not think the Frau Kranich has a very beautiful leather?"

He meant skin. Flemming laughed outright; but it was not perceived by the Prince, because at that moment he was pushed aside, in the rush of a gallopade, and Flemming beheld his face no more. At the same moment the Baron introduced a friend of his, who also spoke English and said: —

"You will sup with me to-night. I have some Rhine-wine, which will be a seduction to you."

Soon after, the Baron stood, with an impassioned, romantic lady leaning on his arm, examining a copy of Raphael's Fornarina.

"Ach! I wish I had been the Fornarina," sighed the impassioned, romantic lady.

"Then, my dear madam," replied the Baron, "I wish I had been Raphael."

And so likewise said to himself a very tall man with fiery red hair and fancy whiskers, who was waltzing round and round in one spot, and in a most extraordinary waistcoat; thus representing a fiery floating-light, to warn men of the hidden rocks on which the breath of vanity drives them shipwreck. At length his partner, tired of spinning, sank upon a sofa like a child's top, when it reels and falls.

"You do not like the waltz?" said an elderly French gentleman, remarking the expression of Flemming's countenance.

"Oh, yes; among the figurantes of the opera. But I confess it sometimes makes me shudder to see a young rake clasp his arms round the waist of a pure and innocent girl. What would you say, were you to see him sitting on a sofa with his arms around your wife?"

"Mere prejudice of education," replied the French gentleman. "I know that situation. I have read all about it in the 'Bibliothèque de Romans Choisis'!"

And merrily went the dance; and bright eyes and flushed cheeks were not wanting among the dancers;

> "And they waxed red, and waxed warm,
> And rested, panting, arm in arm;"

and the Strass-waltzes sounded pleasantly in the ears of Flemming, who, though he never danced, yet, like Henry of Ofterdingen, in the romance of Novalis, thought to music. The wheeling waltz set the wheels of his fancy going. And thus the moments glided on, and the footsteps of Time were not heard amid the sound of music and voices.

But suddenly this scene of gayety was interrupted. The door opened wide; and the short figure of a gray-haired old man presented itself, with a flushed countenance and wild eyes. He was but half dressed, and in his hand held a silver candlestick without a light. A sheet was wound round his head, like a turban; and he tottered forward with a vacant, bewildered look, exclaiming: —

"I am Mahomet, the king of the Jews!"

At the same moment he fell in a swoon, and was borne out of the room by the servants. Flemming looked at the lady of the festival, and she was deadly pale. For a moment all was confusion; and the dance and the music stopped. The impression produced on the company was at once ludicrous and awful. They tried in vain to rally. The whole society was like a dead body, from which the spirit has departed. Erelong, the guests had all dispersed, and left the lady of the mansion to her mournful, expiring lamps, and still more mournful reflections.

"Truly," said Flemming to the Baron, as they wended their way homeward, "this seems not like reality; but like one of the sharp contrasts we find in novels. Who shall say, after this, that there is not more romance in real life than we find written in books?"

"Not more romance," said the Baron, "but a different romance."

A still more tragic scene had been that evening enacted in Heidelberg. Just as the sun set, two female figures walked along the romantic woodland pathway, leading to the Angel's Meadow, a little green opening on the brow of one of the high hills which see themselves in the Neckar and hear the solemn bells of Kloster-Neuburg. The evening shadows were falling broad and long; and the cuckoo began to sing.

"Cuckoo! cuckoo!" said the eldest of the two figures, repeating an old German popular rhyme, —

> "'Cuckoo! cuckoo!
> Tell me true,
> Tell me fair and fine,
> How long must I unmarried pine?'"

It was the voice of an evil spirit that spoke in the person of Madeleine; and the pale and shrinking figure that walked by her side, and listened to those words, was Emma of Ilmenau. A young man joined them, where the path turns into the thick woodlands; and they disappeared among the shadowy branches. It was the Polish Count.

The forget-me nots looked up to heaven with their meek blue eyes, from their home in Angel's Meadow. Calmly stood the mountain of All-Saints, in its majestic, holy stillness; — the river flowed so far below, that the murmur of its waters was not heard; — there was not a sigh of the evening wind among the leaves, not a sound upon the earth nor in the air; — and yet that night there fell a star from heaven!

CHAPTER X.

THE PARTING.

It was now that season of the year which an old English writer calls the amiable month of June, and at that hour of the day, when, face to face, the rising moon beholds the setting sun. As yet the stars were few in heaven. But, after the heat of the day, the coolness and the twilight descended like a benediction upon the earth, by all those gentle sounds attended which are the meek companions of the night.

Flemming and the Baron had passed the afternoon at the Castle. They had rambled once more together, and for the last time, over the magnificent ruin. On the morrow they were to part, perhaps forever. The Baron was going to Berlin, to join his sister; and Flemming, driven forward by the restless spirit within him, longed once more for a change of scene, and was to start for the Tyrol and Switzerland. Alas! he never said to the passing hour, "Stay, for thou art fair!" but reached forward into the dark future, with unsatisfied longings and aimless desires that were never still.

As the day was closing, they sat down on the terrace of Elizabeth's Garden. The sun had set beyond the blue Alsatian hills; and on the valley of the Rhine fell the purple mist, like the mantle of the departing prophet from his fiery chariot. Over the castle walls and the trees of the garden rose the large moon; and between the contending daylight and moonlight there were as yet no shadows. But at length the shadows came, — transparent and faint outlines, that deepened into form. In the valley below only the river gleamed, like steel; and here and there the lamps were lighted in the town. Solemnly stood the leafy linden-trees in the garden near them, their trunks in darkness and their summits bronzed with moonlight; and in his niche in the great round tower, overhung with ivy, like a majestic phantom, stood the gray statue of Louis, with his venerable beard, and shirt of mail, and flowing mantle; and the mild, majestic countenance looked forth into the silent night, as the countenance of a seer who reads the stars. At intervals, the wind of the summer night passed through the ruined castle and the trees, and they sent forth a sound as if Nature were sighing in her dreams; and for a moment, overhead, the broad leaves gently clashed together, like brazen cymbals, with a tinkling sound; and then all was still, save the sweet, passionate song of nightingales, that nowhere sing more sweetly than in the gardens of Heidelberg Castle.

The hour, the scene, and the near-approaching separation of the two young friends, had filled their hearts with a pleasant, though at the same time not painless excitement. They had been conversing about the magnificent old ruin, and the ages in which it had been built, and the vicissitudes of time and war, that had battered down its walls, and left it "tenantless, save to the crannying wind."

"How sorrowful and sublime is the face of that statue yonder!" said Flemming. "It reminds me of the old Danish hero Beowulf; for careful, sorrowing, he seeth in his son's bower the wine-hall deserted, the resort of the wind, noiseless; the knight sleepeth; the warrior lieth in darkness; there is no noise of the harp, no joy in the dwellings, as there was before."

"Even as you say," replied the Baron; "but it often astonishes me, that, coming from that fresh green world of yours beyond the sea, you should feel so much interest in these old things; nay, at times, seem so to have drunk in their spirit, as really to live in the times of old. For my part, I do not see what charm there is in the pale and wrinkled countenance of the Past, so to entice the soul of a young man. It seems to me like falling in love with one's grandmother. Give me the Present, — warm, glowing, palpitating with life. She is my mistress; and the Future

stands waiting like my wife that is to be, — for whom, to tell the truth, I care very little just now. Indeed, my friend, I wish you would take more heed of this philosophy of mine; and not waste the golden hours of youth in vain regrets for the past, and indefinite, dim longings for the future. Youth comes but once in a lifetime."

"Therefore," said Flemming, "let us so enjoy it as to be still young when we are old. For my part, I grow happier as I grow older. When I compare my sensations and enjoyments now with what they were ten years ago, the comparison is vastly in favor of the present. Much of the fever and fretfulness of life is over. The world and I look each other more calmly in the face. My mind is more self-possessed. It has done me good to be somewhat parched by the heat and drenched by the rain of life."

"Now you speak like an old philosopher," answered the Baron, laughing. "But you deceive yourself. I never knew a more restless, feverish spirit than yours. Do not think you have gained the mastery yet. You are only riding at anchor here in an eddy of the stream; you will soon be swept away again in the mighty current and whirl of accident. Do not trust this momentary calm. I know you better than you know yourself. There is something Faust-like in you; you would fain grasp the highest and the deepest, and reel from desire to enjoyment, and in enjoyment languish for desire. When a momentary change of feeling comes over you, you think the change permanent, and thus live in constant self-deception."

"I confess," said Flemming, "there may be some truth in what you say. There are times when my soul is restless; and a voice sounds within me, like the trump of the archangel, and thoughts that were buried, long ago, come out of their graves. At such times my favorite occupations and pursuits no longer charm me. The quiet face of Nature seems to mock me."

"There certainly are seasons," replied the Baron, "when Nature seems not to sympathize with her beloved children. She sits there so eternally calm and self-possessed, so very motherly and serene, and cares so little whether the heart of her child breaks or not, that at times I almost lose my patience. About that, too, she cares so little, that, out of sheer obstinacy, I become good-humored again, and then she smiles."

"I think we must confess, however," continued Flemming, "that all this springs from our own imperfection, not from hers. How beautiful is this green world which we inhabit! See yonder, how the moonlight mingles with the mist! What a glorious night is this! Truly, every man has a Paradise around him, until he sins, and the angel of an accusing conscience drives him from his Eden. And even then there are holy hours, when this angel sleeps, and man comes back, and, with the innocent eyes of a child, looks into his lost Paradise again, — into the broad gates and rural solitudes of Nature. I feel this often. We have much to enjoy in the quiet and retirement of our own thoughts. Boisterous mirth and loud laughter are not my mood. I love that tranquillity of soul, in which we feel the blessing of existence, and which in itself is a prayer and a thanksgiving. I find, however, that, as I grow older, I love the country less and the town more."

"Yes," interrupted the Baron; "and presently you will love the town less and the country more. Say at once, that you have an undefined longing for both; and prefer town or country according to the mood you are in. I think a man must be of a very quiet and happy nature, who can long endure the country; and, moreover, very well contented with his own insignificant person, very self-complacent, to be continually occupied with himself and his own thoughts. To say the least, a town life makes one more tolerant and liberal in one's judgment of others. One is not eternally wrapped up in self-contemplation; which, after all, is only a more holy kind of vanity."

In conversation like this, the hours glided away; till at length, from the Giant's Tower, the castle clock struck twelve, with a sound that seemed to come from the Middle Ages. Like watchmen from their belfries, the city clocks answered it, one by one. Then distant

and muffled sounds were heard. Inarticulate words seemed to blot the foggy air, as if written on wet paper. These were the bells of Handschuhsheimer, and of other villages on the broad plain of the Rhine and among the hills of the Odenwald; mysterious sounds, that seemed not of this world.

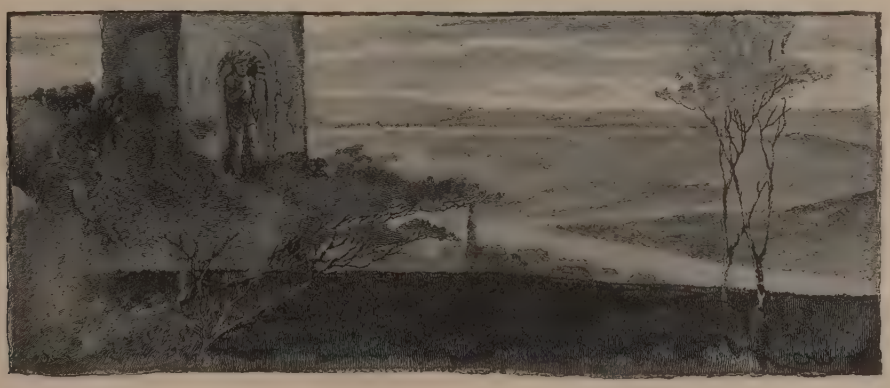
Beneath them, in the shadow of the hills, lay the valley, — fathomless, black, impenetrable. Above were the cloistered stars, that, nun-like, walk the holy aisles of heaven. The city was asleep in the valley below; all asleep and silent, save the clocks, that had just struck twelve, and the veering, golden weathercocks, that were swimming in the moonlight, like golden fishes in a glass vase. And again the wind of the summer night passed through the old castle and the trees, and the nightingales recorded under the dark, shadowy leaves, and the heart of Flemming was full.

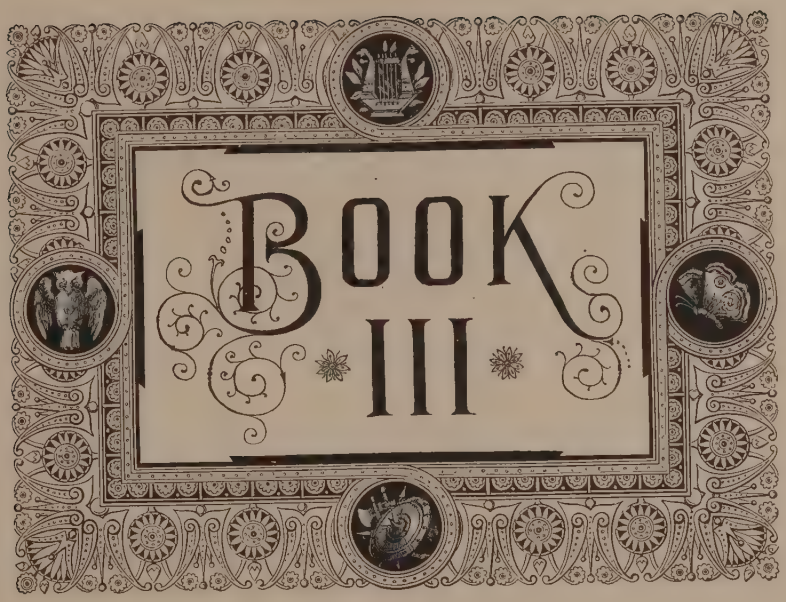
When he had retired to his chamber, a feeling of utter loneliness came over him. The night before one begins a journey is always a dismal night; for, as Byron says,

> "In leaving even the most unpleasant people
> And places, one keeps looking at the steeple!"

and how much more so when the place and people are pleasant! as was the case with those that Flemming was now leaving. No wonder he was sad and sleepless. Thoughts came and went, and bright and gloomy fancies, and dreams and visions, and sweet faces looked under his closed eyelids, and vanished away, and came again, and again departed. He heard the clock strike from hour to hour, and said, "Another hour is gone." At length the birds began to sing; and ever and anon the cock crew. He arose, and looked forth into the gray dawn; and before him lay the city he was so soon to leave, all white and ghastly, like a city that had arisen from its grave.

"All things must change," said he to the Baron, as he embraced him, and held him by the hand. "Friends must be torn asunder, and swept along in the current of events, to see each other seldom, and perchance no more. For ever and ever in the eddies of time and accident we whirl away. Besides which, some of us have a perpetual motion in our wooden heads, as Wodenblock had in his wooden leg; and like him we travel on, without rest or sleep, and have hardly time to take a friend by the hand in passing; and at length are seen hurrying through some distant land, worn to a skeleton, and all unknown."




BOOK
III

Take away the lights, too;
The moon lends me too much to find my fears,
And those devotions I am now to pay
Are written in my heart, not in thy book;
And I shall read them there without a taper.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

SUMMER-TIME.

THEY were right, — those old German Minnesingers, — to sing the pleasant summer-time! What a time it is! How June stands illuminated in the calendar! The windows are all wide open; only the Venetian blinds closed. Here and there a long streak of sunshine streams in through a crevice. We hear the low sound of the wind among the trees; and, as it swells and freshens, the distant doors clap to, with a sudden sound. The trees are heavy with leaves; and the gardens full of blossoms, red and white. The whole atmosphere is laden with perfume and sunshine. The birds sing. The cock struts about, and crows loftily. Insects chirp in the grass. Yellow buttercups stud the green carpet like golden buttons, and the red blossoms of the clover like rubies. The elm-trees reach their long, pendulous branches almost to the ground. White clouds sail aloft; and vapors fret the blue sky with silver threads. The white village gleams afar against the dark hills. Through the meadow winds the river, — careless, indolent. It seems to love the country, and is in no haste to reach the sea. The bee only is at work, — the hot and angry bee. All things else are at play; he never plays, and is vexed that any one should.

People drive out from town to breathe, and to be happy. Most of them have flowers in their hands; bunches of apple-blossoms, and still oftener lilacs. Ye denizens of the crowded city, how pleasant to you is the change from the sultry streets to the open field, fragrant with clover-blossoms! how pleasant the fresh, breezy country air, dashed with brine from the meadows! how pleasant, above all, the flowers, — the manifold, beautiful flowers!

It is no longer day. Through the trees rises the red moon, and the stars are scarcely seen. In the vast shadow of night, the coolness and the dews descend. I sit at the open window to enjoy them; and hear only the voice of the summer wind. Like black hulks, the shadows of the great trees ride at anchor on the billowy sea of grass. I cannot see the red and blue flowers, but I know that they are there. Far away in the meadow gleams the silver Charles. The tramp of horses' hoofs sounds from the wooden bridge. Then all is still, save the continuous wind of the summer night. Sometimes I know not if it be the wind, or the sound of the neighboring sea. The village clock strikes; and I feel that I am not alone.

How different is it in the city! It is late, and the crowd is gone. You step out upon the balcony, and lie in the very bosom of the cool, dewy Night, as if you folded her garments about you. Beneath lies the public walk with trees, like a fathomless, black gulf, into whose silent darkness the spirit plunges and floats away, with some beloved spirit clasped in its embrace. The lamps are still burning up and down the long street. People go by, with grotesque shadows, now foreshortened, and now lengthening away into the darkness and vanishing, while a new one springs up behind the walker, and seems to pass him, revolving like the sail of a windmill. The iron gates of the

park shut with a jangling clang. There are footsteps and loud voices; — a tumult, — a drunken brawl, — an alarm of fire; — then silence again. And now at length the city is asleep, and we can see the night. The belated moon looks over the roofs, and finds no one to welcome her. The moonlight is broken. It lies here and there in the squares, and the openings of streets, — angular, like blocks of white marble.

Under such a green, triumphal arch, O Reader, with the odor of flowers about thee, and the songs of birds, shalt thou pass onward into the enchanted land, as through the Ivory Gate of dreams! And as a prelude and majestic march, one sweet human voice, coming from the bosom of the Alps, sings this sublime ode, which the Alpine echoes repeat afar.

"Come, golden Evening! in the west
Enthrone the storm-dispelling sun,
And let the triple rainbow rest
O'er all the mountain-tops. 'T is done; —
The tempest ceases; bold and bright,
The rainbow shoots from hill to hill;
Down sinks the sun; on presses night; —
Mont Blanc is lovely still!

There take thy stand, my spirit; — spread
The world of shadows at thy feet;
And mark how calmly, overhead,
The stars, like saints in glory, meet.
While hid in solitude sublime,
Methinks I muse on Nature's tomb,
And hear the passing foot of Time
Step through the silent gloom.

All in a moment, crash on crash,
From precipice to precipice,
An avalanche's ruins dash
Down to the nethermost abyss,
Invisible; the ear alone
Pursues the uproar till it dies;
Echo to echo, groan for groan,
From deep to deep, replies.

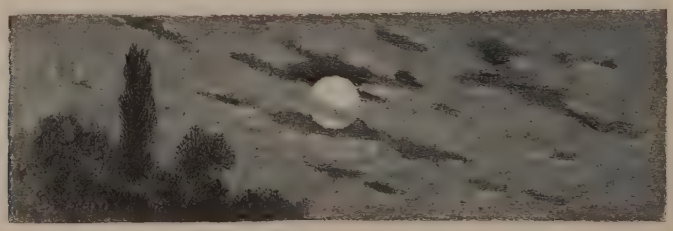
Silence again the darkness seals,
Darkness that may be felt; — but soon
The silver-clouded east reveals
The midnight spectre of the moon;
In half-eclipse she lifts her horn,
Yet o'er the host of heaven supreme
Brings the faint semblance of a morn,
With her awakening beam.

Ah! at her touch, these Alpine heights
Unreal mockeries appear;
With blacker shadows, ghastlier lights,
Emerging as she climbs the sphere;
A crowd of apparitions pale!
I hold my breath in chill suspense,
They seem so exquisitely frail,
Lest they should vanish hence.

I breathe again, I freely breathe;
Thee, Leman's Lake, once more I trace,
Like Dian's crescent far beneath,
As beautiful as Dian's face:
Pride of the land that gave me birth!
All that thy waves reflect I love,
Where heaven itself, brought down to earth,
Looks fairer than above.

Safe on thy banks again I stray;
The trance of poesy is o'er,
And I am here at dawn of day,
Gazing on mountains as before,
Where all the strange mutations wrought
Were magic feats of my own mind;
For, in that fairy land of thought,
Whate'er I seek, I find." [1]

[1] James Montgomery.



CHAPTER II.

FOOT-TRAVELLING.

TELL me, my soul, why art thou restless? Why dost thou look forward to the future with such strong desire? The present is thine, — and the past; — and the future shall be! Oh that thou didst look forward to the great hereafter with half the longing wherewith thou longest for an earthly future, — which a few days, at most, will bring thee! to the meeting of the dead, as to the meeting of the absent! Thou glorious spirit-land! Oh that I could behold thee as thou art, — the region of life and light and love, and the dwelling-place of those beloved ones whose being has flowed onward, like a silver-clear stream into the solemn-sounding main, into the ocean of Eternity!

Such were the thoughts that passed through the soul of Flemming, as he lay in utter solitude and silence on the rounded summit of one of the mountains of the Furca Pass, and gazed, with tears in his eyes, and ardent longing in his heart, into the blue, swimming heaven overhead, and at the glaciers and snowy mountain-peaks around him. Highest and whitest of all stood the peak of the Jungfrau, which seemed near him, though it rose afar off from the bosom of the Lauterbrunner Thal. There it stood, holy and high and pure, the bride of heaven, veiled and clothed in white, and lifting the thoughts of the beholder heavenward. Oh, he little thought then, as he gazed at it with longing and delight, how soon a form was to arise in his own soul, as holy and high and pure as this, and like this point heavenward!

Thus lay the traveller on the mountain summit, reposing his weary limbs on the short, brown grass, which more resembled moss than grass. He had sent his guide forward, that he might be alone. His soul within him was wild with a fierce and painful delight. The mountain air excited him; the mountain solitudes enticed, yet maddened him. Every peak, every sharp, jagged iceberg, seemed to pierce him. The silence was awful and sublime. It was like that in the soul of a dying man, when he hears no more the sounds of earth. He seemed to be laying aside his earthly garments. The heavens were near unto him; but between him and heaven every evil deed he had done arose gigantic, like those mountain-peaks, and breathed an icy breath upon him. Oh, let not the soul that suffers dare to look Nature in the face, where she sits majestically aloft in the solitude of the mountains! for her face is hard and stern, and turns not in compassion upon her weak and erring child. It is the countenance of an accusing archangel, who summons us to judgment. In the valley she wears the countenance of a Virgin Mother, looking at us with tearful eyes, and a face of pity and love!

But yesterday Flemming had come up the valley of the Saint Gothard Pass, through Amsteg, where the Kerstelenbach comes dashing down the Maderaner Thal, from its snowy cradle overhead. The road is steep, and runs on zigzag terraces. The sides of the mountains are barren cliffs; and from their cloud-capt summits, unheard amid the roar of the great torrent below, come streams of snow-white foam, leaping from rock to rock, like the mountain chamois. As you advance, the scene grows wilder and more desolate. There is not a tree in sight, — not a human habitation. Clouds, black as midnight, lower upon you from the ravines above; and the mountain torrent beneath is but a sheet of foam, and sends up an incessant roar. A sudden turn in the road brings you in sight of a lofty bridge, stepping from cliff to cliff with a single stride. A mighty cataract howls beneath it, like an evil spirit, and fills the air with mist; and the mountain wind claps its hands and shrieks through the narrow pass, Ha! ha! This is the Devil's Bridge. It leads the traveller across the fearful chasm, and through a mountain gallery into the broad, green, silent meadow of Andermath.

Even the sunny morning which followed this gloomy day had not chased the desolate impression from the soul of Flemming. His excitement increased as he lost himself more and more among the mountains; and now, as he lay alone on the summit of the sunny hill, with only glaciers and snowy peaks about him, his soul, as I have said, was wild with a fierce and painful delight.

A human voice broke his reverie. He looked, and beheld, at a short distance from him, the athletic form of a mountain herdsman, who was approaching the spot where he lay. He was a young man, clothed in a rustic garb, and holding a long staff in his hand. When Flemming rose, he stood still, and gazed at him, as if he loved the face of man, even of a stranger, and longed to hear a human voice, though it might speak in an unknown tongue. He answered Flemming's salutation in a rude mountain dialect, and in reply to his questions said: —

"I, with two others, have charge of two hundred head of cattle on these mountains. Through the two summer months we remain here night and day; for which we each receive a napoleon."

Flemming gave him half his summer wages. He was glad to do a good deed in secret, and yet so near heaven. The man received it as his due, like a toll-keeper; and soon after departed, leaving the traveller alone. And the traveller went on his way down the mountain, as one distraught. He stopped only to pluck one bright blue flower, which bloomed alone in the vast desert, and looked up at him as if to say, "Oh, take me with you! leave me not here companionless!"

Erelong he reached the magnificent glacier of the Rhone; a frozen cataract, more than two thousand feet in height, and many miles broad at its base. It fills the whole valley between two mountains, running back to their summits. At the base it is arched, like a dome; and above, jagged and rough, and resembles a mass of gigantic crystals, of a pale emerald tint, mingled with white. A snowy crust covers its surface; but at every rent and crevice the pale green ice shines clear in the sun. Its shape is that of a glove, lying with the palm downwards, and the fingers crooked and close together. It is a gauntlet of ice, which, centuries ago, Winter, the king of these mountains, threw down in defiance to the Sun; and year by year the Sun strives in vain to lift it from the ground on the point of his glittering spear. A feeling of wonder and delight came over the soul of Flemming when he beheld it, and he shouted and cried aloud: —

"How wonderful! how glorious!"

After lingering a few hours in the cold, desolate valley, he climbed in the afternoon the steep Mayen-Wand, on the Grimsel; passed the Lake of the Dead, with its ink-black waters; and through the melting snow, and over slippery stepping-stones in the beds of numberless shallow brooks, descended to the Grimsel Hospital, where he passed the night, and thought it the most lone and desolate spot that man ever slept in.

On the morrow he rose with the day; and the rising sun found him already standing on the rustic bridge which hangs over the verge of the Falls of the Aar at Handeck, where the river pitches down a precipice into a narrow and fearful abyss shut in by perpendicular cliffs. At right angles with it comes the beautiful Aerlenbach; and, half-way down, the double cascade mingles into one. Thus he pursued his way down the Hasli Thal into the Bernese Oberland, — restless, impatient, he knew not why, — stopping seldom, and never long, — and then rushing forward again, like the rushing river whose steps he followed, and in whose ice-cold waters ever and anon he bathed his wrists, to cool the fever in his blood; for the noonday sun was hot.

His heart dilated in the dilating valley, that grew broader and greener at every step. The sight of human faces and human dwellings soothed him; and through the fields of summer grain, in the broad meadows of Imgrund, he walked with a heart that ached no more, but trembled only, as our eyelids when we have done weeping. As he climbed the opposite hill, which hems in this romantic valley, and, like a heavy yoke, chafes the neck of the Aar, he believed the ancient tradition, which says that once the valley was a lake. From the

summit of the hill he looked southward upon a beautiful landscape of gardens, and fields of grain, and woodlands, and meadows, and the ancient castle of Resti, looking down upon Meyringen. And now all around him were the singing of birds, and grateful shadows of the leafy trees, and sheeted waterfalls dropping from the woodland cliffs, seen only, but unheard, — the fluted columns breaking into mist, and fretted with frequent spires and ornaments of foam, and not unlike the towers of a Gothic church inverted. There, in one white sheet of foam, the Reichenbach pours down into its deep beaker, into which the sun never shines. Face to face it beholds the Alpbach falling from the opposite hill, "like a downward smoke." When Flemming saw the innumerable runnels, sliding down the mountain-side, and leaping, all life and gladness, he would fain have clasped them in his arms and been their playmate, and revelled with them in their freedom and delight. Yet he was weary with the day's journey, and entered the village of Meyringen, embowered in cherry-trees, which were then laden with fruit, more like a way-worn traveller than an enthusiastic poet. As he went up the tavern-steps, he said in his heart, with the Italian Aretino: "He who has not been at a tavern knows not what a paradise it is. O holy tavern! O miraculous tavern! — holy, because no carking cares are there, nor weariness, nor pain; and miraculous, because of the spits, which of themselves turn round and round! Of a truth, all courtesy and good manners come from taverns, so full of bows, and *Signor, sì!* and *Signor, no!*"

But even in the tavern he could not rest long. The same evening at sunset he was floating on the lake of Brienz, in an open boat, close under the cascade of the Giessbach, hearing the peasants sing the Ranz des Vaches. He slept that night at the other extremity of the lake, in a large house, which, like Saint Peter's at Joppa, stood by the water's side. The next day he wasted in writing letters, musing in this green nest, and paddling about the lake again; and in the evening went across the beautiful meadows to Interlachen, where many things happened to him, and detained him long.

CHAPTER III.

INTERLACHEN.

INTERLACHEN! "How peacefully, by the margin of the swift-rushing Aar, thou liest on the broad lap of these romantic meadows, all overshadowed by the wide arms of giant trees! Only the quaint towers of thine ancient cloister rise above their summits; the quaint towers themselves but a child's playthings under the great church-towers of the mountains. Close beside thee are lakes, which the flowing band of the river ties together. Before thee opens the magnificent valley of Lauterbrunnen, where the cloud-hooded Monk and the pale Virgin stand like Saint Francis and his Bride of Snow; and around thee are fields, and orchards, and hamlets green, from which the church-bells answer each other at evening. The evening sun was setting when I first beheld thee. The sun of life will set ere I forget thee! Surely it was a scene like this that inspired the soul of the Swiss poet, in his Song of the Bell!

"Bell! thou soundest merrily,
When the bridal party
To the church doth hie!
Bell! thou soundest solemnly,
When, on Sabbath morning,
Fields deserted lie!

"Bell! thou soundest merrily;
Tellest thou at evening,
Bedtime draweth nigh!
Bell! thou soundest mournfully,
Tellest thou the bitter
Parting hath gone by!

"Say! how canst thou mourn?
How canst thou rejoice?
Art but metal dull!
And yet all our sorrowings,
And all our rejoicings,
Thou dost feel them all!

"God hath wonders many,
Which we cannot fathom,
Placed within thy form!
When the heart is sinking,
Thou alone canst raise it,
Trembling in the storm!"

Paul Flemming alighted at one of the principal hotels. The landlord came out to meet him. He had great eyes and a green coat; and reminded Flemming of the innkeeper mentioned in the Golden Ass, who had been changed by magic into a frog, and croaked to his customers from the lees of a wine-cask. His house, he said, was full, and so was every house in Interlachen; but if the gentleman would walk in, he would find a chamber for him in the neighborhood.

On the sofa sat a gentleman, reading; a stout gentleman of perhaps forty-five, round, ruddy, and with a head which, being a little bald on the top, looked not unlike a crow's nest with one egg in it. A good-humored face turned from the book as Flemming entered; and a good-humored voice exclaimed:—

"Ha! Mr. Flemming! Is it you, or your apparition? I told you we should meet again! though you were for taking an eternal farewell of your fellow-traveller."

Saying these words the stout gentleman rose and shook Flemming heartily by the hand. And Flemming returned the shake as heartily, recognizing in this ruddy personage a former travelling-companion, Mr. Berkley, whom he had left, a week or two previous, toiling up the Righi. Mr. Berkley was an Englishman of fortune; a good-humored, humane old bachelor, remarkable alike for his common sense and his eccentricity. That is to say, the basis of his character was good, sound common sense, trodden down and smoothed by education; but this level groundwork his strange and whimsical fancy used as a dancing-floor whereon to exhibit her eccentric tricks. His ruling passion was cold-bathing; and he usually ate his breakfast sitting in a tub of cold water, and reading a newspaper. He kissed every child he met; and to every old man said, in passing, "God bless you!" with such an expression of voice and countenance, that no one could doubt his sincerity. He reminded one of Roger Bontemps, or the Little Man in Gray, though with a difference.

"The last time I had the pleasure of seeing you, Mr. Berkley," said Flemming, "was at Goldau, just as you were going up the Righi. I hope you were gratified with a fine sunrise on the mountain-top."

"No, I was not!" replied Mr. Berkley. "It is all a humbug! a confounded humbug! They made such a noise about their sunrise, that I determined I would not see it. So I lay snug in bed; and only peeped through the window-curtain. That was enough. Just above the house, on the top of the hill, stood some fifty half-dressed, romantic individuals, shivering in the wet grass; and, a short distance from them, a miserable wretch, blowing a long wooden horn. That 's your sunrise on the Righi, is it? said I; and went to sleep again. The best thing I saw at the Culm was the advertisement on the bed-room doors, saying that if the women would wear the quilts and blankets for shawls, when they went out to see the sunrise, they must pay for the washing. Take my word for it, the Righi is a great humbug!"

"Where have you been since?"

"At Zürich and Schaffhausen. If you go to Zürich, beware how you stop at the Raven. They will cheat you. They cheated me; but I had my revenge; for, when we reached Schaffhausen, I wrote in the Traveller's Book, —

'Beware of the Raven of Zürich!
'T is a bird of omen ill;
With a noisy and an unclean nest,
And a very, very long bill.'

If you go to the Golden Falken, you will find it there. I am the author of those lines!"

"Bitter as Juvenal!" exclaimed Flemming.

"Not in the least bitter," said Mr. Berkley. "It is all true. Go to the Raven and see. But this Interlachen! this Interlachen! It is the loveliest spot on the face of the earth," he continued, stretching out both arms, as if to embrace the object of his affection. "There, — only look out there!"

Here he pointed to the window. Flemming looked, and beheld a scene of transcendent beauty. The plain was covered already by the brown shade of the summer twilight. From

the cottage roofs in Unterseen rose here and there a thin column of smoke over the tops of the trees, and mingled with the evening shadows. The valley of Lauterbrunnen was filled with a blue haze. Far above, in the clear, cloudless heaven, the white forehead of the Jungfrau blushed at the last kiss of the departing sun. It was a glorious transfiguration of Nature! And when the village bells began to ring, and a single voice at a great distance was heard *yodling* forth a ballad, it rather broke than increased the enchantment of a scene, where silence was more musical than sound.

For a long time they gazed at the gloaming landscape, and spake not. At length people came in, and laid aside their shawls and hats, and exchanged a word or two with Berkley. To Flemming they were all unknown. The conversation turned upon the various excursions of the day. Some had been at the Staubbach, others at the Grindelwald, others at the lake of Thun; and nobody before had ever experienced half the rapture which they had experienced that day. And thus they sat in the twilight, as people love to do, at the close of a summer day. As yet the lamps had not been lighted, and one could not distinguish faces; but voices only and forms like shadows.

Presently a female figure, clothed in black, entered the room and sat down by the window. She rather listened to the conversation, than joined in it; but the few words she said were spoken in a voice so musical and full of soul, that it moved the soul of Flemming, like a whisper from heaven.

Oh, how wonderful is the human voice! It is indeed the organ of the soul! The intellect of man sits enthroned visibly upon his forehead and in his eye; and the heart of man is written upon his countenance. But the soul reveals itself in the voice only; as God revealed himself to the prophet of old in the still, small voice, and in the voice from the burning bush. The soul of man is audible, not visible. A sound alone betrays the flowing of the eternal fountain, invisible to man!

Flemming would fain have sat and listened for hours to the sound of that unknown voice. He felt sure, in his secret heart, that the being from whom it came was beautiful. His imagination filled up the faint outline which the eye beheld in the fading twilight, and the figure stood already in his mind like Raphael's beautiful Madonna in the Dresden gallery. He was never more mistaken in his life. The voice belonged to a beautiful being, it is true; but her beauty was different from that of any Madonna which Raphael ever painted; as he would have seen, had he waited till the lamps were lighted. But in the midst of his reverie and saint-painting the landlord came in, and told him he had found a room, which he begged him to go and look at.

Flemming took his leave and departed. Berkley went with him, to see, he said, what kind of a nest his young friend was to sleep in.

"The room is not what I could wish," said the landlord, as he led them across the street. "It is in the old cloister. But to-morrow or next day, you can, no doubt, have a room at the house."

The name of the cloister struck Flemming's imagination pleasantly. He was owl enough to like ruins and old chambers, where nuns or friars had slept. And he said to Berkley: —

"So, you perceive, my nest is to be in a cloister. It already makes me think of a bird's nest I once saw on an old tower of Heidelberg Castle, built in the jaws of a lion, which formerly served as a spout. But pray tell me, who was that young lady with the soft voice?"

"What young lady with the soft voice?"

"The young lady in black who sat by the window."

"Oh, she is the daughter of an English officer, who died not long ago at Naples. She is passing the summer here with her mother."

"What is her name?"

"Ashburton."

"Is she beautiful?"

"Not beautiful, but very intellectual. A woman of genius, I should say."

And now they had reached the walls of the cloister, and passed under an arched gateway, and close beneath the quaint towers, which Flemming had already seen, rising with their cone-shaped roofs above the trees, like tall tapers, with extinguishers upon them.

"It is not so bad as it looks," said the land-

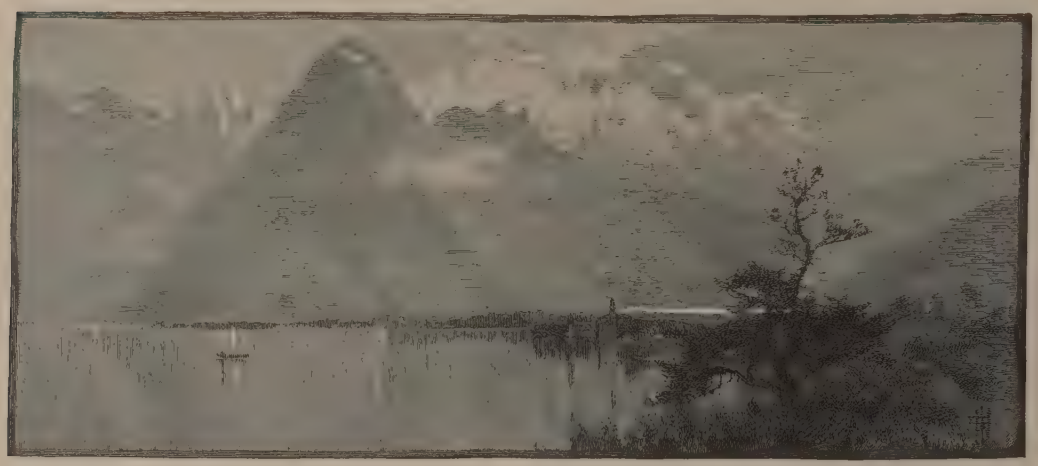
lord, knocking at a small door, in the main building. "The bailiff lives in one part of it."

A servant girl, with a candle in her hand, opened the door, and conducted Flemming and Berkley to the chamber which had been engaged. It was a large room on the lower floor, wainscoted with pine, and unpainted. Three lofty and narrow windows, with leaden lattices and small panes, looked southward towards the valley of Lauterbrunnen and the mountains. In one corner was a large square bed, with a tester and checked curtains. In another, a huge stove of painted tiles, reaching almost to the ceiling. An old sofa, a few high-backed, antique chairs, and a table, completed the furniture of the room.

Thus Flemming took possesion of his monkish cell and dormitory. He ordered tea, and began to feel at home. Berkley passed the evening with him. On going away, he said: —

"Good-night! I leave you to the care of the Virgin and all the Saints. If the ghost of any old monk comes back after his prayer-book, my compliments to him. If I were a younger man, you certainly should see a ghost. Good-night!"

When he had departed, Flemming opened the lattice of one of the windows. The moon had risen, and silvered the dark outline of the nearest hills; while, afar off, the snowy summits of the Jungfrau and the Silver-Horn shone like a white cloud in the sky. Close beneath the windows was a flower-garden; and the breath of the summer night came to him with dewy fragrance. There was a grateful seclusion about the place. He blessed the happy accident which gave him such a lodging, and fell asleep that night thinking of the nuns who once had slept in the same quiet cells; but neither wimpled nun nor cowled monk appeared to him in his dreams; — not even the face of Mary Ashburton; nor did he hear her voice.



ARTIST: J. P. WOODWARD.

THE JUNGFRAU.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EVENING AND THE MORNING STAR.

Old Froissart tells us, in his Chronicles, that, when King Edward beheld the Countess of Salisbury at her castle-gate, he thought he had never seen before so noble nor so fair a lady; he was stricken thereupon to the heart with a sparkle of fine love, that endured long after; he thought no lady in the world so worthy to be beloved as she. And so likewise thought Paul Flemming, when he beheld the English lady in the fair light of a summer morning. I will not disguise the truth. She is my heroine; and I mean to describe her with great truth and beauty, so that all shall be in love with her, and I most of all.

Mary Ashburton was in her twentieth summer. Like the fair maiden Amoret, she was sitting in the lap of womanhood. They did her wrong who said she was not beautiful; and yet

> "She was not fair,
> Nor beautiful; — those words express her not.
> But, oh, her looks had something excellent,
> That wants a name!"

Her face had a wonderful fascination in it. It was such a calm, quiet face, with the light of the rising soul shining so peacefully through it. At times it wore an expression of seriousness, — of sorrow even; and then seemed to make the very air bright with what the Italian poets so beautifully call the *lampeggiar dell' angelico riso*, — the lightning of the angelic smile.

And, oh, those eyes, — those deep unutterable eyes, with "down-falling eyelids full of dreams and slumber," and within them a cold, living light, as in mountain lakes at evening, or in the river of Paradise, forever gliding,

> "With a brown, brown current,
> Under the shade perpetual, that never
> Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the moon."

I dislike an eye that twinkles like a star. Those only are beautiful which, like the planets, have a steady, lambent light, — are luminous, but not sparkling. Such eyes the Greek poets give to Immortals.

The lady's figure was striking. Every step, every attitude, was graceful, and yet lofty, as if inspired by the soul within. Angels in the old poetic philosophy have such forms; it was the soul itself imprinted on the air. And what a soul was hers! A temple dedicated to Heaven, and, like the Pantheon at Rome, lighted only from above. And earthly passions in the form of gods were no longer there, but the sweet and thoughtful faces of Christ, and the Virgin Mary, and the Saints. Thus there was not one discordant thing in her; but a perfect harmony of figure, and face, and soul, — in a word, of the whole being. And he who had a soul to comprehend hers must of necessity love her, and, having once loved her, could love no other woman forevermore.

No wonder, then, that Flemming felt his heart drawn towards her, as, in her morning walk, she passed him, sitting alone under the great walnut-trees near the cloister, and thinking of heaven, not of her. She, too, was alone. Her cheek was no longer pale; but glowing and bright, with the inspiration of the summer air. Flemming gazed after her, till she disappeared, even as a vision of his dreams, he knew not whither. He was not yet in love, but very near it; for he thanked God that he had made such beautiful beings to walk the earth.

Last night he had heard a voice to which his soul responded; and he might have gone on his way and taken no further heed. But he would have heard that voice afterwards, whenever at evening he thought of this evening at Interlachen. To-day he had seen more clearly the vision, and his restless soul grew calm. The place seemed pleasant to him; and he could not go. He did not ask himself whence came this calm. He felt it, and was happy in the feeling; and blessed the landscape and the summer morning, as if they possessed the wonder-working power.

"A pleasant morning-dream to you," said a friendly voice; and at the same moment some one laid his hand upon Flemming's shoulder. It was Berkley. He had approached unseen and unheard.

"I see by the smile on your countenance," he continued, "that it is no day-incubus."

"You are right," replied Flemming. "It was a pleasant dream, which you have put to flight."

"And I am glad to see that you have also put to flight the gloomy thoughts which used to haunt you. I like to see people cheerful and happy. Why give way to sadness in this beautiful world?"

"Ah! this beautiful world!" said Flemming, with a smile. "Indeed, I know not what to think of it. Sometimes it is all gladness and sunshine, and heaven itself lies not far off. And then it changes suddenly, and is dark and sorrowful, and clouds shut out the sky. In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days like this, when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then come the gloomy hours, when the fire will neither burn on our hearths nor in our hearts; and all without and within is dismal, cold, and dark. Believe me, every heart has its secret sorrows which the world knows not, and oftentimes we call a man cold, when he is only sad."

"And who says we do not?" interrupted Berkley. "Come, come! Let us go to breakfast. The morning air has given me a rude appetite. I long to say grace over a fresh egg, and eat salt with my worst enemies; namely, the Cockneys at the hotel. After breakfast you must give yourself up wholly to me. I shall take you to the Grindelwald!"

"To-day, then, you do not breakfast like Diogenes, but consent to leave your tub."

"Yes, for the pleasure of your company. I shall also blow out the light in my lantern, having found you."

"Thank you."

The breakfast passed without any unusual occurrence. Flemming watched the entrance of every guest; but she came not, — the guest he most desired to see.

"And now for the Grindelwald!" said Berkley.

"Why such haste? We have the whole day before us. There is time enough."

"Not a moment to lose, I assure you. The carriage is at the door."

They drove up the valley of Lauterbrunnen, and turned eastward among the mountains of the Grindelwald. There they passed the day; half-frozen by the icy breath of the Great Glacier, upon whose surface stand pyramids and blocks of ice, like the tombstones of a cemetery. It was a weary day to Flemming. He wished himself at Interlachen; and was glad, when, towards evening, he saw once more the cone-roofed towers of the cloister rising above the walnut-trees.

That evening is written in red letters in his history. It gave him another revelation of the beauty and excellence of woman's character and intellect; not wholly new to him, yet now renewed and fortified. It was from the lips of Mary Ashburton that the revelation came. Her form arose, like a tremulous evening-star, in the firmament of his soul. He conversed with her, and with her alone; and knew not when to go. All others were to him as if they were not there. He saw their forms, but saw them as the forms of inanimate things. At length her mother came; and Flemming beheld in her but another Mary Ashburton, with beauty more mature; — the same forehead and eyes, the same majestic figure; and, as yet, no trace of age. He gazed upon her with a feeling of delight, not unmingled with holy awe. She was to him the rich and glowing Evening, from whose bosom the tremulous star was born.

Berkley took no active part in the conversation, but did what was much more to the purpose, — that is to say, arranged a drive for the next day with the Ashburtons, and of course invited Flemming, who went home that night with a halo round his head, and wondering much at a dandy, who stood at the door of the hotel, and said to his companion, as Flemming passed: "What do you call this place? I have been here two hours already, and find it devilish dull!"

CHAPTER V.

A RAINY DAY.

When Flemming awoke the next morning, he saw the sky dark and lowering. From the mountain-tops hung a curtain of mist, whose heavy folds waved to and fro in the valley below. Over all the landscape the soft summer rain was falling. No admiring eyes would look up that day at the Staubbach.

A rainy day in Switzerland puts a sudden stop to many diversions. The coachman may drive to the inn, and then back to the stable; but no farther. The sunburnt guide may sit at the ale-house door, and welcome; and the boatman whistle and curse the clouds, at his own sweet will; — but no foot stirs abroad for all that; no traveller moves, if he has time to stay. The rainy day gives him time for reflection. He has leisure now to take cognizance of his impressions, and make up his account with the mountains. He remembers, too, that he has friends at home; and writes up the journal, neglected for a week or more, and letters neglected longer; or finishes the rough pencil-sketch begun yesterday in the open air. On the whole, he is not sorry it rains, — though disappointed.

Flemming was both sorry and disappointed; but he did not on that account fail to go over to the Ashburtons at the appointed hour. He found them sitting in the parlor. The mother was reading, and the daughter retouching a sketch of the Lake of Thun. After the usual salutations, Flemming seated himself near the daughter, and said: —

"We shall have no Staubbach to-day, I presume; only this Giessbach from the clouds."

"Nothing more, I suppose. So we must be content to stay indoors, and listen to the sound of the eaves-dropping rain. It gives me time to finish some of these rough sketches."

"It is a pleasant pastime," said Flemming; "and I perceive you are very skilful. I am delighted to see that you can draw a straight line. I never before saw a lady's sketch-book in which all the towers did not resemble the Leaning Tower of Pisa. I always tremble for the little men under them."

"How absurd!" exclaimed Mary Ashburton, with a smile that passed through the misty air of Flemming's thoughts like a sunbeam. "For one, I succeed much better in straight lines than in any others. Here I have been trying a half-hour to make this water-wheel round; and round it never will be."

"Then let it remain as it is. It looks uncommonly picturesque, and may pass for a new invention."

The lady continued to sketch, and Flemming to gaze at her beautiful face; often repeating to himself those lines in Marlow's "Faust": —

> "Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air,
> Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars!"

He certainly would have betrayed himself to the maternal eye of Mrs. Ashburton, had she not been wholly absorbed in the follies of a fashionable novel. Erelong, the fair sketcher had paused for a moment; and Flemming had taken her sketch-book in his hands and was looking it through from the beginning with ever-increasing delight, half of which he dared not express, though he favored her with some comments and bursts of admiration.

"This is truly a very beautiful sketch of Murten and the battle-field! How quietly the landscape sleeps there by the lake, after the battle! Did you ever read the ballad of Veit Weber, the shoemaker, on this subject? He says the routed Burgundians jumped into the lake, and the Swiss Leaguers shot them down like wild ducks among the reeds. He fought in the battle, and wrote the ballad afterwards; —

> 'He had himself laid hand on sword,
> He who this rhyme did write;
> Till evening mowed he with the sword,
> And sang the song at night.'"

"You must give me the whole ballad," said

Miss Ashburton; "it will serve to illustrate the sketch."

"And the sketch to illustrate the ballad. And now we suddenly slide down the Alps into Italy, and are even in Rome, if I mistake not. This is surely a head of Homer?"

"Yes," replied the lady, with a little enthusiasm. "Do you not remember the marble bust at Rome? When I first beheld that bust, it absolutely inspired me with awe. It is not the face of a man, but of a god!"

"And you have done it no injustice in your copy," said Flemming, catching a new enthusiasm from hers. "With what a classic grace the fillet, passing round the majestic forehead, confines his flowing locks, which mingle with his beard! The countenance, too, is calm, majestic, godlike! Even the fixed and sightless eyeballs do not mar the image of the seer! Such were the sightless eyes of the blind old man of Chios. They seem to look with mournful solemnity into the mysterious future; and the marble lips to repeat that prophetic passage in the Hymn to Apollo: 'Let me also hope to be remembered in ages to come. And when any one, born of the tribes of men, comes hither, a weary traveller, and inquires, who is the sweetest of the singing-men that resort to your feasts, and whom you most delight to hear, do you make answer for me: It is the Blind Man who dwells in Chios; his songs excel all that can ever be sung!' But do you really believe that this is a portrait of Homer?"

"Certainly not! It is only an artist's dream. It was thus that Homer appeared to him in his visions of the antique world. Every one, you know, forms an image in his fancy of persons and things he has never seen; and the artist reproduces them in marble or on canvas."

"And what is the image in your fancy? Is it like this?"

"No; not entirely. I have drawn my impressions from another source. Whenever I think of Homer, which is not often, he walks before me, solemn and serene, as in the vision of the great Italian; in countenance neither sorrowful nor glad, followed by other bards, and holding in his right hand a sword!"

"That is a finer conception than this," said Flemming. "And I perceive from your words, as well as from this book, that you have a true feeling for Art, and understand what it is. You have had bright glimpses into the enchanted land."

"I trust," replied the lady, modestly, "that I am not wholly without this feeling. Certainly I have as strong and passionate a love of Art as of Nature."

"But does it not often offend you to hear people speaking of Art and Nature as opposite and discordant things? Surely nothing can be more false. Nature is a revelation of God; Art a revelation of man. Indeed, Art signifies no more than this. Art is Power. That is the original meaning of the word. It is the creative power by which the soul of man makes itself known, through some external manifestation or outward sign. As we can always hear the voice of God, walking in the garden, in the cool of the day, or under the starlight, where, to quote one of this poet's verses, 'high prospects and the brows of all steep hills and pinnacles thrust up themselves for shows,' — so under the twilight and the starlight of past ages do we hear the voice of man, walking amid the works of his hands, and city walls and towers, and the spires of churches, thrust up themselves for shows."

The lady smiled at his warmth; and he continued: —

"This, however, is but a similitude; and Art and Nature are more nearly allied than by similitudes only. Art is the revelation of man; and not merely that, but likewise the revelation of Nature, speaking through man. Art preëxists in Nature, and Nature is reproduced in Art. As vapors from the ocean, floating landward and dissolved in rain, are carried back in rivers to the ocean, so thoughts and the semblances of things that fall upon the soul of man in showers flow out again in living streams of Art, and lose themselves in the great ocean, which is Nature. Art and Nature are not, then, discordant, but ever harmoniously working in each other."

Enthusiasm begets enthusiasm. Flemming spake with such evident interest in the subject, that Miss Ashburton did not fail to manifest some interest in what he said; and encouraged by this, he proceeded: —

"Thus in this wondrous world wherein we live, which is the World of Nature, man has made unto himself another world hardly less wondrous, which is the World of Art. And it lies enfolded and compassed about by the other,

> 'And the clear region where 't was born
> Round in itself incloses.'

Taking this view of Art, I think we understand more easily the skill of the artist, and the difference between him and the mere amateur. What we call miracles and wonders of Art are not so to him who created them; for they were created by the natural movements of his own great soul. Statues, paintings, churches, poems, are but shadows of himself; — shadows in marble, colors, stone, words. He feels and recognizes their beauty; but he thought these thoughts and produced these things as easily as inferior minds do thoughts and things inferior; perhaps more easily. Vague images and shapes of beauty floating through the soul, the semblances of things as yet indefinite or ill-defined, and perfect only when put in Art, — this Possible Intellect, as the Scholastic Philosophers have termed it, — the artist shares in common with us all. The lovers of Art are many. But the Active Intellect, the creative power, — the power to put these shapes and images in Art, to embody the indefinite, and render perfect,— is his alone. He shares the gift with few. He knows not even whence nor how this is. He knows only that it is; that God has given him the power, which has been denied to others."

"I should have known you were just from Germany," said the lady, with a smile, "even if you had not told me so. You are an enthusiast for the Germans. For my part, I cannot endure their harsh language."

"You would like it better, if you knew it better," answered Flemming. "It is not harsh to me; but homelike, hearty, and full of feeling, — like the sound of happy voices at a fireside, of a winter's night, when the wind blows, and the fire crackles, and hisses, and snaps. I do indeed love the Germans; the men are so hale and hearty, and the Frauleins so tender and true!"

"I always think of men with pipes and beer, and women with knitting-work."

"Oh, those are English prejudices!" exclaimed Flemming. "Nothing can be more" —

"And their very literature presents itself to my imagination under the same forms."

"I see you have read only English criticisms; and have an idea that all German books smell, as one of your English critics says, 'of groceries, of brown papers filled with greasy cakes and slices of bacon, and of fryings in frowzy back-parlors;' and this shuts you out from a glorious world of poetry, romance, and dreams!"

Mary Ashburton smiled, and Flemming continued to turn over the leaves of the sketch-book, with an occasional criticism and witticism. At length he came to a leaf which was written in pencil. People of a lively imagination are generally curious, and always so when a little in love.

"Here is a pencil-sketch," said he, with an entreating look, "which I would fain examine with the rest."

"You may do so, if you wish; but you will find it the poorest sketch in the book. I was trying one day to draw the picture of an artist's life in Rome, as it presented itself to my imagination; and this is the result. Perhaps it may awaken some pleasant recollection in your mind."

Flemming waited no longer; but read with the eyes of a lover, not of a critic, the following description, which inspired him with a new enthusiasm for Art, and for Mary Ashburton.

"I often reflect with delight upon the young artist's life in Rome. A stranger from the cold and gloomy North, he has crossed the Alps, and with the devotion of a pilgrim journeyed to the Eternal City. He dwells, perhaps, upon the Pincian Hill; and hardly a house there, which is not inhabited by artists from foreign lands. The very room he lives in has been their abode time out of mind. Their names are written all over the walls; perhaps some further record of them is left in a rough sketch upon the window-shutter, with an inscription and a date. These things consecrate the place, in his imagination. Even

these names, though unknown to him, are not without associations in his mind.

"In that warm latitude he rises with the day. The night-vapors are already rolling away over the Campagna seaward. As he looks from his window, above and beyond their white folds he recognizes the tremulous blue sea at Ostia. The rising sun salutes Soracte, — his own beloved mountain; though no longer worshipped there, as of old. Before him, the antique house of Claude Lorraine casts its long brown shadow down into the heart of modern Rome. The city lies still asleep and silent. But above its dark roofs, more than two hundred steeples catch the sunshine on their gilded weathercocks. Presently the bells begin to ring, and, as the artist listens to their pleasant chimes, he knows that in each of those churches, over the high altar, hangs a painting by some great master's hand, whose beauty comes between him and heaven, so that he cannot pray, but wonder only.

"Among these works of art he passes the day; but oftenest in St. Peter's and the Vatican. Up the vast marble staircase, through the Corridor Chiaramonti, through vestibules, galleries, chambers, he passes as in a dream. All are filled with busts and statues, or painted in daring frescos. What forms of strength and beauty! what glorious creations of the human mind! and in that last chamber of all, standing alone upon his pedestal, the Apollo found at Antium, — in such a majestic attitude, — with such a noble countenance, lifelike, godlike!

"Or perhaps he passes into the chambers of the painters; but goes no farther than the second. For in the middle of that chamber a large painting stands upon the heavy easel, as if unfinished, though more than three hundred years ago the great artist completed it, and then laid his pencil away forever, leaving this last benediction to the world. It is the Transfiguration of Christ, by Raphael. A child looks not at the stars with greater wonder than the artist at this painting. He knows how many studious years are in that picture. He knows the difficult path that leads to perfection, having himself taken some of the first steps. Thus he recalls the hour when that broad canvas was first stretched upon its frame, and Raphael stood before it, and laid the first colors upon it, and beheld the figures one by one born into life, and looked upon the work of his own hands with a smile, that it should have succeeded so well. He recalls, too, the hour, when, the task accomplished, the pencil dropped from the master's dying hand, and his eyes closed to open on a more glorious transfiguration, and at length the dead Raphael lay in his own studio, before this wonderful painting, more glorious than any conqueror under the banners and armorial hatchments of his funeral!

"Think you that such sights and thoughts as these do not move the heart of a young man and an artist? And when he goes forth into the open air, the sun is going down, and the gray ruins of an antique world receive him. From the Palace of the Cæsars he looks down into the Forum, or towards the Coliseum; or westward sees the last sunshine strike the Bronze Archangel which stands upon the Tomb of Adrian. He walks amid a world of Art in ruins. The very street-lamps, that light him homeward, burn before some painted or sculptured image of the Madonna! What wonder is it, if dreams visit him in his sleep, — nay, if his whole life seem to him a dream? What wonder, if, with a feverish heart and quick hand, he strive to reproduce those dreams in marble or on canvas?"

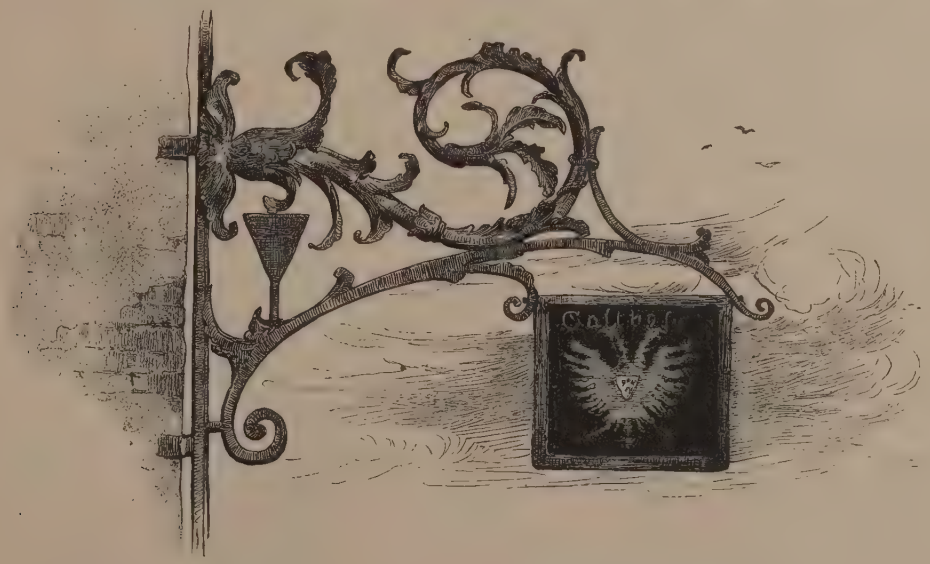
Foolish Paul Flemming! who both admired and praised this little sketch, and yet was too blind to see that it was written from the heart, and not from the imagination! Foolish Paul Flemming! who thought that a girl of twenty could write thus without a reason! Close upon this followed another pencil sketch, which he likewise read, with her permission. It was this.

"The whole period of the Middle Ages seems very strange to me. At times I cannot persuade myself that such things could have been as history tells us; that such a strange world was a part of our world, — that such a strange life was a part of the life which seems to us, who are living it now, so passionless and commonplace. It is only when I stand amid ruined castles, that look at me so mournfully,

and behold the heavy armor of old knights, hanging upon the wainscot of Gothic chambers; or when I walk amid the aisles of some dusky minster, whose walls are narrative of hoar antiquity, and whose very bells have been baptized, and see the carved oaken stalls in the choir, where so many generations of monks have sat and sung, and the tombs, where now they sleep in silence, to awake no more to their midnight psalms; — it is only at such times that the history of the Middle Ages is a reality to me, and not a passage in romance.

"Likewise the illuminated manuscripts of those ages have something of this power of making the dead Past a living Present in my mind. What curious figures are emblazoned on the creaking parchment, making its yellow leaves laugh with gay colors! You seem to come upon them unawares. Their faces have an expression of wonder. They seem all to be just startled from their sleep by the sound you made when you unloosed the brazen clasps, and opened the curiously carved oaken covers, that turn on hinges, like the great gates of a city. To the building of that city some diligent monk gave the whole of a long life. With what strange denizens he peopled it! Adam and Eve standing under a tree, with apples in their hands; — the patriarch Abraham, with a tree growing out of his body, and his descendants sitting like owls upon its branches; — ladies with flowing locks of gold; knights in armor, with most fantastic, long-toed shoes; jousts and tournaments; and Minnesingers, and lovers whose heads reach to the towers where their ladies sit; — and all so angular, so naïve, so childlike, — all in such simple attitudes, with such great eyes, and holding up such long, lank fingers! — These things are characteristic of the Middle Ages, and persuade me of the truth of history."

At this moment Berkley entered, with a Swiss cottage, which he had bought as a present for somebody's child in England; and a cane with a chamois-horn on the end of it, which he had bought as a present for himself. This was the first time that Flemming had been sorry to see the good-natured man, whose presence now interrupted the delightful conversation he was carrying on under four eyes with Mary Ashburton. He really thought him tedious, and wondered it had never occurred to him before. Mrs. Ashburton, too, must needs lay down her book; and the conversation became general. Strange to say, the Swiss dinner-hour of one o'clock did not come a moment too soon for Flemming. It did not even occur to him that it was early; for he was seated beside Mary Ashburton; and at dinner one can say so much, without being overheard.



CHAPTER VI.

AFTER DINNER, AND AFTER THE MANNER OF THE BEST CRITICS.

When the learned Thomas Diafoirus wooed the fair Angélique, he drew from his pocket a medical thesis, and presented it to her, as the first-fruits of his genius; and at the same time invited her, with her father's permission, to attend the dissection of a woman, upon whom he was to lecture. Paul Flemming did nearly the same thing; and so often that it had become a habit. He was continually drawing from his pocket or his memory some scrap of song or story; and inviting some fair Angélique, either with her father's permission or without, to attend the dissection of an author upon whom he was to lecture. He soon gave proofs of this to Mary Ashburton.

"What books have we here for afternoon reading?" said Flemming, taking a volume from the table, when they had returned from the dining-room. "Oh, it is Uhland's Poems. Have you read anything of his? He and Tieck are generally considered the best living poets of Germany. They dispute the palm of superiority. Let me give you a lesson in German this afternoon, Miss Ashburton; so that no one may accuse you of 'omitting the sweet benefit of time, to clothe your age with angel-like perfection.' I have opened at random upon the ballad of the Black Knight. Do you repeat the German after me, and I will translate to you. *Pfingsten war, das Fest der Freude!*"

"I should never persuade my unwilling lips to pronounce such sounds. So I beg you not to perplex me with your German, but read me the ballad in English."

"Well, then, listen. I will improvise a translation for your own particular benefit.

"'T was Pentecost, the Feast of Gladness,
When woods and fields put off all sadness.
Thus began the king, and spake:
'So from the halls
Of ancient Hofburg's walls
A luxuriant spring shall break.'

"Drums and trumpets echo loudly,
Wave the crimson banners proudly.
From balcony the king looked on;
In the play of spears,
Fell all the cavaliers
Before the monarch's stalwart son.

"To the barrier of the fight
Rode at last a sable knight.
'Sir Knight! your name and scutcheon? say.'
'Should I speak it here,
Ye would stand aghast with fear;
I am a prince of mighty sway!'

"When he rode into the lists,
The arch of heaven grew black with mists,
And the castle 'gan to rock.
At the first blow,
Fell the youth from saddle-bow, —
Hardly rises from the shock.

"Pipe and viol call the dances,
Torchlight through the high halls glances,
Waves a mighty shadow in;
With manner bland
Doth ask a maiden's hand,
Doth with her the dance begin:

"Danced in sable iron sark,
Danced a measure weird and dark,
Coldly clasped her limbs around.
From breast and hair
Down fell from her the fair
Flowerlets, faded, to the ground.

"To the sumptuous banquet came
Every knight and every dame.
'Twixt son and daughter all distraught,
With mournful mind
The ancient king reclined,
Gazed at them in silent thought.

"Pale the children both did look,
But the guest a beaker took:
'Golden wine will make you whole!'
The children drank,
Gave many a courteous thank:
'Oh, that draught was very cool!'

"Each the father's breast embraces,
Son and daughter; and their faces
Colorless grow utterly.
Whichever way
Looks the fear-struck father gray,
He beholds his children die.

"'Woe! the blessed children both
Takest thou in the joy of youth:
Take me, too, the joyless father!'
Spake the grim guest,
From his hollow, cavernous breast:
'Roses in the spring I gather!'"

"That is indeed a striking ballad!" said Miss Ashburton, "but rather too grim and ghostly for this dull afternoon."

"It begins joyously enough with the feast of Pentecost, and the crimson banners at the old castle. Then the contrast is well managed. The knight in black mail, and the waving in of the mighty shadow in the dance, and the dropping of the faded flowers, are all strikingly presented to the imagination. However, it tells its own story, and needs no explanation. Here is something in a different vein, though still melancholy. The Castle by the Sea. Shall I read it?"

"Yes, if you like."

Flemming read:—

"'Hast thou seen that lordly castle,
That castle by the sea?
Golden and red above it
The clouds float gorgeously.

"'And fain would it stoop downward
To the mirrored wave below;
And fain would it soar upward
In the evening's crimson glow.'

"'Well have I seen that castle,
That castle by the sea,
And the moon above it standing,
And the mist rise solemnly.'

"'The winds and the waves of ocean,
Had they a merry chime?
Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,
The harp and the minstrel's rhyme?'

"'The winds and the waves of ocean,
They rested quietly;
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,
And tears came to mine eye.'

"'And sawest thou on the turrets
The king and his royal bride,
And the wave of their crimson mantles,
And the golden crown of pride?

"'Led they not forth, in rapture,
A beauteous maiden there,
Resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair?'

"'Well saw I the ancient parents,
Without the crown of pride;
They were moving slow, in weeds of woe;
No maiden was by their side!'

"How do you like that?"

"It is very graceful and pretty. But Uhland seems to leave a great deal to his reader's imagination. All his readers should be poets themselves, or they will hardly comprehend him. I confess, I hardly understand the passage where he speaks of the castle's stooping downward to the mirrored wave below, and then soaring upward into the gleaming sky. I suppose, however, he wishes to express the momentary illusion we experience when beholding a perfect reflection of an old tower in the sea. We look at it as if it were not a mere shadow in the water; and yet the real tower rises far above, and seems to float in the crimson evening clouds. Is that the meaning?"

"I should think it was. To me it is all a beautiful cloud landscape, which I comprehend and feel, and yet should find some difficulty perhaps in explaining."

"And why need one always explain? Some feelings are quite untranslatable. No language has yet been found for them. They gleam upon us beautifully through the dim twilight of fancy, and yet, when we bring them close to us, and hold them up to the light of reason, lose their beauty, all at once; as glow-worms, which glimmer with such a spiritual light in the shadows of evening, when brought in where the candles are lighted, are found to be only worms, like so many others."

"Very true. We ought sometimes to be content with feeling. Here, now, is an exquisite piece, which soothes one like the fall of evening shadows, — like the dewy coolness of twilight after a sultry day. I shall not give you a bald translation of my own, because I have laid up in my memory another, which, though not very literal, equals the original in beauty. Observe how finely it commences.

"Many a year is in its grave
Since I crossed this restless wave,

And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

"Then, in this same boat, beside,
Sat two comrades old and tried;
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

"One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter form
Passed in battle and in storm.

"So, whene'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends who closed their course before me.

"Yet what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore;
Let us walk in soul once more!

"Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee;
Take, — I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me!"

"Oh, that is beautiful, — beautiful exceedingly! Who translated it?"

"I do not know. I wish I could find out. It is certainly admirably well done; though in the measure of the original there is something like the rocking motion of a boat, which is not preserved in the translation."

"And is Uhland always so soothing and spiritual?"

"Yes, he generally looks into the spirit-world. I am now trying to find here a little poem on the Death of a Country Clergyman, in which he introduces a striking picture. But I cannot turn to it. No matter. He describes the spirit of the good old man, returning to earth on a bright summer morning, and standing amid the golden corn and the red and blue flowers, and mildly greeting the reapers as of old. But there is nothing morbid in Uhland's mind. He is always fresh and invigorating, like a breezy morning. In this he differs entirely from such writers as Salis and Matthisson."

"And who are they?"

"Two melancholy gentlemen to whom life was only a Dismal Swamp, upon whose margin they walked with cambric handkerchiefs in their hands, sobbing and sighing, and making signals to Death to come and ferry them over the lake. And now their spirits stand in the green fields of German song like two weeping-willows bending over a grave. To read their poems is like wandering through a village church-yard on a summer evening, reading the inscriptions upon the grave-stones, and recalling sweet images of the departed; while above you,

'Hark! in the holy grove of palms,
Where the stream of life runs free,
Echoes, in the angels' psalms,
Sister spirit! hail to thee!'"

"How musically those lines flow! Are they Matthisson's?"

"Yes; and they do indeed flow musically. I wish I had his poems here. I should like to read to you his "Elegy on the Ruins of an Ancient Castle." It is an imitation of Gray's Elegy. You have been at Baden-Baden?"

"Yes; last summer."

"And have not forgotten —"

"The old castle? Of course not. What a magnificent ruin it is?"

"That is the scene of Matthisson's poem and seems to have filled the melancholy bard with more than wonted inspiration."

"I should very much like to see the poem; I remember that old ruin with so much delight."

"I am sorry I have not a translation of it for you. Instead of it, I will give you a sweet and mournful poem from Salis. It is called "The Song of the Silent Land."

"Into the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the sand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, oh, thither,
Into the Silent Land?

"Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning-visions
Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge and band!
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

"O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land!

Is not that a beautiful poem?"

Mary Ashburton made no answer. She had turned away to hide her tears. Flemming wondered that Berkley could say she was not beautiful. Still he was rather pleased than offended at it. He felt at that moment how sweet a thing it would be to possess one who should seem beautiful to him alone, and yet to him be more beautiful than all the world beside! How bright the world became to him at that thought! It was like one of those paintings in which all the light streams from the face of the Virgin. Oh, there is nothing holier, in this life of ours, than the first consciousness of love, — the first fluttering of its silken wings; the first rising sound and breath of wind which is so soon to sweep through the soul, to purify or to destroy it!

Old histories tell us that the great Emperor Charlemagne stamped his edicts with the hilt of his sword. The greater Emperor, Death, stamps with the blade; and they are signed and executed with the same stroke. Flemming received that night a letter from Heidelberg, which told him that Emma of Ilmenau was dead. The fate of this poor girl affected him deeply; and he said in his heart: —

"Father in heaven! Why was the lot of this weak and erring child so hard? What had she done, to be so tempted in her weakness, and perish? Why didst thou suffer her gentle affections to lead her thus astray?"

And, through the silence of the awful midnight, the voice of an avalanche answered from the distant mountains, and seemed to say: —

"Peace! peace! Why dost thou question God's providence?"

CHAPTER VII.

TAKE CARE.

Fair is the valley of Lauterbrunnen, with its green meadows and overhanging cliffs. The ruined castle of Unspunnen stands like an armed warder at the gate of the enchanted land. In calm serenity the snowy mountains rise beyond. Fairer than the Rock of Balmarusa, yon frowning precipice looks down upon us; and, from the topmost cliff, the white pennon of the Brook of Dust shimmers and waves in the sunny air!

It was a bright, beautiful morning after night-rain. Every dew-drop and rain-drop had a whole heaven within it; and so had the heart of Paul Flemming, as, with Mrs. Ashburton and her dark-eyed daughter, he drove up the Valley of Lauterbrunnen, — the Valley of Fountains-Only.

"How beautiful the Jungfrau looks this morning!" exclaimed he, looking at Mary Ashburton.

She thought he meant the mountain, and assented. But he meant her likewise.

"And the mountains beyond," he continued, "the Monk and the Silver-horn, the Wetterhorn, the Schreck-horn, and the Schwarz-horn, — all those sublime apostles of Nature, whose sermons are avalanches! Did you ever behold anything more grand?"

"Oh, yes! Mont Blanc is more grand, when you behold it from the hills opposite. It was there that I was most moved by the magnificence of Swiss scenery. It was a morning like this; and the clouds, that were hovering about on their huge, shadowy wings, made the scene only the more magnificent. Before me lay the whole panorama of the Alps; pine forests standing dark and solemn at the base of the mountains; and half-way up a veil of mist; above which rose the snowy summits and sharp needles of rock, which seemed to float in the air, like a fairy world. Then the glaciers stood on either side, winding down through the mountain ravines; and high above all rose the white, dome-like summit of Mont Blanc.

And ever and anon from the shroud of mist came the awful sound of an avalanche, and a continual roar, as of the wind through a forest of pines, filled the air. It was the roar of the Arve and Aveiron, breaking from their icy fountains. Then the mists began to pass away; and it seemed as if the whole firmament were rolling together. It recalled to my mind that sublime passage in the Apocalypse: like the dragons of Northern Romance, which come down from the mountains and devour whole villages. A little hamlet in Chamouni was once abandoned by its inhabitants, terrified at the approach of the icy dragon. But is it possible you have never been at Chamouni?"

"Never. The great marvel still remains unseen by me."

'I saw a great white throne, and him that sat thereon, before whose face the heavens and the earth fled away, and found no place!' — I cannot believe that upon this earth there is a more magnificent scene!"

"It must be grand indeed," replied Flemming. "And those mighty glaciers, — huge monsters with bristling crests, creeping down into the valley! for it is said they really move."

"Yes; it filled me with a strange sensation of awe to think of this. They seemed to me

"Then how can you linger here so long? Were I in your place, I would not lose an hour."

These words passed over the opening blossoms of hope in the soul of Flemming like a cold wind over the flowers in spring-time. He bore it as best he could, and changed the subject.

I do not mean to describe the valley of Lauterbrunnen, nor the bright day passed there. I know that my gentle reader is blessed with the divine gift of a poetic fancy; and can see

already how the mountains rise, and the torrents fall, and the beautiful valley lies between; and how, along the dusty road, the herdsman blows his horn, and travellers come and go in *charabancs*, like Punch and Judy in a show-box. He knows already how romantic ladies sketch romantic scenes; and how cold meat tastes under the shadow of trees; and how time flies, when we are in love and the beloved one near. One little incident I must, however, mention, lest his fancy should not suggest it.

Flemming was still sitting with the ladies on the green slope near the Staubbach, or Brook of Dust, when a young man clad in green came down the valley. It was a German mechanic, with flaxen ringlets hanging over his shoulders, and a guitar in his hand. His step was free and elastic, and his countenance wore the joyous expression of youth and health. He approached the company with a courteous salutation; and, after the manner of travelling apprentices, asked charity with the confident air of one unaccustomed to refusal. Nor was he refused in this instance. The presence of those we love makes us compassionate and generous. Flemming gave him a piece of gold; and, after a short conversation, he seated himself at a little distance on the grass, and began to play and sing. Wonderful and many were the soft accords and plaintive sounds that came from that little instrument touched by the clever hand. Every feeling of the human heart seemed to find an expression there, and awaken a kindred feeling in the hearts of those who heard him. He sang strange German songs, so full of longing, and of pleasing sadness, and hope, and fear, and passionate desire, and soul-subduing sorrow, that the tears came into Mary Ashburton's eyes, though she understood not the words he sang. Then his countenance glowed with triumph, and he beat the strings like a drum, and sang: —

"Oh, how the drum beats so loud!
Close beside me in the fight,
My dying brother says, Good-night!
And the cannon's awful breath
Screams the loud halloo of Death!
And the drum,
And the drum,
Beats so loud!"

Many were the words of praise when the young musician ended; and, as he rose to depart, they still entreated for one song more. Whereupon he played a lively prelude; and, looking full into Flemming's face, sang, with a pleasant smile and still in German, this little song: —

"I know a maiden fair to see;
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be.
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

"She has two eyes, so soft and brown;
Take care!
She gives a side-glance and looks down.
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

"And she has hair of a golden hue;
Take care!
And what she says, it is not true.
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

"She has a bosom as white as snow;
Take care!
She knows how much it is best to show.
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

"She gives thee a garland woven fair;
Take care!
It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear.
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!"

The last stanza he sung in a laughing, triumphant tone, which resounded above the loud clang of his guitar like the jeering laugh of Till Eulenspiegel. Then, slinging his guitar over his shoulder, he took off his green cap, and made a leg to the ladies, in the style of Gil Blas; waved his hand in the air, and walked quickly down the valley, singing, "Adé! Adé! Adé!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FOUNTAIN OF OBLIVION.

The power of magic in the Middle Ages created monsters who followed the unhappy magician everywhere. The power of love in all ages creates angels, who likewise follow the happy or unhappy lover everywhere, even in his dreams. By such an angel was Paul Flemming now haunted, both when he waked and when he slept. He walked as in a dream, and was hardly conscious of the presence of those around him. A sweet face looked at him from every page of every book he read; and it was the face of Mary Ashburton! — a sweet voice spake to him in every sound he heard; and it was the voice of Mary Ashburton! Day and night succeeded each other, with pleasant interchange of light and darkness; but to him the passing of time was only as a dream. When he arose in the morning, he thought only of her, and wondered if she were yet awake; and when he lay down at night, he thought only of her, and how, like the Lady Christabel,

> "Her gentle limbs she did undress,
> And lay down in her loveliness."

And the livelong day he was with her, either in reality or in day-dreams hardly less real; for, in each delirious vision of his waking hours, her beauteous form passed like the form of Beatrice through Dante's heaven; and, as he lay in the summer afternoon, and heard at times the sound of the wind in the trees, and the sound of Sabbath bells ascending up to heaven, holy wishes and prayers ascended with them from his inmost soul, beseeching that he might not love in vain! And whenever, in silence and alone, he looked into the silent, lonely countenance of Night, he recalled the impassioned lines of Plato: —

> "Lookest thou at the stars? If I were heaven,
> With all the eyes of heaven would I look down on thee!"

Oh, how beautiful it is to love! Even thou, that sneerest at this page, and laughest in cold indifference or scorn, if others are near thee, — thou too must acknowledge its truth, when thou art alone; and confess that a foolish world is prone to laugh in public at what in private it reveres, as one of the highest impulses of our nature, — namely, Love!

One by one the objects of our affection depart from us. But our affections remain, and like vines stretch forth their broken, wounded tendrils for support. The bleeding heart needs a balm to heal it; and there is none but the love of its kind, — none but the affection of a human heart! Thus the wounded, broken affections of Flemming began to lift themselves from the dust and cling around this new object. Days and weeks passed; and, like the student Crisostomo, he ceased to love, because he began to adore. And with this adoration mingled the prayer, that, in that hour when the world is still, and the voices that praise are mute, and reflection cometh like twilight, and the maiden, in her day-dreams, counted the number of her friends, some voice in the sacred silence of her thoughts might whisper his name!

They were sitting together one morning, on the green, flowery meadow, under the ruins of Burg Unspunnen. She was sketching the ruins. The birds were singing, one and all, as if there were no aching hearts, no sin nor sorrow in the world. So motionless was the bright air, that the shadow of the trees lay engraven on the grass. The distant snow-peaks sparkled in the sun, and nothing frowned, save the square tower of the old ruin above them.

"What a pity it is," said the lady, as she stopped to rest her weary fingers, "what a pity it is, that there is no old tradition connected with this ruin!"

"I will make you one, if you wish," said Flemming.

"Can you make old traditions?"

"Oh, yes! I made three, the other day, about

ARTIST: W. T. SMEDLEY.

FLEMMING AND MARY ASHBURTON.

the Rhine, and one very old one about the Black Forest. A lady with dishevelled hair; a robber with a horrible slouched hat; and a night storm among the roaring pines."

"Delightful! Do make one for me."

"With the greatest pleasure. Where will you have the scene? Here, or in the Black Forest?"

"In the Black Forest, by all means! Begin."

"I will unite this ruin and the forest together. But first promise not to interrupt me. If you snap the golden threads of thought, they will float away on the air like the film of the gossamer, and I shall never be able to recover them."

"I promise."

"Listen, then, to the tradition of THE FOUNTAIN OF OBLIVION."

"Begin."

Flemming was reclining on the flowery turf, at the lady's feet, looking up with dreamy eyes into her sweet face, and then into the leaves of the linden-trees overhead.

"Gentle lady! Dost thou remember the linden-trees of Bülach, — those tall and stately trees, with velvet down upon their shining leaves, and rustic benches underneath their overhanging eaves? A leafy dwelling, fit to be the home of elf or fairy, where first I told my love to thee, thou cold and stately Hermione! A little peasant girl stood near, and listened all the while, with eyes of wonder and delight, and an unconsious smile, to hear the stranger still speak on, in accents deep yet mild, — none else was with us in that hour, save God and that little child!"

"Why, it is in rhyme!"

"No, no! the rhyme is only in your imagination. You promised not to interrupt me, and you have already snapped asunder the gossamer threads of as sweet a dream as was ever spun from a poet's brain."

"It certainly did rhyme!"

"This was the reverie of the student Hieronymus, as he sat at midnight in a chamber of this old tower, with his hands clasped together, and resting upon an open volume, which he should have been reading. His pale face was raised, and the pupils of his eyes dilated, as if the spirit-world were open before him, and some beauteous vision were standing there, and drawing the student's soul through his eyes up into heaven, — as the evening sun, through parting summer-clouds, seems to draw into its bosom the vapors of the earth. Oh, it was a lovely vision! I can see it before me now!

"Near the student stood an antique bronze lamp, with strange figures carved upon it. It was a magic lamp, which once belonged to the Arabian astrologer, El Geber, in Spain. Its light was beautiful as the light of stars; and, night after night, as the lonely wight sat alone and read in this lofty tower, through the mist, and murk, and dropping rain, it streamed out into the darkness, and was seen by many wakeful eyes. To the poor student Hieronymus it was a wonderful Aladdin's Lamp; for in its flame a Divinity revealed herself unto him, and showed him treasures. Whenever he opened a ponderous, antiquated tome, it seemed as if some angel opened for him the gates of Paradise; and already he was known in the land as Hieronymus the Learned.

"But, alas! he could read no more. The charm was broken. Hour after hour he passed with his hands clasped before him, and his fair eyes gazing at vacancy. What could so disturb the studies of this melancholy wight? Lady, he was in love! Have you ever been in love? He had seen the face of the beautiful Hermione; and as, when we have thoughtlessly looked at the sun, our dazzled eyes, though closed, behold it still, so he beheld by day and by night the radiant image of her upon whom he had too rashly gazed. Alas! he was unhappy; for the proud Hermione disdained the love of a poor student, whose only wealth was a magic lamp. In marble halls, and amid the gay crowd that worshipped her, she had almost forgotten that such a being lived as the student Hieronymus. The adoration of his heart had been to her only as the perfume of a wild-flower which she had carelessly crushed with her foot in passing. But he had lost all; for he had lost the quiet of his thoughts; and his agitated soul reflected only broken and distorted images of things. The world laughed at the poor student, who, in his threadbare cassock, dared to lift his eyes to the Lady Hermione; while he sat alone, in his des-

olate chamber, and suffered in silence. He remembered many things which he would fain have forgotten; but which, if he had forgotten them, he would have wished again to remember. Such were the linden-trees of Bülach, under whose pleasant shades he had told his love to Hermione. This was the scene which he wished most to forget, yet loved most to remember; and of this he was now dreaming, with his hands clasped upon his book, and that music in his thoughts, which you, lady, mistook for rhyme.

"Suddenly, with a melancholy clang, the convent clock struck twelve. It roused the student Hieronymus from his dream; and rang in his ears, like the iron hoofs of the steeds of Time. The magic hour had come, when the Divinity of the lamp most willingly revealed herself to her votary. The bronze figures seemed alive; a white cloud rose from the flame and spread itself through the chamber; the four walls dilated into magnificent cloud-vistas; a fragrance, as of wild-flowers, filled the air; and a dreamy music, like distant, sweet-chiming bells, announced the approach of the midnight Divinity. Through his streaming tears the heart-broken student beheld her once more descending a pass in the snowy cloud-mountains, as, at evening, the dewy Hesperus comes from the bosom of the mist, and assumes his station in the sky. At her approach, his spirit grew more calm; for her presence was, to his feverish heart, like a tropical night, — beautiful and soothing and invigorating. At length she stood before him, revealed in all her beauty; and he comprehended the visible language of her sweet but silent lips, which seemed to say, 'What would the student Hieronymus to-night?' 'Peace!' he answered, raising his clasped hands, and smiling through his tears. 'The student Hieronymus imploreth peace!' 'Then go,' said the spirit, 'go to the Fountain of Oblivion in the deepest solitude of the Black Forest, and cast this scroll into its waters; and thou shalt be at peace once more.' Hieronymus opened his arms to embrace the Divinity, for her countenance assumed the features of Hermione; but she vanished away; the music ceased; the gorgeous cloud-land sank and fell asunder; and the student was alone within the four bare walls of his chamber. As he bowed his head downward, his eye fell upon a parchment scroll, which was lying beside the lamp. Upon it was written only the name of Hermione!

"The next morning Hieronymus put the scroll into his bosom, and went his way in search of the Fountain of Oblivion. A few days brought him to the skirts of the Black Forest. He entered, not without a feeling of dread, that land of shadows; and passed onward, under melancholy pines and cedars, whose branches grew abroad and mingled together, and, as they swayed up and down, filled the air with solemn twilight and a sound of sorrow. As he advanced into the forest, the waving moss hung, like curtains, from the branches overhead, and more and more shut out the light of heaven; and he knew that the Fountain of Oblivion was not far off. Even then the sound of falling waters was mingling with the roar of the pines above him; and ere-long he came to a river, moving in solemn majesty through the forest, and falling with a dull, leaden sound into a motionless and stagnant lake, above which the branches of the forest met and mingled, forming perpetual night. This was the Fountain of Oblivion.

"Upon its brink the student paused, and gazed into the dark waters with a steadfast look. They were limpid waters, dark with shadows only. And as he gazed, he beheld, far down in their silent depths, dim and ill-defined outlines, wavering to and fro, like the folds of a white garment in the twilight. Then more distinct and permanent shapes arose, — shapes familiar to his mind, yet forgotten and remembered again, as the fragments of a dream; till at length, far, far below him, he beheld the great City of the Past, with silent marble streets, and moss-grown walls, and spires uprising with a wave-like, flickering motion.

"And amid the crowd that thronged those streets, he beheld faces once familiar and dear to him; and heard sorrowful, sweet voices singing, Oh, forget us not! forget us not! and then the distant, mournful sound of funeral bells, that were tolling below, in the City of the Past. But in the gardens of that city

ARTIST: GEORGE W. VEWELL.

A FRANCISCAN MONASTERY.

there were children playing, and among them one who wore his features, as they had been in childhood. He was leading a little girl by the hand, and caressed her often, and adorned her with flowers. Then, like a dream, the scene changed, and the boy had grown older, and stood alone, gazing into the sky; and as he gazed, his countenance changed again, and Hieronymus beheld him, as if it had been his own image in the clear water; and before him stood a beauteous maiden, whose face was like the face of Hermione, and he feared lest the scroll had fallen into the water, as he bent over it.

"Starting, as from a dream, he put his hand into his bosom, and breathed freely again, when he found the scroll still there. He drew it forth, and read the blessed name of Hermione, and the city beneath him vanished away, and the air grew fragrant as with the breath of May-flowers, and a light streamed through the shadowy forest, and gleamed upon the lake; and the student Hieronymus pressed the dear name to his lips, and exclaimed, with streaming eyes: 'Oh, scorn me as thou wilt, still, still will I love thee; and thy name shall irradiate the gloom of my life, and make the waters of Oblivion smile!' And the name was no longer Hermione, but was changed to Mary; and the student Hieronymus — is lying at your feet! O gentle lady,

> 'I did hear you talk
> Far above singing; after you were gone,
> I grew acquainted with my heart, and searched
> What stirred it so! Alas! I found it love.'"

CHAPTER IX.

A TALK ON THE STAIRS.

No! I will not describe that scene; nor how pale the stately lady sat on the border of the green sunny meadow! The hearts of some women tremble like leaves at every breath of love which reaches them, and then are still again. Others, like the ocean, are moved only by the breath of a storm, and not so easily lulled to rest. And such was the proud heart of Mary Ashburton. It had remained unmoved by the presence of this stranger; and the sound of his footsteps and his voice excited in it no emotion. He had deceived himself! Silently they walked homeward through the green meadow. The very sunshine was sad; and the rising wind, through the old ruin above them, sounded in his ears like a hollow laugh!

Flemming went straight to his chamber. On the way, he passed the walnut-trees under which he had first seen the face of Mary Ashburton. Involuntarily he closed his eyes. They were full of tears. Oh, there are places in this fair world which we never wish to see again, however dear they may be to us! The towers of the old Franciscan convent never looked so gloomily as then, though the bright summer sun was shining full upon them.

In his chamber he found Berkley. He was looking out of the window, whistling.

"This evening I leave Interlachen forever," said Flemming, rather abruptly. Berkley stared.

"Indeed! Pray what is the matter? You look as pale as a ghost!"

"And have good reason to look pale," replied Flemming, bitterly. "Hoffmann says, in one of his note-books, that on the eleventh of March, at half-past eight o'clock, precisely, he was an ass. That is what I was this morning, at half-past ten o'clock, precisely, and am now, and I suppose always shall be."

He tried to laugh, but could not. He then related to Berkley the whole story, from beginning to end.

"This is a miserable piece of business!" exclaimed Berkley, when he had finished. "Strange enough! And yet I have long ceased to marvel at the caprices of women. Did not Pan captivate the chaste Diana? Did not Titania love Nick Bottom with his ass's head. Do you think that maidens' eyes are no longer touched with the juice of love-in-idleness? Take my word for it, she is in love with somebody else. There must be some reason

for this. No; women never have any reasons, except their will. But never mind. Keep a stout heart. Care killed a cat. After all, — what is she? Who is she? Only a" —

"Hush! hush!" exclaimed Flemming, in great excitement. Not one word more, I beseech you. Do not think to console me by depreciating her. She is very dear to me still; a beautiful, high-minded, noble woman."

"Yes," answered Berkley; "that is the way with you all, you young men. You see a sweet face, or a something, you know not what, and flickering reason says, Good-night; amen to common sense! The imagination invests the beloved object with a thousand superlative charms; adorns her with all the purple and fine linen, all the rich apparel and furniture, of human nature. I did the same when I was young. I was once as desperately in love as you are now; and went through all the

> 'Delicious deaths, soft exhalations
> Of soul, dear and divine annihilations;
> A thousand unknown rites
> Of joys, and rarefied delights.'

I adored and was rejected. 'You are in love with certain attributes,' said the lady. 'Damn your attributes, Madam,' said I; 'I know nothing about attributes.' 'Sir,' said she, with dignity, 'you have been drinking.' So we parted. She was married afterwards to another, who knew something about attributes, I suppose. I have seen her once since, and only once. She had a baby in a yellow gown. I hate a baby in a yellow gown. How glad I am she did not marry me! One of these days, you will be glad you have been rejected. Take my word for it."

"All that does not prevent my lot from being a very melancholy one!" said Flemming, sadly.

"Oh never mind the lot," cried Berkley, laughing, "so long as you don't get Lot's wife. If the cucumber is bitter, throw it away, as the philosopher Marcus Antoninus says, in his Meditations. Forget her, and all will be as if you had not known her."

"I shall never forget her," replied Flemming, rather solemnly. "Not my pride, but my affections are wounded; and the wound is too deep ever to heal. I shall carry it with me always. I enter no more into the world, but will dwell only in the world of my own thoughts. All great and unusual occurrences, whether of joy or sorrow, lift us above this earth; and we should do well always to preserve this elevation. Hitherto I have not done so. But now I will no more descend; I will sit apart and above the world, with my mournful, yet holy thoughts."

"Whew! You had better go into society; the whirl and delirium will cure you in a week. If you find a lady who pleases you very much, and you wish to marry her, and she will not listen to such a horrid thing, I see but one remedy, which is to find another, who pleases you more, and who will listen to it."

"No, my friend; you do not understand my character," said Flemming, shaking his head. "I love this woman with a deep and lasting affection. I shall never cease to love her. This may be madness in me; but so it is. Alas and alas! Paracelsus of old wasted life in trying to discover its elixir, which after all turned out to be alcohol; and instead of being made immortal upon earth, he died drunk on the floor of a tavern. The like happens to many of us. We waste our best years in distilling the sweetest flowers of life into love-potions, which after all do not immortalize, but only intoxicate us. By Heaven! we are all of us mad."

"But are you sure the case is utterly hopeless?"

"Utterly! utterly!"

"And yet I perceive you have not laid aside all hope. You still flatter yourself that the lady's heart may change. The great secret of happiness consists not in enjoying, but in renouncing. But it is hard, very hard. Hope has as many lives as a cat or a king. I dare say you have heard the old proverb, 'The king never dies.' But perhaps you have never heard that, at the court of Naples, when the dead body of a monarch lies in state, his dinner is carried up to him as usual, and the court physician tastes it, to see that it be not poisoned, and then the servants bear it out again, saying, 'The king does not dine to-day.' Hope in our souls is king; and we also say,

'The king never dies.' Even when in reality he lies dead within us, in solemn mockery we offer him his accustomed food, but are constrained to say, 'The king does not dine today.' It must be an evil day, indeed, when a king of Naples has no heart for his dinner! but you yourself are a proof that the king never dies. You are feeding your king, although you say he is dead."

"To show you that I do not wish to cherish hope," replied Flemming, "I shall leave Interlachen to-morrow morning. I am going to the Tyrol."

"You are right," said Berkley; "there is nothing so good for sorrow as rapid motion in the open air. I shall go with you; though probably your conversation will not be very various; nothing but Edward and Kunigunde."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Go to Berlin and you will find out. However, jesting apart, I will do all I can to cheer you, and make you forget the Dark Ladie, and this untoward accident."

"Accident!" said Flemming. "This is no accident but God's providence, which brought us together, to punish me for my sins."

"O my friend," interrupted Berkley, "if you see the finger of Providence so distinctly in every act of your life, you will end by thinking yourself an Apostle and Envoy Extraordinary. I see nothing so very uncommon in what has happened to you."

"What! not when our souls are so akin to each other? when we seem so formed to be together, — to be one?"

"I have often observed," replied Berkley, coldly, "that those who are of kindred souls rarely wed together; almost as rarely as those who are akin by blood. Therefore, mad lover, do not think to persuade thyself and thy scornful lady that you have kindred souls; but rather the contrary, — that you are much unlike, and each wanting in those qualities which most mark and distinguish the other. Trust me, thy courtship will then be more prosperous. But good-morning. I must prepare for this sudden journey."

On the following morning, Flemming and Berkley started on their way to Innsbruck, like Huon of Bordeaux and Scherasmin on their way to Babylon. Berkley's self-assumed duty was to console his companion; a duty which he performed like an ancient Spanish Despenadora, whose business was to attend the sick, and put her elbow into the stomach of the dying to shorten their agony.

BOOK
IV

Mortal, they softly say,
  Peace to thy heart!
We too, yes, mortal,
  Have been as thou art;
Hope-lifted, doubt-depressed,
  Seeing in part,
Tried, troubled, tempted,
  Sustained, — as thou art.

CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

CHAPTER I.

A MISERERE.

In the Orlando Innamorato, Malagigi, the necromancer, puts all the company to sleep by reading to them from a book. Some books have this power of themselves and need no necromancer. Fearing, Gentle Reader, that mine may be of this kind, I have provided these introductory chapters from time to time, like stalls or Misereres in a church, with flowery canopies and poppy-heads over them, where thou mayest sit down and sleep.

No, — the figure is not a bad one. This book does somewhat resemble a minster, in the Romanesque style, with pinnacles, and flying buttresses, and roofs,

> "Gargoyled with greyhounds, and with many lions
> Made of fine gold, with divers sundry dragons."

You step into its shade and coolness out of the hot streets of life; a mysterious light streams through the painted glass of the marigold windows, staining the cusps and crumpled leaves of the window-shafts, and the cherubs and holy-water-stoops below. Here and there is an image of the Virgin Mary; and other images, "in diverse vestures, called weepers, stand in housings made about the tomb;" and above all swells the vast dome of heaven, with its star-mouldings, and the flaming constellations, like the mosaics in the dome of St. Peter's. Have you not heard funeral psalms from the chantry? Have you not heard the sound of church-bells as I promised, — mysterious sounds from the Past and Future, as from the belfries outside the cathedral, — even such a mournful, mellow, watery peal of bells, as is heard sometimes at sea, from cities afar off below the horizon?

I know not how this Romanesque, and at times flamboyant, style of architecture may please the critics. They may wish, perhaps, that I had omitted some of my many ornaments, my arabesques, and roses, and fantastic spouts, and Holy-Roods and Galilee-steeples. But would it then have been Romanesque?

But perhaps, Gentle Reader, thou art one of those who think the days of romance gone forever. Believe it not! oh, believe it not! Thou hast at this moment in thy heart as sweet a romance as was ever written. Thou art not less a woman, because thou dost not sit aloft in a tower, with a tassel-gentle on thy wrist. Thou art not less a man, because thou wearest no hauberk, nor mail-sark, and goest not on horseback after foolish adventures. Every one has a romance in his own heart. All that has blessed or awed the world lies there; and

> "The oracle within him, that which lives,
> He must invoke and question, — not dead books,
> Not ordinances, not mould-rotten papers."

Sooner or later, some passages of every one's romance must be written, either in words or actions. They will proclaim the truth; for Truth is thought which has assumed its appropriate garments, either of words or actions; while Falsehood is thought which, disguised in words or actions not its own, comes before the blind old world, as Jacob came before the patriarch Isaac, clothed in the goodly raiment of his brother Esau. And the world, like the

patriarch, is often deceived; for though the voice is Jacob's voice, yet the hands are the hands of Esau, and the False takes away the birthright and the blessing from the True. Hence it is that the world so often lifts up its voice and weeps.

That very pleasing and fanciful Chinese romance, the Shadow in the Water, ends with the hero's marrying both the heroines. I hope my gentle reader feels curious to know the end of this romance, which is a shadow upon the earth; and see whether there be any marriage at all in it.

That is the very point I am now thinking of, as I sit here at my pleasant chamber-window, and enjoy the balmy air of a bright summer morning, and watch the motions of the golden robin that sits on its swinging nest on the outermost pendulous branch of yonder elm. The broad meadows and the steel-blue river remind me of the meadows of Unterseen and the river Aar; and beyond them rise magnificent snow-white clouds, piled up like Alps. Thus the shades of Washington and William Tell seem to walk together on these Elysian Fields; for it was here that, in days long gone, our great patriot dwelt; and yonder clouds so much resemble the snowy Alps, that they remind me irresistibly of the Swiss. Noble examples of a high purpose and a fixed will! Do they not move, Hyperion-like, on high? Were they not, likewise, sons of Heaven and Earth?

Nothing can be more lovely than these summer mornings; nor than the southern window at which I sit and write, in this old mansion, which is like an Italian villa. But oh this lassitude, — this weariness, — when all around me is so bright! I have this morning a singular longing for flowers; a wish to stroll among the roses and carnations, and inhale their breath, as if it would revive me. I wish I knew the man who called flowers "the fugitive poetry of Nature." From this distance, from these scholastic shades, — from this leafy, blossoming, and beautiful Cambridge, — I stretch forth my hand to grasp his as the hand of a poet! — Yes; this morning I would rather stroll with him among the gay flowers, than sit here and write. I feel so weary!

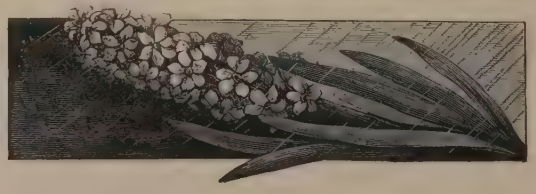
Old men with their staves, says the Spanish poet, are ever knocking at the door of the grave. But I am not old. The Spanish poet might have included the young also. — No matter! Courage, and forward! The romance must be finished, and finished soon.

O thou poor authorling! Reach a little deeper into the human heart! Touch those strings, — touch those deeper strings, and more boldly, or the notes will die away like whispers, and no ear shall hear them, save thine own! And, to cheer thy solitary labor, remember that the secret studies of an author are the sunken piers upon which is to rest the bridge of his fame, spanning the dark waters of Oblivion. They are out of sight; but without them no superstructure can stand secure!

And now, Reader, since the sermon is over, and we are still sitting here in this Miserere, let us read aloud a page from the old parchment manuscript on the lettern before us; let us sing it through these dusky aisles, like a Gregorian chant, and startle the sleeping congregation!

"I have read of the great river Euripus, which ebbeth and floweth seven times a day, and with such violence that it carrieth ships upon it with full sail directly against the wind. Seven times in an hour ebbeth and-floweth rash opinion in the torrent of indiscreet and troublesome apprehensions, carrying critic calumny and squint-eyed detraction mainly against the wind of wisdom and judgment."

In secula seculorum! Amen!



CHAPTER II.

CURFEW BELLS.

WELCOME, Disappointment! Thy hand is cold and hard, but it is the hand of a friend! Thy voice is stern and harsh, but it is the voice of a friend! Oh, there is something sublime in calm endurance, something sublime in the resolute, fixed purpose of suffering without complaining, which makes disappointment oftentimes better than success!

The Emperor Isaac Angelus made a treaty with Saladin, and tried to purchase the Holy Sepulchre with gold. Richard Lion-heart scorned such alliance, and sought to recover it by battle. Thus do weak minds make treaties with the passions they cannot overcome, and try to purchase happiness at the expense of principle. But the resolute will of a strong man scorns such means, and struggles nobly with his foe to achieve great deeds. Therefore, whosoever thou art that sufferest, try not to dissipate thy sorrow by the breath of the world, nor drown its voice in thoughtless merriment. It is a treacherous peace that is purchased by indulgence. Rather take this sorrow to thy heart, and make it a part of thee, and it shall nourish thee till thou art strong again.

The shadows of the mind are like those of the body. In the morning of life, they all lie behind us; at noon, we trample them under foot; and in the evening, they stretch long, broad, and deepening before us. Are not, then, the sorrows of childhood as dark as those of age? Are not the morning shadows of life as deep and broad as those of its evening? Yes; but morning shadows soon fade away, while those of evening reach forward into the night, and mingle with the coming darkness. Man is begotten in delight and born in pain; and in these are the rapture and labor of his life foreshadowed from the beginning. But the life of man upon this fair earth is made up, for the most part, of little pains and little pleasures. The great wonder-flowers bloom but once in a lifetime.

A week had already elapsed since the events recorded in the last chapter. Paul Flemming went his way, a melancholy man, "drinking the sweet wormwood of his sorrow." He did not rail at Providence and call it fate, but suffered and was silent. It is a beautiful trait in the lover's character, that he thinks no evil of the object loved. What he suffered was no swift storm of feeling, that passes away with a noise, and leaves the heart clearer; but a dark phantom had risen up in the clear night, and, like that of Adamastor, hid the stars; and if it ever vanished away for a season, still the deep sound of the moaning main would be heard afar, through many a dark and lonely hour. And thus he journeyed on, wrapped in desponding gloom, and mainly heedless of all things around him. His mind was distempered. That one face was always before him; that one voice was forever saying: —

"You are not the Magician."

Painful indeed it is to be misunderstood and undervalued by those we love. But this, too, in our life, must we learn to bear without a murmur; for it is a tale often repeated.

There are persons in this world to whom all local associations are naught. The genius of the place speaks not to them. Even on battle-fields, where the voice of this genius is loudest, they hear only the sound of their own voices; they meet there only their own dull and pedantic thoughts, as the old grammarian Brunetto Latini met on the plain of Roncesvalles a poor student riding on a bay mule. This was not always the case with Paul Flemming, but it had become so now. He felt no interest in the scenery around him. He hardly looked at it. Even the difficult mountain-passes, where, from his rocky eyrie, the eagle-eyed Tyrolese peasant had watched his foe, and the roaring, turbid torrent underneath, which had swallowed up the bloody corse, that fell from the rocks like a crushed worm, awakened no lively emotion in his breast. All

around him seemed dreamy and vague; all within dim, as in a sun's eclipse. As the moon, whether visible or invisible, has power over the tides of the ocean, so the face of that lady, whether present or absent, had power over the tides of his soul; both by day and night, both waking and sleeping. In every pale face and dark eye he saw a resemblance to her; and what the day denied him in reality the night gave him in dreams.

"This is a strange, fantastic world," said Berkley, after a very long silence, during which the two travellers had been sitting each in his corner of the travelling-carriage, wrapped in his own reflections. "A very strange, fantastic world; where each one pursues his own golden bubble, and laughs at his neighbor for doing the same. I have been thinking how a moral Linnæus would classify our race. I think he would divide it, — not as Lord Byron did, into two great classes, the bores and those who are bored, — but into three, namely, Happy Men, Lucky Dogs, and Miserable Wretches. This is more true and philosophical, though perhaps not quite so comprehensive. He is the Happy Man, who, blessed with modest ease, a wife and children, sits enthroned in the hearts of his family, and knows no other ambition than that of making those around him happy. But the Lucky Dog is he who, free from all domestic cares, saunters up and down his room, in morning gown and slippers; drums on the window, of a rainy day; and, as he stirs his evening fire, snaps his fingers at the world, and says, 'I have no wife nor children, good or bad, to provide for.' I had a friend who is now no more. He was taken away in the bloom of life, by a very rapid —— widow. He was by birth and by profession a beau, — born with a quizzing-glass and a cane. Cock of the walk, he flapped his wings, and crowed among the feathered tribe. But, alas! a fair, white partlet has torn his crest out, and he shall crow no more. In the evening he rocks the cradle, and gets up in the night when the child cries. Like a Goth of the Dark Ages, he consults his wife on all mighty matters, and looks upon her as a being of more than human goodness and wisdom. In short, the women all say he is a very domestic man, and makes a good husband; which, under the rose, is only a more polite way of saying he is hen-pecked. He is a Happy Man. I have another dear friend, who is a sexagenary bachelor. He has one of those well-oiled dispositions which turn upon the hinges of the world without creaking. The heyday of life is over with him; but his old age is sunny and chirping; and a merry heart still nestles in his tottering frame, like a swallow that builds in a tumble-down chimney. He is a professed Squire of Dames. The rustle of a silk gown is music to his ears, and his imagination is continually lantern-led by some will-with-a-wisp in the shape of a lady's stomacher. In his devotion to the fair sex — the muslin, as he calls it — he is the gentle flower of chivalry. It is amusing to see how quick he strikes into the scent of a lady's handkerchief. When once fairly in pursuit, there is no such thing as throwing him off. His heart looks out at his eye; and his inward delight tingles down to the tail of his coat. He loves to bask in the sunshine of a smile; when he can breathe the sweet atmosphere of kid gloves and cambric handkerchiefs, his soul is in its element; and his supreme delight is to pass the morning, to use his own quaint language, in making dodging calls, and wriggling round among the ladies! He is a Lucky Dog."

"And as a specimen of the class of Miserable Wretches, I suppose you will take me," said Flemming, making an effort to enter into his friend's humor. "Certainly I am wretched enough. You may make me the stuffed bear, — the specimen of this class."

"By no means," replied Berkley; "you are not reduced so low. He only is utterly wretched, who is the slave of his own passions, or those of others. This, I trust, will never be your condition. Why so wan and pale, fond lover? Do you remember Sir John Suckling's song?

'Why so wan and pale, fond lover?
Pr'ythee why so pale?
Will, if looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Pr'ythee why so pale?

'Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Pr'ythee why so mute?

Will, if speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do 't?
Pr'ythee why so mute?

'Quit, quit, for shame! this cannot move,
This cannot take her!
If of herself she do not love,
Nothing will make her!
The devil take her!'

How do you like that?"

"To you I say quit, quit for shame!" replied Flemming. "Why quote the songs of that witty and licentious age? Have you no better consolation to offer me? How many, many times must I tell you, that I bear the lady no ill-will? I do not blame her for not loving me. I desire her happiness, even at the sacrifice of my own."

"That is generous in you, and deserves a better fate. But you are so figurative in all you say, that a stranger would think you had no real feeling, and only fancied yourself in love?"

"Expression of feeling is different with different minds. It is not always simple. Some minds, when excited, naturally speak in figures and similitudes. They do not on that account feel less deeply. This is obvious in our most common modes of speech. It depends upon the individual."

"Kyrie Eleyson!"

"Well, abuse my figures of speech as much as you please. What I insist upon is, that you shall not abuse the lady. When did you ever hear me breathe a whisper against her?"

"Oho! Now you speak like Launce to his dog!"

Their conversation, which had begun so merrily, was here suddenly interrupted by a rattling peal of thunder, that announced a near-approaching storm. It was late in the afternoon, and the whole heaven black with low, trailing clouds. Still blacker the storm came sailing up majestically from the southwest, with almost unbroken volleys of distant thunder. The wind seemed to be storming a cloud-redoubt; and marched onward with dust, and the green banners of the trees flapping in the air, and heavy cannonading, and occasionally an explosion, like the blowing up of a powder-wagon. Mingled with this was the sound of thunder-bells from a village not far off. They were all ringing dolefully to ward off the thunderbolt. At the entrance of the village stood a large wooden crucifix, around which was a crowd of priests and peasants, kneeling in the wet grass, by the roadside, with their hands and eyes lifted to heaven, and praying for rain. Their prayer was soon answered.

The travellers drove on with the driving wind and rain. They had come from Landeck, and hoped to reach Innsbruck before midnight. Night closed in, and Flemming fell asleep with the loud storm overhead, and at his feet the roaring Inn, a mountain torrent leaping onward as wild and restless as when it first sprang from its cradle in the solitudes of Engaddin; meet emblem of himself, thus rushing through the night. His slumber was long, but broken; and at length he awoke in terror; for he heard a voice pronounce in his ear distinctly these words: —

"They have brought the dead body."

They were driving by a churchyard at the entrance of a town; and among the tombs a dim lamp was burning before an image of the Virgin. It had a most unearthly appearance. Flemming almost feared to see the congregation of the dead go into the church and sing their midnight mass. He spoke to Berkley, but received no answer; he was in a deep sleep.

"Then it was only a dream," said he to himself; "yet how distinct the voice was! Oh, if we had spiritual organs, to see and hear things now invisible and inaudible to us, we should behold the whole air filled with the departing souls of that vast multitude which every moment dies, — should behold them streaming up like thin vapors heavenward, and hear the startling blast of the archangel's trump sounding incessant through the universe, and proclaiming the awful judgment-day! Truly, the soul departs not alone on its last journey, but spirits of its kind attend it, when not ministering angels; and they go in families to the unknown land! Neither in life nor in death are we alone."

He slept again at intervals; and at length, though long after midnight, reached Innsbruck

between sleeping and waking; his mind filled with dim recollections of the unspeakably dismal night journey; — the climbing of hills, and plunging into dark ravines; the momentary rattling of the wheels over paved streets of towns, and the succeeding hollow rolling and tramping on the wet earth; the blackness of the night; the thunder and lightning and rain; the roar of waters, leaping through deep chasms by the roadside; and the wind through the mountain-passes, sounding loud and long, like the inextinguishable laughter of the gods.

The travellers on the morrow lingered not long in Innsbruck. They did not fail, however, to visit the tomb of Maximilian in the Franciscan Church of the Holy Cross, and gaze with some admiration upon the twenty-eight gigantic bronze statues of Godfrey of Bouillon, and King Arthur, and Ernest the Iron-man, and Frederick of the Empty Pockets, kings and heroes, and others, which stand leaning on their swords between the columns of the church, as if guarding the tomb of the dead. These statues reminded Flemming of the bronze giants which strike the hours on the belfry of San Basso, in Venice, and of the flail-armed monsters that guarded the gateway of Angulaffer's castle in Oberon. After gazing a while at these motionless sentinels, they went forth, and strolled through the public gardens, with the jagged mountains right over their heads, and all around them tall, melancholy pines, like Tyrolese peasants, with shaggy hair; and at their feet the mad torrent of the Inn, sweeping with turbid waves through the midst of the town. In the afternoon, they drove on towards Salzburg, through the magnificent mountain passes of Waidering and Unken.

CHAPTER III.

SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

On the following morning, Flemming awoke in a chamber of the Golden Ship at Salzburg, just as the clock in the cathedral opposite was striking ten. The window-shutters were closed, and the room was nearly dark. He was lying with his hands crossed upon his breast, and his eyes looking up at the white curtains overhead. He thought them the white marble canopy of a tomb, and himself the marble statue lying beneath. When the clock ceased striking, the eight-and-twenty gigantic bronze statues from the Church of Holy Rood in Innsbruck stalked into the chamber, and arranged themselves along the walls, which spread into dimly lighted aisles and arches. On the painted windows he saw Interlachen, with its Franciscan cloister, and the Square Tower of the ruins. In a pendant, overhead, stood the German mechanic, as Saint Vitus; and on a lavatory, below, sat a cherub, with the form and features of Berkley. Then the organ-pipes began to blow, and he heard the voices of an invisible choir chanting. And anon the gilded gates in the bronze screen before the chancel opened, and a

bridal procession passed through. The bride was clothed in the garb of the Middle Ages; and held a book in her hand, with velvet covers, and golden clasps. It was Mary Ashburton. She looked at him as she passed. Her face was pale, and there were tears in her sweet eyes. Then the gates closed again; and one of the oaken poppy-heads over a carved stall, in the shape of an owl, flapped its broad wings, and hooted, "To-whit! to-who!" Then the whole scenē changed; and he thought himself a monk's-head on a gutter-spout; and it rained dismally; and Berkley was standing underneath with an umbrella, laughing!

In other words, Flemming was in a raging fever and delirious. He remained in this state for a week. The first thing he was conscious of was hearing the doctor say to Berkley: —

"The crisis is passed. I now consider him out of danger."

He then fell into a sweet sleep; the wild fever had swept away like an angry, red cloud, and the refreshing summer rain began to fall like dew upon the parched earth. Still another week, and Flemming was "sitting clothed, and in his right mind." Berkley had been reading to him; and still held the book in his hand, with his fore-finger between the leaves. It was a volume of Hoffmann's writings.

"How very strange it is," said he, "that you can hardly open the biography of any German author, but you will find it begin with an account of his grandfather! It will tell you how the venerable old man walked up and down the garden among the gay flowers, wrapped in his morning gown, which is likewise covered with flowers, and perhaps wearing on his head a little velvet cap. Or you will find him sitting by the chimney-corner in the great chair, smoking his ancestral pipe, with shaggy eyebrows, and eyes like bird's-nests under the eaves of a house, and a mouth like a Nuremberg nutcracker's. The future poet climbs upon the old man's knees. His genius is not recognized yet. He is thought for the most part a dull boy. His father is an austere man, or perhaps dead. But the mother is still there, a sickly, saint-like woman, with knitting-work; and an elder sister, who has already been in love, and wears rings on her fingers: —

> "'Death's heads, and such mementos,
> Her grandmother and worm-eaten aunts left to her,
> To tell her what her beauty must arrive at.'"

"But this is not the case with the life of Hoffmann, if I recollect right."

"No, not precisely. Instead of the grandfather, we have the grandmother, a stately dame, who has long since shaken hands with the vanities of life. The mother, separated from her husband, is sick in mind and body, and flits to and fro like a shadow. Then there is an affectionate maiden aunt; and an uncle, a retired judge, the terror of little boys, — the Giant Despair of this Doubting Castle in Königsberg; and occasionally the benign countenance of a venerable grand-uncle, whom Lamotte Fouqué called a hero of the olden time in morning gown and slippers, looks in at the door and smiles. In the upper story of the same house lived a poor boy with his mother, who was so far crazed as to believe herself to be the Virgin Mary, and her son the Saviour of the world. Wild fancies, likewise were to sweep through the brain of that child. He was to meet Hoffmann elsewhere and be his friend in after years, though as yet they knew nothing of each other. This was Werner, who has made some noise in German literature as the author of many wild Destiny-Dramas."

"Hoffmann died, I believe, in Berlin."

"Yes. He left Königsberg at twenty years of age, and passed the next eight years of his life in the Prussian-Polish provinces, where he held some petty office under government, and took to himself many bad habits and a Polish wife. After this he was Music-Director at va-various German theatres, and led a wandering, wretched life for ten years. He then went to Berlin as Clerk of the Exchange, and there remained till his death, which took place some seven or eight years afterward."

"Did you ever see him?"

"I was in Berlin during his lifetime, and saw him frequently. I shall never forget the first time. It was at one of the Æsthetic Teas given by a literary lady *unter den Linden*, where the lions were fed with convenient food, from tea and bread and butter up to oysters and Rhine-wine. During the evening, my attention was arrested by the entrance of a

strange little figure with a wild head of brown hair. His eyes were bright gray; and his thin lips closely pressed together with an expression of not unpleasing irony. This strange-looking personage began to bow his way through the crowd, with quick, nervous, hinge-like motions, much resembling those of a marionnette. He had a hoarse voice, and such a rapid utterance, that, although I understand German well enough for ordinary purposes, I could not make out one half he said. Erelong he had seated himself at the piano-forte, and was improvising such wild, sweet fancies, that the music of one's dreams is not more sweet and wild. Then suddenly some painful thought seemed to pass over his mind, as if he imagined that he was there to amuse the company. He rose from the piano-forte, and seated himself in another part of the room; where he began to make grimaces, and talk loud while others were singing. Finally he disappeared like a hobgoblin, laughing, 'Ho! ho! ho!' I asked a person beside me who this strange being was. 'That is Hoffmann,' was the answer. 'The Devil!' said I. 'Yes,' continued my informant, 'and if you should follow him now, you would see him plunge into an obscure and unfrequented wine-cellar, and there, amid boon companions, with wine and tobacco-smoke, and quirks and quibbles, and quaint, witty sayings, turn the dim night into glorious day.'"

"What a strange being!"

"I once saw him at one of his night-carouses. He was sitting in his glory, at the head of the table; not stupidly drunk, but warmed with wine, which made him madly eloquent, as the Devil's Elixir did the monk Medarsus. There in the full tide of witty discourse, or, if silent, his gray hawk-eye flashing from beneath his matted hair, and taking note of all that was grotesque in the company round him, sat this unfortunate genius, till the day began to dawn. Then he found his way homeward, having, like the souls of the envious in Purgatory, his eyelids sewed together with iron wire; — though his was from champagne bottles. At such hours he wrote his wild, fantastic tales. To his excited fancy everything assumed a spectral look. The shadows of familiar things about him stalked like ghosts through the haunted chambers of his soul; and the old portraits on the walls winked at him, and seemed stepping down from their frames; till, aghast at the spectral throng about him, he would call his wife from her bed, to sit by him while he wrote."

"No wonder he died in the prime of life!"

"No. The only wonder is, that he could have followed this course of life for six years. I am astonished that it did not kill him sooner."

"But death came at last in an appalling shape."

"Yes; his forty-sixth birthday found him sitting at home in his arm-chair, with his friends around him. But the rare old wine — he always drank the best — touched not the sick man's lips that night. His wonted humor was gone. Of all his 'jibes, his gambols, his songs, his flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar, not one now, to mock his own grinning! — quite chap-fallen.' The conversation was of death and the grave. And when one of his friends said that life was not the highest good, Hoffmann interrupted him, exclaiming, with a startling earnestness, 'No, no! Life, life, only life! on any condition whatsoever!' Five months after this he had ceased to suffer, because he had ceased to live. He died piecemeal. His feet and hands, his legs and arms, gradually, and in succession, became motionless, dead. But his spirit was not dead, nor motionless; and, through the solitary day or sleepless night, lying in his bed, he dictated to an amanuensis his last stories. Strange stories, indeed, were they for a dying man to write! Yet such delight did he take in dictating them, that he said to his friend Hitzig, that, upon the whole, he was willing to give up forever the use of his hands, if he could but preserve the power of writing by dictation. Such was his love of life, — of what he called the sweet habitude of being!"

"Was it not he, who in his last hours expressed such a longing to behold the green fields once more, and exclaimed, 'Heaven! it is already summer, and I have not yet seen a single green tree'?"

"Yes, that was Hoffmann. Soon afterwards he died. The closing scene was striking. He gradually lost all sensation, though his mind remained vigorous. Feeling no more pain, he said to his physician: 'It will soon be over now. I feel no more pain.' He thought himself well again; but the physician knew that he was dying, and said, 'Yes, it will soon be over!' The next morning he called his wife to his bedside, and begged her to fold his motionless hands together. Then, as he raised his eyes to heaven, she heard him say, 'We must, then, think of God, also!' More sorrowful words than these have seldom fallen from the lips of man. Shortly afterwards the flame of life glared up within him; he said he was well again; that in the evening he should go on with the story he was writing; and wished that the last sentence might be read over to him. Shortly after this they turned his face to the wall, and he died."

"And thus passed to its account a human soul, after much self-inflicted suffering. Let us tread lightly upon the poet's ashes. For my part, I confess that I have not the heart to take him from the general crowd of erring, sinful men, and judge him harshly. The little I have seen of the world, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed, — the brief pulsations of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the tears of regret, the feebleness of purpose, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, the scorn of a world that has little charity, the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within, — health gone, happiness gone, even hope, that stays longest with us, gone, — I have little heart for aught else than thankfulness that it is not so with me, and would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came,

'Even as a little girl,
Weeping and laughing in her childish sport.'"

"You are right. And it is worth a student's while to observe calmly how tobacco, wine, and midnight did their work like fiends upon the delicate frame of Hoffmann; and no less thoroughly upon his delicate mind. He who drinks beer thinks beer; and he who drinks wine thinks wine; and he who drinks midnight thinks midnight. He was a man of rare intellect. He was endowed with racy humor, and sarcastic wit, and a glorious imagination. But the fire of his genius burned not peacefully and with a steady flame upon the hearth of his home. It was a glaring and irregular flame; for the branches that he fed it with were not branches from the Tree of Life, but from another tree that grew in Paradise, and they were wet with the unhealthy dews of night, and more unhealthy wine; and thus, amid smoke and ashes, the fire burned fitfully, and went out with a glare which leaves the beholder blind."

"This fire within him was a Meleager's firebrand; and when it burned out, he died. And, as you say, marks of all this are clearly visible in Hoffmann's writings. Indeed, when I read his strange fancies, it is with me as when in the summer night I hear the rising wind among the trees, and the branches bow, and beckon with their long fingers, and voices go gibbering and mocking through the air. A feeling of awe and mysterious dread comes over me. I wish to hear the sound of living voice or footstep near me, — to see a friendly and familiar face. In truth, if it be late at night, the reader as well as the writer of these unearthly fancies would fain have a patient, meek-eyed wife, with her knitting-work, at his elbow."

Berkley smiled; but Flemming continued without noticing the smile, though he knew what was passing in the mind of his friend: —

"The life and writings of this singular being interest me in a high degree. Sometimes we may learn more from a man's errors than from his virtues. Moreover, from the common sympathies of our nature, souls that have struggled and suffered are dear to me. Willingly do I recognize their brotherhood. Scars upon their foreheads do not so deform them that they cease to interest. They are always signs of struggle; though, alas! too often, likewise, of defeat. Seasons of unhealthy, dreamy,

vague delight are followed by seasons of weariness and darkness. Where are then the bright fancies, that, amid the great stillness of the night, arise like stars in the firmament of our souls? The morning dawns, the light of common day shines in upon us, and the heavens are without a star! From the lives of such men we learn that mere pleasant sensations are not happiness; that sensual pleasures are to be drunk sparingly, and, as it were, from the palm of the hand; and that those who bow down upon their knees to drink of these bright streams that water life are not chosen of God either to overthrow or overcome!"

"I think you are very lenient in your judgment. This is not the usual defect of critics. Like Shakespeare's sapphire-gatherer, they have a dreadful trade! and, to make the simile complete, they ought to hang for it!"

"Methinks it would be hard to hang a man for the sake of a simile. But now go on with the Phantasy-Pieces in Callot's manner."

"By the way, who was this Callot?"

"He was a Lorraine painter, of the seventeenth century, celebrated for his wild and grotesque conceptions. These sketches of Hoffmann are imitations of his style."

"And which of them shall I read to you next? The Ritter Glück; or the Musical Sufferings of John Kreisler; or that exquisite story of the Golden Jar, wherein is depicted the life of Poesy in this commonplace world of ours?"

"Read the shortest. Read Kreisler. That will amuse me. It is a picture of his own sufferings at the Æsthetic Teas in Berlin, supposed to be written in pencil on the blank leaves of a music-book."

Thereupon Berkley leaned back in his easy-chair, and read as follows.

CHAPTER IV.

MUSICAL SUFFERINGS OF JOHN KREISLER.

"THEY are all gone! I might have known it by the whispering, shuffling, coughing, humming through all the notes of the gamut. It was a true swarm of bees, leaving the old hive. Gottlieb has lighted fresh candles for me, and placed a bottle of Burgundy on the piano-forte. I can play no more, I am perfectly exhausted. My glorious old friend here on the music-stand is to blame for that. Again he has borne me away through the air, as Mephistopheles did Faust, and so high, that I took not the slightest notice of the little men under me, though I dare say they made noise enough. A rascally, worthless, wasted evening! But now I am well and merry! However, while I was playing, I took out my pencil, and on page sixty-three, under the last staff, noted down a couple of good flourishes in cipher with my right hand, while the left was struggling away in the torrent of sweet sounds. Upon the blank page at the end I go on writing. I leave all ciphers and sweet sounds, and with true delight, like a sick man restored to health, who can never stop relating what he has suffered, I note down here circumstantially the dire agonies of this evening's tea-party. And not for myself alone, but likewise for all those who from time to time may amuse and edify themselves with my copy of John Sebastian Bach's Variations for the Piano-forte, published by Nägeli in Zürich, and who find my marks at the end of the thirtieth variation, and, led on by the great Latin *Verte* (I will write it down the moment I get through this doleful statement of grievances), turn over the leaf and read.

"They will at once see the connection. They know that the Geheimerath Rödelein's house is a charming house to visit in, and that he has two daughters, of whom the whole fashionable world proclaims with enthusiasm that they dance like goddesses, speak French like angels, and play and sing and draw like the Muses. The Geheimerath Rödelein is a rich man. At his quarterly dinners he sends up the most delicious wines and richest dishes. All is established on a footing of the greatest elegance; and whoever at his tea-parties does

not amuse himself heavenly, has no *ton*, no *esprit*, and particularly no taste for the fine arts. It is with an eye to these, that, with the tea, punch, wine, ices, etc., a little music is always served up, which, like the other refreshments, is very quietly swallowed by the fashionable world.

"The arrangements are as follows. After every guest has had time enough to drink as many cups of tea as he may wish, and punch and ices have been handed round twice, the servants wheel out the card-tables for the elder and more solid part of the company, who had rather play cards than any musical instrument; and, in fact, this kind of playing does not make such a useless noise as the other, and you hear only the clink of money.

"This is a hint for the younger part of the company to pounce upon the Misses Rödelein. A great tumult ensues; in the midst of which you can distinguish these words: —

"'*Schönes Fräulein!* do not refuse us the gratification of your heavenly talent! Oh, sing something! that 's a good dear! — impossible, — bad cold, — the last ball! have not practised anything. — Oh, do, do, we beg of you,' etc.

"Meanwhile Gottlieb has opened the piano-forte, and placed the well-known music-book on the stand; and from the card-table cries the respectable mamma, —

"'*Chantez donc, mes enfants!*'

"That is the cue of *my* part. I place myself at the piano-forte, and the Rödeleins are led up to the instrument in triumph.

"And now another difficulty arises. Neither wishes to sing first.

"'You know, dear Nanette, how dreadfully hoarse I am.'

"'Why, my dear Marie, I am as hoarse as you are.'

"'I sing so badly!' —

"'O my dear child; *do* begin!'

"My suggestion, (I always make the same!) that they should both begin together with a duet, is loudly applauded; — the music-book is thumbed over, and the leaf, carefully folded down, is at length found, and away we go with 'Dolce dell' anima,' etc.

"To tell the truth, the talent of the Misses Rödelein is not the smallest. I have been an instructor here only five years, and little short of two years in the Rödelein family. In this short time, Fräulein Nanette has made such progress, that a tune, which she has heard at the theatre only ten times, and has played on the piano-forte, at farthest, ten times more, she will sing right off, so that you know in a moment what it is. Fräulein Marie catches it at the eighth time; and if she is sometimes a quarter of a note lower than the piano-forte, after all it is very tolerable, considering her pretty little doll-face, and very passable rosy lips.

"After the duet, a universal chorus of applause! And now ariettas and duettinos succeed each other, and right merrily I hammer away at the thousand-times-repeated accompaniments. During the singing, the Finanzräthin Eberstein, by coughing and humming, has given us to understand that she also sings. Fräulein Nanette says: —

"'But, my dear Finanzräthin, now you must let us hear *your* exquisite voice.'

"A new tumult arises. She has a bad cold in her head, — she does not know anything by heart! Gottlieb brings straightway two armfuls of music-books; and the leaves are turned over again and again. First she thinks she will sing 'Der Hölle Rache,' etc., then 'Hebe sich,' etc., then 'Ach, Ich liebte,' etc. In this embarrassment, I propose, 'Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese,' etc. But she is for the heroic style; she wants to make a display, and finally selects 'Constanze.'

"Oh, scream, squeak, mew, gurgle, groan, agonize, quiver, quaver, just as much as you please, Madam, I have my foot on the fortissimo pedal, and thunder myself deaf! O Satan, Satan! which of thy goblins damned has got into this throat, pinching, and kicking, and cuffing the tones about so! Four strings have snapped already, and one hammer is lamed for life. My ears ring again, — my head hums, — my nerves tremble! Have all the harsh notes from the cracked trumpet of a mountebank been imprisoned in this little throat! (But this excites me, — I must drink a glass of Burgundy.)

"The applause was unbounded; and some one observed, that the Finanzräthin and Mo-

zart had put me quite into a blaze. I smiled with downcast eyes, very stupidly. I could but acknowledge it. And now all talents, which hitherto had bloomed unseen, were in motion, wildly flitting to and fro. They were bent upon a surfeit of music ; tuttis, finales, choruses, must be performed. The Canonicus Kratzer sings, you know, a heavenly bass, as was observed by the gentleman yonder, with the head of Titus Andronicus, who modestly remarked also, that he himself was properly only a second-rate tenor ; but, though he said it who should not say it, he was nevertheless member of several academies of music. Forthwith preparations are made for the first chorus in the opera of Titus. It went off gloriously. The Canonicus, standing close behind me, thundered out the bass over my head, as if he were singing with bass-drums and trumpet *obligato* in a cathedral. He struck the notes gloriously ; but in his hurry he got the *tempo* about twice too slow. However, he was true to himself at least in this, that through the whole piece he dragged along just half a beat behind the rest. The others showed a most decided *penchant* for the ancient Greek music, which, as is well known, having nothing to do with harmony, ran on in *unison* or monotone. They all sang treble, with slight variations, caused by accidental rising or falling of the voice, say some quarter of a note.

"This somewhat noisy affair produced a universal tragic state of feeling, namely a kind of terror, even at the card-tables, which for the moment could no longer, as before, chime in melodramatically, by weaving into the music sundry exclamations ; as, for instance : —

"'Oh ! I loved, — eight and forty, — was so happy, — I pass, — then I knew not, — whist, — pangs of love, — follow suit,' etc. It has a very pretty effect. (I fill my glass.)

"That was the highest point of the musical exhibition this evening. 'Now it is all over,' thought I to myself. I shut the book, and got up from the piano-forte. But the Baron, my ancient tenor, came up to me and said : —

"'My dear Herr Capellmeister, they say you play the most exquisite voluntaries ! Now do play us one ; only a short one, I entreat you !'

"I answered very dryly, that to-day my fantasies had all gone a wool-gathering ; and while we are talking about it, a devil, in the shape of a dandy, with two waistcoats, had smelt out Bach's Variations, which were lying under my hat in the next room. He thinks they are merely little variations, such as *Nel cor mio non più sento*, or, *Ah, vous dirai-je, maman*, etc., and insists upon it that I *shall* play them. I try to excuse myself, but they all attack me. So then, 'Listen, and burst with ennui,' think I to myself, — and begin to work away.

"When I had got to variation number three, several ladies departed, followed by the gentleman with the Titus-Andronicus head. The Rödeleins, as their teacher was playing, stood it out, though not without difficulty, to number twelve. Number fifteen made the man with two waistcoats take to his heels. Out of most excessive politeness, the Baron stayed till number thirty, and drank up all the punch which Gottlieb had left on the piano-forte for me.

"I should have brought all to a happy conclusion, but, alas ! this number thirty — the theme — tore me irresistibly away. Suddenly the quarto leaves spread out to a gigantic folio, on which a thousand imitations and developments of the theme stood written, and I could not choose but play them. The notes became alive, and glimmered and hopped all round about me, — an electric fire streamed through the tips of my fingers into the keys, — the spirit from which it gushed forth spread his broad wings over my soul, the whole room was filled with a thick mist, in which the candles burned dim, — and through which peered forth now a nose, and anon a pair of eyes, and then suddenly vanished away again. And thus it came to pass, that I was left alone with my Sebastian Bach, by Gottlieb attended, as by a familiar spirit. (Your good health, Sir.)

"Is an honest musician to be tormented with music, as I have been to-day, and am so often tormented ? Verily, no art is so damnably abused as this same glorious, holy Musica, who, in her delicate being, is so easily desecrated. Have you real talent, — real feeling for art ? Then study music, — do something worthy of the art, — and dedicate your whole soul to the beloved saint. If without this you

have a fancy for quavers and demi-semi-quavers practise for yourself and by yourself, and torment not therewith the Capellmeister Kreisler and others.

"Well, now I might go home, and put the finishing touch to my sonata for the pianoforte; but it is not yet eleven o'clock, and, withal, a beautiful summer night. I will lay any wager, that at my neighbor's, the Oberjägermeister, the young ladies are sitting at the window, screaming down into the street, for the twentieth time, with harsh, sharp, piercing voices, 'When thine eye is beaming, love,' — but only the first stanza, over and over again. Obliquely across the way, some one is murdering the flute, and has, moreover, lungs like Rameau's nephew; and, in notes of 'linked sweetness long drawn out,' his neighbor is trying acoustic experiments on the French horn. The numerous dogs of the neighborhood are growing unquiet, and my landlord's cat, inspired by that sweet duet, is making by my window (for, of course, my musico-poetic laboratory is an attic), certain tender confessions, — upward through the whole chromatic scale, soft complaining, to the neighbor's tabby, with whom he has been in love since March last! Till this is all fairly over, I think I will sit quietly here. Besides there is still blank paper and Burgundy left, of which I forthwith take a sip.

"There is, as I have heard, an ancient law, forbidding those who follow any noisy handicraft from living near literary men. Should not then musical composers, poor, and hard beset, and who, moreover, are forced to coin their inspiration into gold to spin out the thread of life withal, be allowed to apply this law to themselves, and banish out of the neighborhood all ballad-singers and bagpipers? What would a painter say, while transferring to his canvas a form of ideal beauty, if you should hold up before him all manner of wild faces and ugly masks? He might shut his eyes, and in this way, at least, quietly follow out the images of fancy. Cotton, in one's ears, is of no use; one still hears the dreadful massacre. And then the idea, — the bare idea, 'Now they are going to sing, now the horn strikes up,' — is enough to send one's sublimest thoughts to the very Devil."

CHAPTER V.

SAINT GILGEN.

It was a bright Sunday morning when Flemming and Berkley left behind them the cloud-capped hills of Salzburg, and journeyed eastward towards the lakes. The landscape around them was one to attune their souls to holy musings. Field, forest, hill and vale, fresh air, and the perfume of clover-fields and new-mown hay, birds singing, and the sound of village bells, and the moving breeze among the branches, — no laborers in the field, but peasants on their way to church, coming across the green pastures, with roses in their hats, — the beauty and quiet of the holy day of rest, — all, all in earth and air breathed upon the soul like a benediction.

They stopped to change horses at Hof, a handful of houses on the brow of a breezy hill, the church and inn standing opposite to each other, and nothing between them but the dusty road, and the churchyard, with its iron crosses, and the fluttering tinsel of the funeral garlands. In the churchyard, and at the inn-door, were groups of peasants, waiting for divine service to begin. They were clothed in their holiday dresses. The men wore breeches and long boots, and frock-coats with large metal buttons; the women, straw hats, and gay calico gowns with short waists and scant folds. They were adorned with a profusion of great trumpery ornaments, and reminded Flemming of the Indians in the frontier villages of America. Near the churchyard-gate was a booth, filled with flaunting calicoes; and opposite sat an old woman behind a table, which was loaded with gingerbread. She had a roulette at her elbow, where the peasants risked a kreutzer for a cake. On other tables, cases of knives, scythes, reaping-hooks,

and other implements of husbandry were offered for sale.

The travellers continued their journey, without stopping to hear mass. In the course of the forenoon, they came suddenly in sight of the beautiful lake of Saint Wolfang, lying deep beneath them in the valley. On its shore, under them, sat the white village of Saint Gilgen, like a swan upon its reedy nest. They seemed to have taken it unawares, and as it were clapped their hands upon it in its sleep, and almost expected to see it spread its broad snow-white wings and fly away. The whole scene was one of surpassing beauty.

They drove leisurely down the steep hill, and stopped at the village inn. Before the door was a magnificent broad-armed tree, with benches and tables beneath its shadow. On the front of the house was written in large letters, "Post-Tavern by Franz Schöndorfer"; and over this was a large sun-dial, and a half-effaced painting of a bear-hunt, covering the whole side of the house, and mostly red. As they drove up, a procession of priests with banners, and peasants with their hats in their hands, passed by towards the church. They were singing a solemn psalm. At the same moment, a smart servant-girl, with a black straw hat set coquettishly on her flaxen hair, and a large silver spoon in her girdle, came out of the inn, and asked Flemming what he would please to order for breakfast.

Breakfast was soon ready, and was served at the head of the stairs, on an old-fashioned oaken table in the great hall, into which the chambers opened. Berkley ordered at the same time a tub of cold water, in which he seated himself, with his coat on, and a bedquilt thrown round his knees. Thus he sat for an hour; ate his breakfast, and smoked a pipe, and laughed a good deal. He then went to bed and slept till dinner-time. Meanwhile Flemming sat in his chamber and read. It was a large room in the front of the house looking upon the village and the lake. The windows were latticed, with small panes, and the window-sills filled with fragrant flowers.

At length the heat of noon was over. Day, like a weary pilgrim, had reached the western gate of heaven, and Evening stooped down to unloose the latchets of his sandal-shoon. Flemming and Berkley sallied forth to ramble by the borders of the lake. Down the cool green glades and alleys, beneath the illuminated leaves of the forest, over the rising grounds in the glimmering fretwork of sunshine and leaf-shadow, — an exhilarating walk! The cool evening air by the lake was like a bath. They drank the freshness of the hour in thirsty draughts, and their breasts heaved

rejoicing and revived, after the feverish, long confinement of the sultry summer day. And there, too, lay the lake, so beautiful and still! Did it not recall, think ye, the lake of Thun?

On their return homeward, they passed near the village churchyard.

"Let us go in and see how the dead rest," said Flemming, as they passed beneath the belfry of the church; and they went in, and lingered among the tombs and the evening shadows.

How peaceful is the dwelling-place of those who inhabit the green hamlets and populous cities of the dead! They need no antidote for care, — no armor against fate. No morning sun shines in at the closed windows and awakens them, nor shall until the last great day. At most, a straggling sunbeam creeps in through the crumbling wall of an old, neglected tomb, — a strange visitor, that stays not long. And there they all sleep, the holy ones, with their arms crossed upon their breasts, or lying motionless by their sides, — not carved in marble by the hand of man, but formed in dust by the hand of God. God's peace be with them! No one comes to them now, to hold them by the hand, and with delicate fingers to smooth their hair. They heed no more the blandishments of earthly friendship. They need us not, however much we may need them. And yet they silently await our coming.

Beautiful is that season of life, when we can say, in the language of Scripture, "Thou hast the dew of thy youth." But of these flowers Death gathers many. He places them upon his bosom, and he is transformed into something less terrific than before. We learn to gaze and shudder not; for he carries in his arms the sweet blossoms of our earthly hopes. We shall see them all again, blooming in a happier land.

Yes, Death brings us again to our friends. They are waiting for us, and we shall not long delay. They have gone before us, and are like the angels in heaven. They stand upon the borders of the grave to welcome us, with the countenance of affection which they wore on earth; yet more lively, more radiant, more spiritual! He spake well who said that graves are the footprints of angels!

Death has taken thee, too, and thou hast the dew of thy youth. He has placed thee upon his bosom, and his stern countenance wears a smile. The far country, toward which we journey, seems nearer to us, and the way less dark; for thou hast gone before, passing so quietly to thy rest, that day itself dies not more calmly!

It was in an hour of blessed communion with the souls of the departed, that the sweet poet Henry Vaughan wrote those few lines which have made death lovely.

"They are all gone into a world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

"It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which the hill is dressed
After the sun's remove.

"I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days,
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays.

"O holy hope, and high humility,
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and ye have showed them me,
To kindle my cold love.

"Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the just!
Shining nowhere but in the dark!
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

"He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair field or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

"And yet as angels, in some brighter dreams,
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

"If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flame must needs burn there,
But when the hand that locked her up gave room,
She 'd shine through all the sphere.

"O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

"Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective, still as they pass,
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass."

Such were Flemming's thoughts, as he stood among the tombs at evening in the churchyard of Saint Gilgen. A holy calm stole over him. The fever of his heart was allayed. He had a moment's rest from pain; and went back to his chamber in peace. Whence came this holy calm, this long-desired tranquillity? He knew not; yet the place seemed consecrated. He resolved to linger there beside the lake, which was a Pool of Bethesda for him; and let Berkley go on alone to the baths of Ischel. He would wait for him there in the solitude of Saint Gilgen. Long after they had parted for the night, he sat in his chamber, and thought of what he had suffered, and enjoyed the silence within and without. Hour after hour slipped by unheeded, as he sat lost in his reverie. At length, his candle sank in its socket, gave one flickering gleam, and expired with a sob. This aroused him.

He went to the window, and peered out into the dark night. It was very late. Twice already since midnight had the great pulpit-orator Time, like a preacher in the days of the Puritans, turned the hour-glass on his high pulpit, the church-belfry, and still went on with his sermon, thundering downward to the congregation in the churchyard and in the village. But they heard him not. They were all asleep in their narrow pews, namely, in their beds and in their graves. Soon afterward the cock crew; and the cloudy heaven, like the Apostle who denied his Lord, wept bitterly.

CHAPTER VI.

SAINT WOLFGANG.

The morning is lovely beyond expression. The heat of the sun is great; but a gentle wind cools the air. Birds never sang more loud and clear. The flowers, too, on the window-sill, and on the table, rose, geranium, and the delicate crimson cactus, are all so beautiful that we think the German poet right, when he calls the flowers "stars in the firmament of the earth." Out of doors all is quiet. Opposite the window stands the village school-house. There are two parasite trees, with their outspread branches nailed against the white walls, like the wings of culprit kites. There the rods grow. Under them, on a bench at the door, sit school-girls; and barefoot urchins in breeches are spelling out their lessons. The clock strikes twelve, and one by one they disappear, and go into the hive, like bees at the sound of a brass pan. At the door of the next house sits a poor woman, knitting in the shade; and in front of her is an aqueduct, pouring its cool, clear water into a rough wooden trough. A travelling-carriage, without horses, stands at the inn-door, and a postilion in red jacket is talking with a blacksmith, who wears blue woollen stockings and a leather apron. Beyond is a stable, and still farther a cluster of houses and the village church. They are repairing the belfry and the bulbous steeple. A little farther, over the roofs of the houses, you can see Saint Wolfgang's lake. Water so bright and beautiful hardly flows elsewhere. Green and blue and silver-white run into each other, with almost imperceptible change. And above are the pinnacles of the mountains; some bald, and rocky, and cone-shaped, and others bold, and broad, and dark with pines.

Such was the scene which Paul Flemming beheld from his window a few mornings after Berkley's departure. The quiet of the place had soothed him. He had become more calm. His heart complained less loudly in the holy village silence, as we are wont to lower our voices when those around us speak in whispers. He began to feel at times an interest in the lowly things about him. The face of the landscape pleased him, but more than this the face of the poor woman who sat knitting in the shade. It was a pale, meek countenance, with more delicacy in its features than is usual among peasantry. It wore also an expression of patient suffering. As he was looking at

her, a deformed child came out of the door and hung upon her knees. She caressed him affectionately. It was her child, in whom she beheld her own fair features distorted and hardly to be recognized, as one sometimes sees one's face reflected from the bowl of a spoon.

The child's deformity and the mother's tenderness interested the feelings of Flemming. The landlady told him something of the poor woman's history. She was the widow of a blacksmith, who had died soon after their marriage. But she survived to become a mother, as, in oaks, immediately after fecundation, the male flower fades and falls, while the female continues and ripens into perfect fruit. Alas! her child was deformed. Yet she looked upon him with eyes of maternal fondness and pity, loving him still more for his deformity. And in her heart she said, as the Mexicans say to their new-born offspring, — "Child, thou art come into the world to suffer. Endure, and hold thy peace." Though poor, she was not entirely destitute; for her husband had left her, besides the deformed child, a life estate in a tomb in the churchyard of St. Gilgen. During the week she labored for other people, and on Sundays for herself, by going to church and reading the Bible. On one of the blank leaves she had recorded the day of her birth, and that of her child's, likewise her marriage, and her husband's death. Thus she lived, poor, patient, and resigned. Her heart was a passion-flower, bearing within it the crown of thorns and the cross of Christ. Her ideas of heaven were few and simple. She rejected the doctrine that it was a place of constant activity, and not of repose, and believed that, when she at length reached it, she should work no more, but sit always in a clean white apron, and sing psalms.

As Flemming sat meditating on these things, he paid new homage in his heart to the beauty and excellence of the female character. He thought of the absent and the dead; and said, with tears in his eyes: —

"Shall I thank God for the green summer, and the mild air, and the flowers, and the stars, and all that makes this world so beautiful, and not for the good and beautiful beings I have known in it? Has not their presence been sweeter to me than flowers? Are they not higher and holier than the stars? Are they not more to me than all things else?"

Thus the morning passed away in musings; and in the afternoon, when Flemming was preparing to go down to the lake, as his custom was, a carriage drew up before the door, and, to his great astonishment, out jumped Berkley. The first thing he did was to give the postmaster, who stood near the door, a smart cut with his whip. The sufferer gently expostulated, saying, —

"Pray, sir, don't; I am lame."

Whereupon Berkley desisted, and began instead to shake the postmaster's wife by the shoulders, and order his dinner in English. But all this was done so good-naturedly, and with such a rosy, laughing face, that no offence was taken.

"So you have returned much sooner than you intended," said Flemming, after the first friendly salutations.

"Yes," replied Berkley; "I became tired of Ischel, — very tired. I did not find there the friends I expected. Now I am going back to Salzburg, and then to Gastein. There I shall certainly find them. You must go with me."

Flemming declined the invitation; and proposed to Berkley that he should join him in his excursion on the lake.

"You shall hear the grand echo of the Falkenstein," said he, "and behold the scene of the Bridal Tragedy; and then we will go on as far as the village of Saint Wolfgang, which you have not yet seen, except across the lake."

"Well, this afternoon I devote to you; for to-morrow we part once more, and who knows when we shall meet again?"

They went down to the water's side without further delay; and, taking a boat with two oars, struck across an elbow of the lake towards a barren rock by the eastern shore, from which a small white monument shone in the sun.

"That monument," said one of the boatmen, a stout young lad in leather breeches, "was built by a butcher, to the glory of Saint Wolfgang, who saved him from drowning. He was one day riding an ox to market along the

opposite bank; when the animal, taking fright, sprang into the water, and swam over to this place, with the butcher on his back."

"And do you think he could have done this," asked Berkley, "if Saint Wolfgang had not helped him?"

"Of course not!" answered leather-breeches; and the Englishman laughed.

From this point they rowed along under the shore to a low promontory, upon which stood another monument, commemorating a more tragical event.

"This is the place I was speaking of," said Flemming, as the boatmen rested on their oars. "The melancholy and singular event it commemorates happened more than two centuries ago. There was a bridal party here upon the ice, one winter; and in the midst of the dance the ice broke, and the whole merry company were drowned together, except the fiddlers, who were sitting on the shore."

They looked in silence at the monument, and at the blue, quiet water, under which the bones of the dancers lay buried, hand in hand. The monument is of stone, painted white, with an overhanging roof to shelter it from storms. In a niche in front is a small image of the Saviour, in a sitting posture; and an inscription upon a marble tablet below says that it was placed there by Longinus Walther and his wife, Barbara Juliana von Hainberg; themselves long since peacefully crumbled to dust, side by side, in some churchyard.

"That was breaking the ice with a vengeance!" said Berkley, as they pushed out into the lake again; and erelong they were floating beneath the mighty precipice of Falkenstein; a steep wall of rock, crowned with a chapel and a hermitage, where in days of old lived the holy Saint Wolfgang. It is now haunted only by an echo, so distinct and loud, that one might imagine the ghost of the departed saint to be sitting there, and repeating the voices from below, — not word by word, but sentence by sentence, as if he were passing them up to the recording angel.

"Ho! ho! ho!" shouted Berkley; and the sound seemed to strike the wall of stone, like the flapping of steel plates; — "Ho! ho! ho! How are you to-day, Saint Wolfgang? You infernal old rascal! How is the Frau von Wolfgang? — God save great George, our king! Damn your eyes! Hold your tongue! Ho! ho! ha! ha! hi!"

And the words were recorded above; and a voice repeated them with awful distinctness in the blue depths overhead; and Flemming felt in his inmost soul the contrast between the holy heavens, and the mockery of laughter, and the idle words, which fall back from the sky above us and soil not its purity.

In half an hour they were at the village of Saint Wolfgang, threading a narrow street, above which the roofs of quaint, picturesque old houses almost meet. It led them to a Gothic church; a magnificent one for a village; — in front of which was a small court, shut in by Italian-looking houses, with balconies, and flowers at the windows. Here a bronze fountain of elaborate workmanship was playing in the shade. On its summit stood an image of the patron saint of the village; and, running round the under lip of the water-basin below, they read this inscription in old German rhymes: —

"I am in the honor of Saint Wolfgang raised. Abbot Wolfgang Habel of Emensee, he hath made me for the use and delight of poor pilgrim wight. Neither gold nor wine hath he; at this water shall he merry be. In the year of the Lord fifteen hundred and fifteen hath the work completed been. God be praised!"

As they were deciphering the rude characters of this pious inscription, a village priest came down a high flight of steps from the parsonage near the church, and courteously saluted the strangers. After returning the salutation, the mad Englishman, without preface, asked him how many natural children were annually born in the parish. The question seemed to astonish the good father; but he answered it civilly, as he did several other questions, which Flemming thought rather indiscreet, to say the least.

"You will excuse our curiosity," said he to the priest, by way of apology. "We are strangers from distant countries. My friend is an Englishman, and I an American."

Berkley, however, was not so easily silenced.

ARTIST: H. PRUETT SHARE.

AT SAINT WOLFGANG.

After a few moments' conversation, he broke out into most audacious Latin, in which the only words clearly intelligible were: —

"Plurimum reverende, in Christo religiosissime ac clarissime Domine, necnon et amice observandissime! Petrus sic est locutus: 'Nec argentum mihi, nec aurum est; sed quod habeo, hoc tibi do; surge et ambula.'"

He seemed to be speaking of the fountain. The priest answered meekly, —

"Non intellexi, Domine!"

But Berkley continued with great volubility to speak of his being a stranger in the land, and all men being strangers upon earth, and hoping to meet the good priest hereafter in the kingdom of heaven. The priest seemed confounded and abashed. Through the mist of a strange pronunciation, he could recognize only here and there a familiar word. He took out his snuff-box; and tried to quote a passage from Saint Paul: —

"Ut dixit Sanctus Paulus: Qui bene facit" —

Here his memory failed him, or, as the French say, he was at the end of his Latin, and, stretching forth his long forefinger, he concluded in German: —

"Yes; — I don't — so clearly remember — what he did say."

The Englishman helped him through with a moral phrase; and then, pulling off his hat, exclaimed very solemnly: —

"Vale, Domine doctissime et reverendissime!"

And the Dominie, as if pursued by a demon, made a sudden and precipitate retreat down a flight of steps into the street.

"There!" said Berkley, laughing, "I beat him at his own weapons. What do you say of my Latin?"

"I say of it," replied Flemming, "what Holofernes said of Sir Nathaniel's: — 'Priscian a little scratched; 't will serve.' I think I have heard better. But what a whim! I thought I should have laughed aloud."

They were still sitting by the bronze fountain, when the priest returned, accompanied by a short man, with large feet, and a long blue surtout, so greasy, that it reminded one of Polilla's in the Spanish play, which was lined with slices of pork. His countenance was broad and placid, but his blue eyes gleamed with a wild, mysterious, sorrowful expression. Flemming thought the Latin contest was to be renewed, with more powder and heavier guns. He was mistaken. The stranger saluted him in German, and said, that, having heard he was from America, he had come to question him about that distant country, for which he was on the point of embarking. There was nothing peculiar in his manner, nor in the questions he asked, nor the remarks he made. They were the usual questions and remarks about cities and climate and sailing the sea. At length Flemming asked him the object of his journey to America. The stranger came close to him, and, lowering his voice, said very solemnly: —

"That holy man, Frederick Baraga, missionary among the Indians at Lacroix, on Lake Superior, has returned to his fatherland, Krain; and I am chosen by Heaven to go forth as Minister Extraordinary of Christ, to unite all nations and people in one church!"

Flemming almost started at the singular earnestness with which he uttered these words; and looked at him attentively, thinking to see the face of a madman. But the modest, unassuming look of that placid countenance was unchanged; only in the eyes burned a mysterious light, as if candles had been lighted in the brain, to magnify the daylight there.

"It is truly a high vocation," said he, in reply. "But are you sure that this is no hallucination? Are you certain that you have been chosen by Heaven for this great work?"

"I am certain," replied the German, in a tone of great calmness and sincerity; "and if Saint Peter and Saint Paul should come down from heaven to assure me of it, my faith would be no stronger than it now is. It has been declared to me by many signs and wonders. I can no longer doubt nor hesitate. I have already heard the voice of the Spirit, speaking to me at night; and I know that I am an Apostle, and chosen for this work."

Such was the calm enthusiasm with which he spoke, that Flemming could not choose but listen. He felt interested in this strange be-

ing. There was something awe-inspiring in the spirit that possessed him. After a short pause, he continued: —

"If you wish to know who I am, I can tell you in few words. I think you will not find the story without interest."

He then went on to relate the circumstances recorded in the following chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

THE STORY OF BROTHER BERNARDUS.

"I WAS born in the city of Stein, in the land of Krain. My pious mother, Gertrude, sang me psalms and spiritual songs in childhood; and often, when I awoke in the night, I saw her still sitting patiently at her work, by the stove, and heard her singing those hymns of heaven, or praying in the midnight darkness when her work was done. It was for me she prayed. Thus, from my earliest childhood, I breathed the breath of pious aspirations. Afterwards I went to Laybach, as a student of theology; and, after the usual course of study, was ordained a priest. I went forth to the care of souls; my own soul filled with the faith that erelong all people would be united in one church. Yet at times my heart was heavy, to behold how many nations there are who have not heard of Christ; and how those who are called Christians are divided into numberless sects, and how among these are many who are Christians in name only. I determined to devote myself to the great work of the one Church Universal, and, for this purpose, to give myself wholly up to the study of the Evangelists and the Fathers. I retired to the Benedictine cloister of Saint Paul in the valley of Lavant. The father-confessor in the nunnery of Laak, where I then lived, strengthened me in this resolve. I had long walked with this angel of God in a human form, and his parting benediction sank deep into my soul. The Prince-Abbot Berthold, of blessed memory, was then head of the Benedictine convent. He received me kindly, and led me to the library; where I gazed with secret rapture on the vast folios of the Christian Fathers, from which, as from an arsenal, I was to draw the weapons of holy warfare. In the study of these the year of my novitiate passed. I became a Franciscan friar, and took the name of Brother Bernardus. Yet my course of life remained unchanged. I seldom left the cloister; but sat in my cell, and pored over those tomes of holy wisdom. About this time the aged confessor in Laak departed this life. His death was made known to me in a dream. It must have been after midnight, when I thought that I came into the church, which was brilliantly lighted up. The dead body of the venerable saint was brought in, attended by a great crowd. It seemed to me that I must go up into the pulpit and pronounce his funeral oration; and as I ascended the stairs the words of my text came into my mind, — 'Blessed in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.' My funeral sermon ended in a strain of exultation; and I awoke with 'Amen!' upon my lips. A few days afterwards, I heard that on that night the old man died. After this event, I became restless and melancholy. I strove in vain to drive away my gloomy thoughts. I could no longer study. I was no longer contented with the cloister. I even thought of leaving it.

"One night I had gone to bed early, according to my custom, and had fallen asleep. Suddenly I was awakened by a bright and wonderful light, which shone all about me, and filled me with heavenly rapture. Shortly after I heard a voice, which pronounced distinctly these words, in the Sclavonian tongue: — 'Remain in the cloister!' It was the voice of my departed mother. I was fully awake; yet saw nothing but the bright light, which disappeared when the words had been spoken. Still it was broad daylight in my chamber. I thought I had slept beyond my usual hour. I looked at my watch. It was just one o'clock after midnight. Suddenly the daylight vanished, and it was dark. In the morning I arose, as if new-

born, through the wonderful light and the words of my mother's voice. It was no dream. I knew it was the will of God that I should stay; and I could again give myself up to quiet study. I read the whole Bible through once more in the original text; and went on with the Fathers in chronological order. Often, after the apparition of the light, I awoke at the same hour; and though I heard no voice and saw no light, yet was refreshed with heavenly consolation.

"Not long after this, an important event happened in the cloister. In the absence of the deacon of the abbey, I was to preach the Thanksgiving sermon of Harvest-home. During the week, the Prince-Abbot Berthold gave up the ghost; and my sermon became at once a thanksgiving and funeral sermon. Perhaps it may not be unworthy of notice, that I was thus called to pronounce the burial discourse over the body of the last reigning spiritual Prince-Abbot in Germany. He was a man of God, and worthy of this honor.

"One year after this event, I was appointed Professor of Biblical Hermeneutics in Klagenfurt, and left the abbey forever. In Klagenfurt I remained ten years, dwelling in the same house, and eating at the same table, with seventeen other Professors. Their conversation naturally suggested new topics of study, and brought to my notice books which I had never before seen. One day I heard at table, that Maurus Cappellari, a monk of Camaldoli, had been elected Pope, under the name of Gregory Sixteenth. He was spoken of as a very learned man, who had written many books. At this time I was a firm believer in the Pope's infallibility; and when I heard these books mentioned, there arose in me an irresistible longing to read them. I inquired for them; but they were nowhere to be had. At length I heard that his most important work, 'The Triumph of the Holy See and of the Church,' had been translated into German and published in Augsburg. Erelong the precious volume was in my hands. I began to read it with the profoundest awe. The farther I read, the more my wonder grew. The subject was of the deepest interest to me. I could not lay the book out of my hand, till I had read it through with the closest attention. Now at length my eyes were opened. I saw before me a monk who had been educated in an Italian cloister; who indeed had read much, and yet only what was calculated to strengthen him in the prejudices of his childhood, and who had entirely neglected those studies upon which a bishop should most rely, in order to work out the salvation of man. I perceived, at the same time, that this was the strongest instrument for battering down the walls which separate Christian from Christian. I saw, though as yet dimly, the way in which the union of Christians in the one true Church was to be accomplished. I knew not whether to be most astonished at my own blindness, that, in all my previous studies, I had not perceived what the reading of this single book made manifest to me; or at the blindness of the Pope, who had undertaken to justify such follies, without perceiving that at the same moment he was himself lying in fatal error. But since I have learned more thoroughly the ways of the Lord, I am now no more astonished at this, but pray only to Divine Providence, who so mysteriously prepares all people to be united in one true Church. I no longer believed in the Pope's infallibity; nay, I believed even, that, to the great injury of humanity, he lay in fatal error. I felt, moreover, that now the time had fully come when I should publicly show myself, and found in America a parish and a school, and become the spiritual guide of men and the schoolmaster of children.

"It was then, and on that account, that I wrote in the Latin tongue my great work on Biblical Hermenuetics. But in Germany it cannot be published. The Austrian censor of the press cannot find time to read it; though I think, that, if I have spent so many laborious days and sleepless nights in writing it, this man ought likewise to find time enough not only to read it, but to examine all the grounds of my reasoning, and point out to me my errors, if he can find any. Notwithstanding, the Spirit gave me no repose, but urged me ever mightily on to the perfection of my great work.

"One morning I sat writing, under peculiar influences of the Spirit, upon the Confusion of Tongues, the Division of the People, and the

importance of the study of Comparative Philology, in reference to their union in one Church. So wrapped was I in the thought, that I came late into my lecture-room; and after lecture returned to my chamber, where I wrote till the clock struck twelve. At dinner, one of the Professors asked if any one had seen the star about which so much was said. The Professor of Physics said that the student Johannes Schminke had come to him in the greatest haste, and besought him to go out and see the wonderful star; but, being incredulous about it, he made no haste, and when they came into the street, the star had disappeared. When I heard the star spoken of, my soul was filled with rapture; and a voice within me seemed to say, 'The great time is approaching; labor unweariedly in thy work.' I sought out the student, and, like Herod, inquired diligently at what time the star appeared. He informed me, that, just as the clock was striking eight in the morning, he went out of his house to go to the college, and saw on the square a crowd looking at a bright star. It was the very hour when I was writing alone in my chamber on the importance of Comparative Philology in bringing about the union of all nations. I felt that my hour had come. Strangely moved, I walked up and down my chamber. The evening twilight came on. I lighted my lamp, and drew the green curtains before the windows, and sat down to read. But hardly had I taken the book into my hand, when the Spirit began to move me, and urge me then to make my last decision and resolve. I made a secret vow that I would undertake the voyage to America. Suddenly my troubled thoughts were still. An unwonted rapture filled my heart. I sat and read till the supper-bell rang. They were speaking at table of a red, glaring meteor, which had just been seen in the air, southeast from Klagenfurt, and had suddenly disappeared with a dull, hollow sound. It was the very moment at which I had taken my final resolution to leave my native land. Every great purpose and event of my life seemed heralded and attended by divine messengers, — the voices of the dead, the bright morning star shining in the clear sunshine, and the red meteor in the evening twilight.

"I now began seriously to prepare for my departure. The chamber I occupied had once been the library of a Franciscan convent. Only a thick wall separated it from the church. In this wall was a niche, with heavy folding-doors, which had served the Franciscans as a repository for prohibited books. Here also I kept my papers, and my great work on Biblical Hermeneutics. The inside of the doors was covered with horrible caricatures of Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, and other great men. I used often to look at them with the deepest melancholy, when I thought that these great men likewise had labored upon earth, and fought with Satan in the church. But they were persecuted, denounced, condemned to die. So perhaps will it be with me. I thought of this often, and armed myself against the fear of death. I was in constant apprehension, lest the police should search my chamber during my absence, and, by examining my papers, discover my doctrine and designs. But the Spirit said to me: 'Be of good cheer; I will so blind the eyes of thy enemies, that it shall not once occur to them to think of thy writings.'

"At length, after many difficulties and temptations of the Devil, I am on my way to America. Yesterday I took leave of my dearest friend, Gregory Kuscher, in Hallstadt. He seemed filled with the Spirit of God, and has wonderfully strengthened me in my purpose. All the hosts of heaven looked on, and were glad. The old man kissed me, at parting; and I ascended the mountain as if angels bore me up in their arms. Near the summit lay a newly fallen avalanche, over which, as yet, no footsteps had passed. This was my last temptation. 'Ha!' cried I aloud, 'Satan has prepared a snare for me; but I will conquer him with godly weapons.' I sprang over the treacherous snow, with greater faith than St. Peter walked the waters of the Lake of Galilee; and came down the valley, while the mountain peaks yet shone in the setting sun. God smiles upon me. I go forth full of hopeful courage. On Christmas next, I shall excommunicate the Pope."

Saying these words, he slowly and solemnly took his leave, like one conscious of the great

ARTIST: W. ST. JOHN HARPER.

IN THE CHURCH AT ST. GILGEN.

events which awaited him, and withdrew with the other priest into the church. Flemming could not smile as Berkley did; for in the solitary, singular enthusiast, who had just left them, he saw only another melancholy victim to solitude and over-labor of the brain; and felt how painful a thing it is thus to become unconsciously the almsman of other men's sympathies, a kind of blind beggar for the charity of a good wish or a prayer.

The sun was now setting. Silently they floated back to Saint Gilgen, amid the cool evening shadows. The village clock struck nine, as they landed; and as Berkley was to depart early in the morning, he went to bed betimes. On bidding Flemming good-night, he said: —

"I shall not see you in the morning; so good-by, and God bless you. Remember my parting words. Never mind trifles. In this world a man must either be anvil or hammer. Care killed a cat!"

"I have heard you say that so often," replied Flemming, laughing, "that I begin to believe it. But I wonder if Care shaved his left eyebrow after doing the deed, as the ancient Egyptians used to do!"

"Aha! now you are sweeping cobwebs from the sky! Good-night! Good-night!"

A sorrowful event happened in the neighborhood that night. The widow's child died suddenly. "Woe is me!" — thus mourns the childless mother in one of the funeral songs of Greenland; — "Woe is me, that I should gaze upon thy place and find it vacant! In vain for thee thy mother dries the sea-drenched garments!" Not in these words, but in thoughts like these, did the poor mother bewail the death of her child, thinking mostly of the vacant place, and the daily cares and solicitudes of maternal love. Flemming saw a light in her chamber, and shadows moving to and fro, as he stood by the window, gazing into the starry, silent sky. But he little thought of the awful domestic tragedy which was even then enacted behind those thin curtains!

CHAPTER VIII.

FOOTPRINTS OF ANGELS.

It was Sunday morning; and the church bells were all ringing together. From the neighboring villages came the solemn, joyful sounds, floating through the sunny air, mellow and faint and low, — all mingling into one harmonious chime, like the sound of some distant organ in heaven. Anon they ceased; and the woods, and the clouds, and the whole village, and the very air itself, seemed to pray, — so silent was it everywhere.

Two venerable old men — high-priests and patriarchs were they in the land — went up the pulpit stairs, as Moses and Aaron went up Mount Hor, in the sight of all the congregation, — for the pulpit stairs were in front, and very high.

Paul Flemming will never forget the sermon he heard that day, — no, not even if he should live to be as old as he who preached it. The text was, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." It was meant to console the pious, poor widow, who sat right below him at the foot of the pulpit stairs, all in black, and her heart breaking. He said nothing of the terrors of death, nor of the gloom of the narrow house; but, looking beyond these things, as mere circumstances to which the imagination mainly gives importance, he told his hearers of the innocence of childhood upon earth, and the holiness of childhood in heaven, and how the beautiful Lord Jesus was once a little child, and now in heaven the spirits of little children walked with him, and gathered flowers in the fields of Paradise. Good old man! In behalf of humanity, I thank thee for these benignant words! And still more than I, the bereaved mother thanked thee; and from that hour, though she wept in secret for her child, yet

> "She knew he was with Jesus,
> And she asked him not again."

After the sermon, Paul Flemming walked

forth alone into the churchyard. There was no one there, save a little boy, who was fishing with a pin hook in a grave half full of water. But a few moments afterward, through the arched gateway under the belfry came a funeral procession. At its head walked a priest in white surplice, chanting. Peasants, old and young, followed him, with burning tapers in their hands. A young girl carried in her arms a dead child, wrapped in its little winding-sheet. The grave was close under the wall, by the church-door. A vase of holy water stood beside it. The sexton took the child from the girl's arms, and put it into a coffin; and, as he placed it in the grave, the girl held over it a cross wreathed with roses, and the priest and peasants sang a funeral hymn. When this was over, the priest sprinkled the grave and the crowd with holy water; and then they all went into the church, each one stopping, as he passed the grave, to throw a handful of earth into it, and sprinkle it with the hyssop.

A few moments afterwards, the voice of the priest was heard saying mass in the church, and Flemming saw the toothless old sexton treading, with his clouted shoes, the fresh earth into the grave of the little child. He approached him, and asked the age of the deceased. The sexton leaned a moment on his spade, and, shrugging his shoulders, replied: —

"Only an hour or two. It was born in the night, and died this morning early."

"A brief existence," said Flemming. "The child seems to have been born only to be buried and have its name recorded on a wooden tombstone."

The sexton went on with his work, and made no reply. Flemming still lingered among the graves, gazing with wonder at the strange devices by which man has rendered death horrible and the grave loathsome.

In the temple of Juno at Elis, Sleep and his twin-brother, Death, were represented as children reposing in the arms of Night. On various funeral monuments of the ancients, the Genius of Death is sculptured as a beautiful youth, leaning on an inverted torch, in the attitude of repose, his wings folded and his feet crossed. In such peaceful and attractive forms did the imagination of ancient poets and sculptors represent death. And these were men in whose souls the religion of Nature was like the light of stars, beautiful, but faint and cold! Strange, that, in later days, this angel of God, which leads us with a gentle hand into the "land of the great departed, into the silent land," should have been transformed into a monstrous and terrific thing! Such is the spectral rider on the white horse; — such the ghastly skeleton with scythe and hour-glass, — the Reaper, whose name is Death!

One of the most popular themes of poetry and painting in the Middle Ages, and continuing down even into modern times, was the Dance of Death. In almost all languages is it written, — the apparition of the grim spectre putting a sudden stop to all business, and leading men away into the "remarkable retirement" of the grave. It is written in an ancient Spanish poem, and painted on a wooden bridge in Switzerland. The designs of Holbein are well known. The most striking among them is that, where, from a group of children sitting round a cottage hearth, Death has taken one by the hand, and is leading it out of the door. Quietly and unresisting goes the little child, and in its countenance no grief, but wonder only; while the other children are weeping and stretching forth their hands in vain towards their departing brother. It is a beautiful design, in all save the skeleton. An angel had been better, with folded wings, and torch inverted.

And now the sun was growing high and warm. A little chapel, whose door stood open, seemed to invite Flemming to enter and enjoy the grateful coolness. He went in. There was no one there. The walls were covered with paintings and sculpture of the rudest kind, and with a few funeral tablets. There was nothing there to move the heart to devotion; but in that hour the heart of Flemming was weak, — weak as a child's. He bowed his stubborn knees, and wept. And, oh, how many disappointed hopes, how many bitter recollections, how much of wounded pride and unrequited love, were in those tears through which he read, on a marble tablet in the chapel wall opposite, this singular inscription: —

"Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future, without fear, and with a manly heart."

It seemed to him as if the unknown tenant of that grave had opened his lips of dust, and spoken to him the words of consolation, which his soul needed, and which no friend had yet spoken. In a moment the anguish of his thoughts was still. The stone was rolled away from the door of his heart; death was no longer there, but an angel clothed in white. He stood up, and his eyes were no more bleared with tears; and, looking into the bright morning heavens, he said: —

"I will be strong!"

Men sometimes go down into tombs, with painful longings to behold once more the faces of their departed friends; and as they gaze upon them, lying there so peacefully with the semblance that they wore on earth, the sweet breath of heaven touches them, and the features crumble and fall together, and are but dust. So did his soul then descend for the last time into the great tomb of the Past, with painful longings to behold once more the dear faces of those he had loved; and the sweet breath of heaven touched them, and they would not stay, but crumbled away and perished as he gazed. They, too, were dust. And thus, far-sounding, he heard the great gate of the Past shut behind him, as the divine poet did the gate of Paradise, when the angel pointed him the way up the Holy Mountain; and to him likewise was it forbidden to look back.

In the life of every man there are sudden transitions of feeling, which seem almost miraculous. At once, as if some magician had touched the heavens and the earth, the dark clouds melt into the air, the wind falls, and serenity succeeds the storm. The causes which produce these sudden changes may have been long at work within us; but the changes themselves are instantaneous, and apparently without sufficient cause. It was so with Flemming; and from that hour forth he resolved that he would no longer veer with every shifting wind of circumstance, — no longer be a child's plaything in the hands of Fate, which we ourselves do make or mar. He resolved henceforward not to lean on others; but to walk self-confident and self-possessed; — no longer to waste his years in vain regrets, nor wait the fulfilment of boundless hopes and indiscreet desires; but to live in the Present wisely, alike forgetful of the Past, and careless of what the mysterious Future might bring. And from that moment he was calm and strong; he was reconciled with himself. His thoughts turned to his distant home beyond the sea. An indescribable sweet feeling rose within him.

"Thither will I turn my wandering footsteps," said he, "and be a man among men, and no longer a dreamer among shadows. Henceforth be mine a life of action and reality! I will work in my own sphere, nor wish it other than it is. This alone is health and happiness. This alone is Life, —

> 'Life that shall send
> A challenge to its end,
> And when it comes, say, Welcome, friend!'

Why have I not made these sage reflections, this wise resolve, sooner? Can such a simple result spring only from the long and intricate process of experience? Alas! it is not till time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the Book of Human Life, to light the fires of passion with, from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number, and to remember, faintly at first, and then more clearly, that upon the earlier pages of that book was written a story of happy innocence, which he would fain read over again. Then come listless irresolution, and the inevitable inaction of despair; or else the firm resolve to record upon the leaves that still remain a more noble history than the child's story with which the book began."

CHAPTER IX.

THE LAST PANG.

"FAREWELL to thee, Saint Gilgen!" said Flemming, as he turned on the brow of the hill, to take his last look at the lake and the village below, and felt that this was one of the few spots on the wide earth to which he could say farewell with regret. "Thy majestic hills have impressed themselves upon my soul, as a seal upon wax. The quiet beauty of thy lake shall be to me forever an image of peace and purity and stillness, and that inscription in thy little churchyard a sentence of wisdom for my after life."

Before the setting of the same sun which then shone on that fair landscape, he was far on his way towards Munich. He had left behind him the mountains of the Tyrol; and beheld them for the last time in the soft evening twilight, their bases green with forest-trees, and here and there a sharp rocky spire, and a rounded summit capped with snow. There they lay, their backs like the backs of camels; a mighty caravan, reposing at evening in its march across the desert.

From Munich he passed through Augsburg and Ulm, on his way to Stuttgard. At the entrances of towns and villages, he saw large crucifixes; and on the fronts of many houses, coarse paintings and images of saints. In Gunzburg three priests in black were slowly passing down the street, and women fell on their knees to receive a blessing. There were many beggars, too, in the streets; and an old man who was making hay in a field by the road-side, when he saw the carriage approaching, threw down his rake, and came tumbling over the ditch, uttering the most dismal wail, with his hat held out in both hands. The next day, the bright yellow jackets of the postilions, and the two great tassels of their bugle-horns, dangling down their backs, like cauliflowers, told him he was in Würtemberg; and, late in the evening, he stopped at a hotel in Stuttgard, and from his chamber-window saw, in the bright moonlight, the old Gothic cathedral, with its narrow, lancet windows and jutting buttresses, right in front of him. Erelong he had forgotten all his cares and sorrows in sleep, and with them his hopes, and wishes, and good resolves.

He was still sitting at breakfast in his chamber, the next morning, when the great bell of the cathedral opposite began to ring, and reminded him that it was Sunday. Erelong the organ answered from within, and from its golden lips breathed forth a psalm. The congregation began to assemble, and Flemming went up with them to the house of the Lord. In the body of the church he found the pews all filled or locked; they seemed to belong to families. He went up into the gallery, and looked over the psalm-book of a peasant, while the congregation sang the sublime old hymn of Martin Luther, —

> "Our God, he is a tower of strength,
> A trusty shield and weapon."

During the singing, a fat clergyman, clad in black, with a surplice thrown loosely about him, came pacing along one of the aisles, from beneath the organ-loft, and ascended the pulpit. After the hymn, he read a portion of Scripture, and then said: —

"Let us unite in silent prayer."

And turning round, he knelt in the pulpit, while the congregation remained standing. For a while there was a breathless silence in the church, which to Flemming was more solemnly impressive than any audible prayer. The clergyman then arose, and began his sermon. His theme was the Reformation; and he attempted to prove how much easier it was to enter the kingdom of Heaven through the gateways of the Reformed Evangelical German Church, than by the aisles and penitential staircases of Saint Peter's. He then gave a history of the Reformation; and when Flemming thought he was near the end, he heard him say that he should divide his discourse into four

heads. This reminded him of the sturdy old Puritan, Cotton Mather, who, after preaching an hour, would coolly turn the hour-glass on the pulpit, and say: "Now, my beloved hearers, let us take another glass." He stole out into the silent, deserted street, and went to visit the veteran sculptor Dannecker. He found him sitting alone, with his psalm-book, and the reminiscences of a life of eighty years. As Flemming entered, he arose from the sofa, and tottered towards him; a venerable old man of low stature, dressed in a loose white jacket, with a face like Franklin's, a pale blue eye, and his white hair flowing over his shoulders.

"So you are from America," said he. "But you have a German name. Paul Flemming was one of our old poets. I have never been in America, and never shall go there. I am now too old. I have been in Paris and in Rome. But that was long ago. I am now eight-and-seventy years old."

Here he took Flemming by the hand, and made him sit down by his side, on the sofa. And Flemming felt a mysterious awe creep over him, on touching the hand of the good old man, who sat so serenely amid the gathering shade of years, and listened to life's curfew-bell, telling with eight-and-seventy solemn strokes, that the hour had come when the fires of all earthly passion must be quenched within, and man must prepare to lie down and rest till the morning.

"You see," he continued, in a melancholy tone, "my hands are cold; colder than yours. They were warmer once. I am now an old man."

"Yet these are the hands," answered Flemming, "that sculptured the beautiful Ariadne and the Panther. The soul never grows old."

"Nor does Nature," said the old man, pleased with this allusion to his great work, and pointing to the green trees before his window. "This pleasure I have left to me. My sight is still good. I can even distinguish objects on the side of yonder mountain. My hearing is also unimpaired. For all which I thank God."

Then, directing Flemming's attention to a fine engraving, which hung on the opposite wall of the room, he continued: —

"That is an engraving of Canova's Religion. I love to sit here and look at it, for hours together. It is beautiful. He made the statue for his native town, where they had no church until he built them one. He placed the statue in it. This engraving he sent me as a present. Ah, he was a dear, good man. The name of his native town I have forgotten. My memory fails me. I cannot remember names."

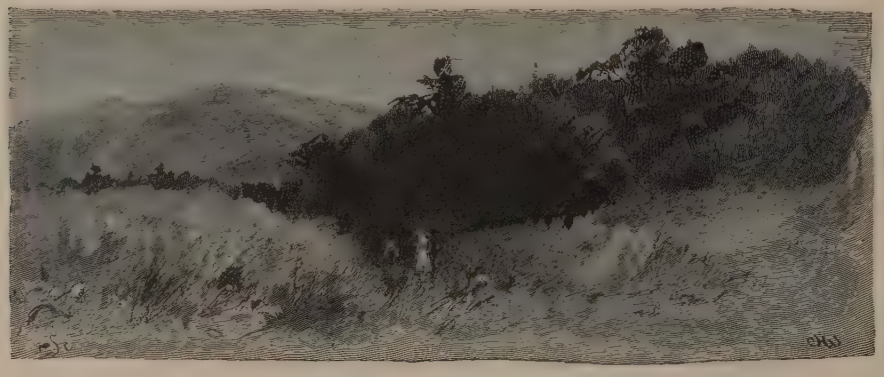
Fearful that he had disturbed the old man in his morning devotions, Flemming did not remain long, but took his leave with regret. There was something impressive in the scene he had witnessed; — this beautiful old age of the artist; sitting by the open window, in the bright summer morning, — the labor of life accomplished, the horizon reached, where heaven and earth meet, — thinking it was angel's music when he heard the church-bells ring; himself too old to go. As he walked back to his chamber, he thought within himself whether he likewise might not accomplish something which should live after him, — might not bring something permanent out of this fast-fleeting life, and then sit down, like the artist, in serene old age, and fold his hands in silence. He wondered how a man felt when he grew so old that he could no longer go to church, but must sit at home and read the Bible in large print. His heart was full of indefinite longings, mingled with regrets; longings to accomplish something worthy of life; regret that as yet he had accomplished nothing, but had felt and dreamed only. Thus the warm days in spring bring forth passion-flowers and forget-me-nots. It is only after midsummer, when the days grow shorter and hotter, that fruit begins to appear. Then the heat of the day brings forward the harvest, and after the harvest the leaves fall, and there is a gray frost. Much meditating upon these things, Paul Flemming reached his hotel. At that moment a person clad in green came down the church steps, and crossed the street. It was the German mechanic of Interlachen. Flemming started as if a green snake had suddenly crossed his path. He took refuge in his chamber.

That night, as he was sitting alone, having made his preparations to depart the following morning, his attention was arrested by the

sound of a female voice in the next room. A thin partition, with a door, separated it from his own. He had not before observed that the room was occupied. But, in the stillness of the night, the tones of that voice struck his ear. He listened. It was a lady reading the prayers of the English Church. The tones were familiar, and awakened at once a thousand painfully sweet recollections. It was the voice of Mary Ashburton! His heart could not be deceived; and all its wounds began to bleed afresh, like those of a murdered man when the murderer approaches. His first impulse was of affection only, boundless, irrepressible, delirious, as of old in the green valley of Interlachen. He waited for the voice to cease, that he might go to her and behold her face once more. And then his pride rose up within him, and rebuked this weakness. He remembered his firm resolve, and blushed to find himself so feeble. And the voice ceased, and yet he did not go. Pride had so far gained the mastery over affection. He lay down upon his bed, like a child as he was. All about him was silence, and the silence was holy, for she was near; so near, that he could almost hear the beating of her heart. He knew now for the first time how weak he was, and how strong was his passion for that woman. His heart was like the altar of the Israelites of old; and, though drenched with tears, as with rain, it was kindled at once by the holy fire from heaven!

Towards morning he fell asleep, exhausted with the strong excitement; and in that hour, when, sleep being "nigh unto the soul," visions are deemed prophetic, he dreamed. O blessed vision of the morning, stay! thou wast so fair! He stood again on the green sunny meadow, beneath the ruined tower; and she was by his side, with her pale speaking countenance and holy eyes; and he kissed her fair forehead; and she turned her face towards him, beaming with affection, and said, "I confess it now; you are the Magician!" and pressed him in a meek embrace, that he "might rather feel than see the swelling of her heart." And then she faded away from his arms, and her face became transfigured, and her voice like the voice of an angel in heaven; — and he awoke and was alone!

It was broad daylight; and he heard the postilion and the stamping of horses' hoofs on the pavement at the door. He did not dare to stay. But, throwing himself into the carriage, he cast one look towards the window of the Dark Ladie, and a moment afterwards had left her forever! He had drunk the last drop of the bitter cup, and now laid the golden goblet gently down, knowing that he should behold it no more! No more! Oh, how majestically mournful are those words! They sound like the roar of the wind through a forest of pines!



KAVANAGH
A
TALE

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it.

SHAKESPEARE.

KAVANAGH.

I.

GREAT men stand like solitary towers in the city of God, and secret passages running deep beneath external nature give their thoughts intercourse with higher intelligences, which strengthens and consoles them, and of which the laborers on the surface do not even dream!

Some such thought as this was floating vaguely through the brain of Mr. Churchill, as he closed his school-house door behind him; and if in any degree he applied it to himself, it may perhaps be pardoned in a dreamy, poetic man like him; for we judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done. And, moreover, his wife considered him equal to great things. To the people in the village he was the schoolmaster, and nothing more. They beheld in his form and countenance no outward sign of the divinity within. They saw him daily moiling and delving in the common path, like a beetle, and little thought that underneath that hard and cold exterior lay folded delicate golden wings, wherewith, when the heat of day was over, he soared and revelled in the pleasant evening air.

To-day he was soaring and revelling before the sun had set; for it was Saturday. With a feeling of infinite relief he left behind him the empty school-house, into which the hot sun of a September afternoon was pouring. All the bright young faces were gone; all the impatient little hearts were gone; all the fresh voices, shrill, but musical with the melody of childhood were gone; and the lately busy realm was given up to silence, and the dusty sunshine, and the old gray flies, that buzzed and bumped their heads against the window-panes. The sound of the outer door, creaking on its hebdomadal hinges, was like a sentinel's challenge, to which the key growled responsive in the lock; and the master, casting a furtive glance at the last caricature of himself in red chalk on the wooden fence close by, entered with a light step the solemn avenue of pines that led to the margin of the river.

At first his step was quick and nervous; and he swung his cane as if aiming blows at some invisible and retreating enemy. Though a meek man, there were moments when he remembered with bitterness the unjust reproaches of fathers and their insulting words; and then he fought imaginary battles with people out of sight, and struck them to the ground, and trampled upon them; for Mr. Churchill was not exempt from the weakness of human nature, nor the customary vexations of a schoolmaster's life. Unruly sons and unreasonable fathers did sometimes embitter his else sweet days and nights. But as he walked, his step grew slower, and his heart calmer. The coolness and shadows of the great trees comforted and satisfied him, and he heard the voice of the wind as it were the voice of spirits calling around him in the air. So that when he emerged from the black woodlands into the meadows by the river's side, all his cares were forgotten.

He lay down for a moment under a sycamore, and thought of the Roman Consul Licinius, passing a night with eighteen of his followers in the hollow trunk of the great Lycian plane-tree. From the branches overhead the falling seeds were wafted away through the soft air on plumy tufts of down. The continuous murmur of the leaves and of the swift-

running stream seemed rather to deepen than disturb the pleasing solitude and silence of the place; and for a moment he imagined himself far away in the broad prairies of the West, and lying beneath the luxuriant trees that overhang the banks of the Wabash and the Kaskaskia. He saw the sturgeon leap from the river, and flash for a moment in the sunshine. Then a flock of wild-fowl flew across the sky towards the sea-mist that was rising slowly in the east; and his soul seemed to float away on the river's current, till he had glided far out into the measureless sea, and the sound of the wind among the leaves was no longer the sound of the wind, but of the sea.

Nature had made Mr. Churchill a poet, but destiny made him a schoolmaster. This produced a discord between his outward and his inward existence. Life presented itself to him like the Sphinx, with its perpetual riddle of the real and the ideal. To the solution of this dark problem he devoted his days and his nights. He was forced to teach grammar when he would fain have written poems; and from day to day, and from year to year, the trivial things of life postponed the great designs, which he felt capable of accomplishing, but never had the resolute courage to begin. Thus he dallied with his thoughts and with all things, and wasted his strength on trifles; like the lazy sea, that plays with the pebbles on its beach, but under the inspiration of the wind might lift great navies on its outstretched palms, and toss them into the air as playthings.

The evening came. The setting sun stretched his celestial rods of light across the level landscape, and, like the Hebrew in Egypt, smote the rivers and the brooks and the ponds, and they became as blood.

Mr. Churchill turned his steps homeward. He climbed the hill with the old windmill on its summit, and below him saw the lights of the village; and around him the great landscape sinking deeper and deeper into the sea of darkness. He passed an orchard. The air was filled with the odor of the fallen fruit, which seemed to him as sweet as the fragrance of the blossoms in June. A few steps farther brought him to an old and neglected graveyard; and he paused a moment to look at the white gleaming stone, under which slumbered the old clergyman, who came into the village in the time of the Indian wars, and on which was recorded that for half a century he had been "a painful preacher of the word." He entered the village street, and interchanged a few words with Mr. Pendexter, the venerable divine, whom he found standing at his gate. He met, also, an ill-looking man, carrying so many old boots that he seemed literally buried in them; and at intervals encountered a stream of strong tobacco smoke, exhaled from the pipe of an Irish laborer, and pervading the damp evening air. At length he reached his own door.

II.

When Mr. Churchill entered his study, he found the lamp lighted, and his wife waiting for him. The wood fire was singing on the hearth like a grasshopper in the heat and silence of a summer noon; and to his heart the chill autumnal evening became a summer noon. His wife turned towards him with looks of love in her joyous blue eyes; and in the serene expression of her face he read the Divine beatitude, "Blessed are the pure in heart."

No sooner had he seated himself by the fireside than the door was swung wide open, and on the threshold stood, with his legs apart, like a miniature colossus, a lovely golden boy, about three years old, with long, light locks, and very red cheeks. After a moment's pause, he dashed forward into the room with a shout, and established himself in a large arm-chair, which he converted into a carrier's wagon, and over the back of which he urged forward his imaginary horses. He was followed by Lucy, the maid of all work, bearing in her arms the baby, with large, round eyes, and no hair. In his mouth he held an India-rubber ring, and looked very much like a street-door knocker. He came down to say good-night, but after he got down, could not say it; not being able to say anything but a kind of explosive "Papa!" He was then a good deal kissed and tormented in various ways, and finally sent off to bed blowing little bubbles with his mouth, — Lucy blessing his little heart, and asseverating that nobody could feed him in the night without loving him; and that if the flies bit him any more she would pull out every tooth in their heads!

Then came Master Alfred's hour of triumph and sovereign sway. The fire-light gleamed on his hard, red cheeks, and glanced from his liquid eyes, and small, white teeth. He piled his wagon full of books and papers, and dashed off to town at the top of his speed; he delivered and received parcels and letters, and played the post-boy's horn with his lips. Then he climbed the back of the great chair, sang "Sweep ho!" as from the top of a very high chimney, and, sliding down upon the cushion, pretended to fall asleep in a little white bed, with white curtains; from which imaginary slumber his father awoke him by crying in his ear, in mysterious tones, —

"What little boy is this!"

Finally he sat down in his chair at his mother's knee, and listened very attentively, and for the hundredth time, to the story of the dog Jumper, which was no sooner ended, than vociferously called for again and again. On the fifth repetition, it was cut as short as the dog's tail by Lucy, who, having put the baby to bed, now came for Master Alfred. He seemed to hope he had been forgotten, but was nevertheless marched off without any particular regard to his feelings, and disappeared in a kind of abstracted mood, repeating softly to himself his father's words, —

"Good-night, Alfred!"

His father looked fondly after him as he went up-stairs, holding Lucy by one hand, and with the other rubbing the sleep out of his eyes.

"Ah! these children, these children!" said Mr. Churchill, as he sat down at the tea-table; "we ought to love them very much now, for we shall not have them long with us!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed his wife, "what do you mean? Does anything ail them? Are they going to die?"

"I hope not. But they are going to grow up, and be no longer children."

"Oh, you foolish man! You gave me such a fright!"

"And yet it seems impossible that they should ever grow to be men, and drag the heavy artillery along the dusty roads of life."

"And I hope they never will. That is the last thing I want either of them to do."

"Oh, I do not mean literally, only figuratively. By the way, speaking of growing up and growing old, I saw Mr. Pendexter this evening, as I came home."

"And what had he to say?"

"He told me he should preach his farewell sermon to-morrow."

"Poor old man! I really pity him."

"So do I. But it must be confessed he is a dull preacher; and I dare say it is as dull work for him as for his hearers."

"Why are they going to send him away?"

"Oh, there are a great many reasons. He does not give time and attention enough to his sermons and to his parish. He is always at work on his farm; always wants his salary raised; and insists upon his right to pasture his horse in the parish fields."

"Hark!" cried his wife, lifting up her face in a listening attitude.

"What is the matter?"

"I thought I heard the baby!"

There was a short silence. Then Mr. Churchill said, —

"It was only the cat in the cellar."

At this moment Lucy came in. She hesitated a little, and then, in a submissive voice, asked leave to go down to the village to buy some ribbon for her bonnet. Lucy was a girl of fifteen, who had been taken a few years before from an Orphan Asylum. Her dark eyes had a gypsy look, and she wore her brown hair twisted round her head after the manner of some of Murillo's girls. She had Milesian blood in her veins, and was impetuous and impatient of contradiction.

When she had left the room, the schoolmaster resumed the conversation by saying, —

"I do not like Lucy's going out so much in the evening. I am afraid she will get into trouble. She is really very pretty."

Then there was another pause, after which he added, —

"My dear wife, one thing puzzles me exceedingly."

"And what is that?"

"It is to know what that man does with all the old boots he picks up about the village. I met him again this evening. He seemed to have as many feet as Briareus had hands. He is a kind of centipede."

"But what has that to do with Lucy?"

"Nothing. It only occurred to me at the moment; and I never can imagine what he does with so many old boots."

III.

WHEN tea was over, Mr. Churchill walked to and fro in his study, as his custom was. And as he walked, he gazed with secret rapture at the books, which lined the walls, and thought how many bleeding hearts and aching heads had found consolation for themselves and imparted it to others, by writing those pages. The books seemed to him almost as living beings, so instinct were they with human thoughts and sympathies. It was as if the authors themselves were gazing at him from the walls, with countenances neither sorrowful nor glad, but full of calm indifference to fate, like those of the poets who appeared to Dante in his vision, walking together on the dolorous shore. And then he dreamed of fame, and thought that perhaps hereafter he might be in some degree, and to some one, what these men were to him; and in the enthusiasm of the moment he exclaimed aloud, —

"Would you have me be like these, dear Mary?"

"Like these what?" asked his wife, not comprehending him.

"Like these great and good men, — like these scholars and poets, — the authors of all these books!"

She pressed his hand and said, in a soft, but excited tone, —

"Oh, yes! Like them, only perhaps better!"

"Then I will write a Romance!"

"Write it!" said his wife, like the angel. For she believed that then he would become famous forever; and that all the vexed and busy world would stand still to hear him blow his little trumpet, whose sound was to rend the adamantine walls of time, and reach the ears of a far-off and startled posterity.

IV.

"I WAS thinking to-day," said Mr. Churchill a few minutes afterwards, as he took some papers from a drawer scented with a quince, and arranged them on the study table, while his wife as usual seated herself opposite to him with her work in her hand, — "I was thinking to-day how dull and prosaic the study of mathematics is made in our school-books; as if the grand science of numbers had been discovered and perfected merely to further the purposes of trade."

"For my part," answered his wife, "I do not see how you can make mathematics poetical. There is no poetry in them."

"Ah, that is a very great mistake! There is something divine in the science of numbers. Like God, it holds the sea in the hollow of its hand. It measures the earth; it weighs the stars; it illumines the universe; it is law, it is order, it is beauty. And yet we imagine — that is, most of us — that its highest end and culminating point is book-keeping by double entry. It is our way of teaching it that makes it so prosaic."

So saying, he arose, and went to one of his book-cases, from the shelf of which he took down a little old quarto volume, and laid it upon the table.

"Now here," he continued, "is a book of mathematics of quite a different stamp from ours."

"It looks very old. What is it?"

"It is the Lilawati of Bhascara Acharya, translated from the Sanscrit."

"It is a pretty name. Pray what does it mean?"

"Lilawati was the name of Bhascara's daughter; and the book was written to perpetuate it. Here is an account of the whole matter."

He then opened the volume, and read as follows: —

"It is said that the composing of Lilawati was occasioned by the following circumstance.

Lilawati was the name of the author's daughter, concerning whom it appeared, from the qualities of the Ascendant at her birth, that she was destined to pass her life unmarried, and to remain without children. The father ascertained a lucky hour for contracting her in marriage, that she might be firmly connected, and have children. It is said that, when that hour approached, he brought his daughter and his intended son near him. He left the hour-cup on the vessel of water, and kept in attendance a time-knowing astrologer, in order that, when the cup should subside in the water, those two precious jewels should be united. But as the intended arrangement was not according to destiny, it happened that the girl, from a curiosity natural to children, looked into the cup to observe the water coming in at the hole; when by chance a pearl separated from her bridal dress, fell into the cup, and, rolling down to the hole, stopped the influx of the water. So the astrologer waited in expectation of the promised hour. When the operation of the cup had thus been delayed beyond all moderate time, the father was in consternation, and examining, he found that a small pearl had stopped the course of the water, and the long-expected hour was passed. In short, the father, thus disappointed, said to his unfortunate daughter, I will write a book of your name, which shall remain to the latest times, — for a good name is a second life, and the groundwork of eternal existence."

As the schoolmaster read, the eyes of his wife dilated and grew tender, and she said, —

"What a beautiful story! When did it happen?"

"Seven hundred years ago, among the Hindoos."

"Why not write a poem about it?"

"Because it is already a poem of itself, — one of those things, of which the simplest statement is the best, and which lose by embellishment. The old Hindoo legend, brown with age, would not please me so well if decked in gay colors, and hung round with the tinkling bells of rhyme. Now hear how the book begins."

Again he read: —

"Salutation to the elephant-headed Being who infuses joy into the minds of his worshippers, who delivers from every difficulty those that call upon him, and whose feet are reverenced by the gods! — Reverence to Ganesa, who is beautiful as the pure purple lotos, and around whose neck the black curling snake winds itself in playful folds!"

"That sounds rather mystical," said his wife.

"Yes, the book begins with a salutation to the Hindoo deities, as the old Spanish Chronicles begin in the name of God, and the Holy Virgin. And now see how poetical some of the examples are."

He then turned over the leaves slowly and read, —

"One third of a collection of beautiful water-lilies is offered to Mahadev, one fifth to Huri, one sixth to the Sun, one fourth to Devi, and six which remain are presented to the spiritual teacher. Required the whole number of water-lilies."

"That is very pretty," said the wife, "and would put it into the boys' heads to bring you pond-lilies."

"Here is a prettier one still. One fifth of a hive of bees flew to the Kadamba flower; one third flew to the Silandhara; three times the difference of these two numbers flew to an arbor; and one bee continued flying about, attracted on each side by the fragrant Ketaki and the Malati. What was the number of the bees?"

"I am sure I should never be able to tell."

"Ten times the square root of a flock of geese" —

Here Mrs. Churchill laughed aloud; but he continued very gravely, —

"Ten times the square root of a flock of geese, seeing the clouds collect, flew to the Manus lake; one eighth of the whole flew from the edge of the water amongst a multitude of water-lilies; and three couple were observed playing in the water. Tell me, my young girl with beautiful locks, what was the whole number of geese?"

"Well, what was it?"

"What should you think?"

"About twenty."

"No, one hundred and forty-four. Now try another. The square root of half a number of bees, and also eight ninths of the whole,

alighted on the jasmines, and a female bee buzzed responsive to the hum of the male inclosed at night in a water-lily. O beautiful damsel, tell me the number of bees."

"That is not there. You made it."

"No, indeed I did not. I wish I had made it. Look and see."

He showed her the book, and she read it herself. He then proposed some of the geometrical questions.

"In a lâke the bud of a water-lily was observed, one span above the water, and when moved by the gentle breeze, it sank in the water at two cubits' distance. Required the depth of the water."

"That is charming, but must be very difficult. I could not answer it."

"A tree one hundred cubits high is distant from a well two hundred cubits; from this tree one monkey descends and goes to the well; another monkey takes a leap upwards, and then descends by the hypothenuse; and both pass over an equal space. Required the height of the leap."

"I do not believe you can answer that question yourself, without looking into the book," said the laughing wife, laying her hand over the solution. "Try it."

"With great pleasure, my dear child," cried the confident schoolmaster, taking a pencil and paper. After making a few figures and calculations, he answered, —

"There, my young girl with beautiful locks, there is the answer, — forty cubits."

His wife removed her hand from the book, and then, clapping both in triumph, she exclaimed, —

"No, you are wrong, you are wrong, my beautiful youth with a bee in your bonnet. It is fifty cubits!"

"Then I must have made some mistake."

"Of course you did. Your monkey did not jump high enough."

She signalized his mortifying defeat as if it had been a victory, by showering kisses, like roses, upon his forehead and cheeks, as he passed beneath the triumphal archway of her arms, trying in vain to articulate, —

"My dearest Lilawati, what is the whole number of the geese?"

V.

After extricating himself from this pleasing dilemma, he said, —

"But I am now going to write. I must really begin in sober earnest, or I shall never get anything finished. And you know I have so many things to do, so many books to write, that really I do not know where to begin. I think I will take up the Romance first."

"It will not make much difference, if you only begin!"

"That is true. I will not lose a moment."

"Did you answer Mr. Wainwright's letter about the cottage bedstead?"

"Dear me, no! I forgot it entirely. That must be done first, or he will make it all wrong."

"And the young lady who sent you the poetry to look over and criticise?"

"No; I have not had a single moment's leisure. And there is Mr. Hanson, who wants to know about the cooking-range. Confound it! there is always something interfering with my Romance. However, I will dispatch those matters very speedily."

And he began to write with great haste. For a while nothing was heard but the scratching of his pen. Then he said, probably in connection with the cooking-range, —

"One of the most convenient things in housekeeping is a ham. It is always ready, and always welcome. You can eat it with anything and without anything. It reminds me always of the great wild boar Scrimner, in the Northern Mythology, who is killed every day for the gods to feast on in Valhalla, and comes to life again every night."

"In that case, I should think the gods would have the nightmare," said his wife.

"Perhaps they do."

And then another long silence, broken only by the skating of the swift pen over the sheet. Presently Mrs. Churchill said, — as if following out her own train of thought, while she ceased plying her needle to bite off the thread, which women will sometimes do in spite of all that is said against it, —

"A man came here to-day, calling himself the agent of an extensive house in the needle trade. He left this sample, and said the drill of the eye was superior to any other, and they are warranted not to cut the thread. He puts them at the wholesale price; and if I do not like the sizes, he offers to exchange them for others, either sharps or betweens."

To this remark the abstracted schoolmaster vouchsafed no reply. He found his half-dozen letters not so easily answered, particularly that to the poetical young lady, and worked away busily at them. Finally they were finished and sealed; and he looked up to his wife. She turned her eyes dreamily upon him. Slumber was hanging in their blue orbs, like snow in the heavens, ready to fall. It was quite late, and he said to her, —

"I am too tired, my charming Lilawati, and you too sleepy, to sit here any longer to-night. And, as I do not wish to begin my Romance without having you at my side, so that I can read detached passages to you as I write, I will put it off till to-morrow or the next day."

He watched his wife as she went up-stairs with the light. It was a picture always new and always beautiful, and like a painting of Gherardo della Notte. As he followed her, he paused to look at the stars. The beauty of the heavens made his soul overflow.

"How absolute," he exclaimed, "how absolute and omnipotent is the silence of the night! And yet the stillness seems almost audible! From all the measureless depths of air around us comes a half-sound, a half-whisper, as if we could hear the crumbling and falling away of earth and all created things, in the great miracle of nature, decay and reproduction, ever beginning, never ending, — the gradual lapse and running of the sand in the great hour-glass of Time!"

In the night, Mr. Churchill had a singular dream. He thought himself in school, where he was reading Latin to his pupils. Suddenly, all the genitive cases of the first declension began to make faces at him, and to laugh im-

moderately; and when he tried to lay hold of them, they jumped down into the ablative, and the circumflex accent assumed the form of a great moustache. Then the little village school-house was transformed into a vast and endless school-house of the world, stretching forward, form after form, through all the generations of coming time; and on all the forms sat young men and old, reading and transcribing his Romance, which now in his dream was completed, and smiling and passing it onward from one to another, till at last the clock in the corner struck twelve, and the weights ran down with a strange, angry whirr, and the school broke up; and the schoolmaster awoke to find this vision of fame only a dream, out of which his alarm-clock had aroused him at an untimely hour.

VI.

MEANWHILE, a different scene was taking place at the parsonage. Mr. Pendexter had retired to his study to finish his farewell sermon. Silence reigned through the house. Sunday had already commenced there. The week ended with the setting of the sun, and the evening and the morning were the first day.

The clergyman was interrupted in his labors by the old sexton, who called as usual for the key of the church. He was gently rebuked for coming so late, and excused himself by saying that his wife was worse.

"Poor woman!" said Mr. Pendexter; "has she her mind?"

"Yes," answered the sexton, "as much as ever."

"She has been ill a long time," continued the clergyman. "We have had prayers for her a great many Sundays."

"It is very true, sir," replied the sexton, mournfully; "I have given you a great deal of trouble. But you need not pray for her any more. It is of no use."

Mr. Pendexter's mind was in too fervid a state to notice the extreme and hopeless humility of his old parishioner, and the unintentional allusion to the inefficacy of his prayers. He pressed the old man's hand warmly, and said, with much emotion, —

"To-morrow is the last time that I shall preach in this parish, where I have preached for twenty-five years. But it is not the last time I shall pray for you and your family."

The sexton retired also much moved; and the clergyman again resumed his task. His heart glowed and burned within him. Often his face flushed and his eyes filled with tears, so that he could not go on. Often he rose and paced the chamber to and fro, and wiped away the large drops that stood on his red and feverish forehead.

At length the sermon was finished. He rose and looked out of the window. Slowly the clock struck twelve. He had not heard it strike before, since six. The moonlight silvered the distant hills, and lay, white almost as snow, on the frosty roofs of the village. Not a light could be seen at any window.

"Ungrateful people! Could you not watch with me one hour?" exclaimed he, in that excited and bitter moment; as if he had thought that on that solemn night the whole parish would have watched, while he was writing his farewell discourse. He pressed his hot brow against the window-pane to allay its fever; and across the tremulous wavelets of the river the tranquil moon sent towards him a silvery shaft of light, like an angelic salutation. And the consoling thought came to him that not only this river, but all rivers and lakes, and the great sea itself, were flashing with this heavenly light, though he beheld it as a single ray only; and that what to him were the dark waves were the dark providences of God, luminous to others, and even to himself should he change his position.

VII.

The morning came; the dear, delicious, silent Sunday; to the weary workman, both of brain and hand, the beloved day of rest. When the first bell rang, like a brazen mortar, it seemed from its gloomy fortress to bombard the village with bursting shells of sound, that exploded over the houses, shattering the ears of all the parishioners and shaking the consciences of many.

Mr. Pendexter was to preach his farewell sermon. The church was crowded, and only one person came late. It was a modest, meek girl, who stole silently up one of the side aisles, — not so silently, however, but that the pew-door creaked a little as she opened it; and straightway a hundred heads were turned in that direction, although it was in the midst of the prayer. Old Mrs. Fairfield did not turn round, but she and her daughter looked at each other, and their bonnets made a parenthesis in the prayer, within which one asked what that was, and the other replied, —

"It is only Alice Archer. She always comes late."

Finally the long prayer was ended, and the congregation sat down, and the weary children — who are always restless during prayers, and had been for nearly half an hour twisting and turning, and standing first on one foot and then on the other, and hanging their heads over the backs of the pews, like tired colts looking into neighboring pastures — settled suddenly down, and subsided into something like rest.

The sermon began, — such a sermon as had never been preached, or even heard of before. It brought many tears into the eyes of the pastor's friends, and made the stoutest hearts among his foes quake with something like remorse. As he announced the text, "Yea, I think it meet as long as I am in this tabernacle to stir you up, by putting you in remembrance," it seemed as if the apostle Peter himself, from whose pen the words first proceeded, were calling them to judgment.

He began by giving a minute sketch of his ministry and the state of the parish, with all its troubles and dissensions, social, political, and ecclesiastical. He concluded by thanking those ladies who had presented him with a black silk gown, and had been kind to his wife during her long illness; — by apologizing for having neglected his own business, which was to study and preach, in order to attend to that of the parish, which was to support its minister, — stating that his own shortcomings had been owing to theirs, which had driven him into the woods in winter and into the fields in summer; — and finally by telling the congregation in general that they were so confirmed in their bad habits, that no reformation was to be expected in them under his ministry, and that to produce one would require a greater exercise of Divine power than it did to create the world; for in creating the world there had been no opposition, whereas, in their reformation, their own obstinacy and evil propensities, and self-seeking, and worldly-mindedness, were all to be overcome!

VIII.

When Mr. Pendexter had finished his discourse, and pronounced his last benediction upon a congregation to whose spiritual wants he had ministered for so many years, his people, now his no more, returned home in very various states of mind. Some were exasperated, others mortified, and others filled with pity.

Among the last was Alice Archer, — a fair, delicate girl, whose whole life had been saddened by a too sensitive organization, and by somewhat untoward circumstances. She had a pale, transparent complexion, and large gray eyes, that seemed to see visions. Her figure was slight, almost fragile; her hands white, slender, diaphanous. With these external traits her character was in unison. She was thoughtful, silent, susceptible; often sad, often in tears, often lost in reveries. She led a lonely life with her mother, who was old, querulous, and nearly blind. She had herself inherited a predisposition to blindness; and in her disease there was this peculiarity, that she could see in summer, but in winter the power of vision failed her.

The old house they lived in, with its four sickly Lombardy poplars in front, suggested gloomy and mournful thoughts. It was one of those houses that depress you as you enter, as if many persons had died in it, — sombre, desolate, silent. The very clock in the hall had a dismal sound, gasping and catching its breath at times, and striking the hour with a violent, determined blow, reminding one of Jael driving the nail into the head of Sisera.

One other inmate the house had, and only one. This was Sally Manchester, or Miss Sally Manchester, as she preferred to be called; an excellent chamber-maid and a very bad cook, for she served in both capacities. She was, indeed, an extraordinary woman, of large frame and masculine features; — one of those who are born to work, and accept their inheritance of toil as if it were play, and who consequently, in the language of domestic recommendations, are usually styled "a treasure, if you can get her." A treasure she was to this family; for she did all the housework, and in addition took care of the cow and the poultry, — occasionally venturing into the field of veterinary practice, and administering lamp-oil to the cock, when she thought he crowed hoarsely. She had on her forehead what is sometimes denominated a "widow's peak," — that is to say, her hair grew down to a point in the middle; and on Sundays she appeared at church in a blue poplin gown, with a large pink bow on what she called "the congregation side of her bonnet." Her mind was strong, like her person; her disposition not sweet, but, as is sometimes said of apples by way of recommendation, a pleasant sour.

Such were the inmates of the gloomy house, — from which the last-mentioned frequently expressed her intention of retiring, being engaged to a travelling dentist, who, in filling her teeth with amalgam, had seized the opportunity to fill a soft place in her heart with something still more dangerous and mercurial. The wedding-day had been from time to time postponed, and at length the family hoped and believed it never would come, — a wish prophetic of its own fulfilment.

Almost the only sunshine that from without shone into the dark mansion came from the face of Cecilia Vaughan, the school-mate and bosom-friend of Alice Archer. They were nearly of the same age, and had been drawn together by that mysterious power which discovers and selects friends for us in our childhood. They sat together in school; they walked together after school; they told each other their manifold secrets; they wrote long and impassioned letters to each other in the evening; in a word, they were in love with each other. It was, so to speak, a rehearsal in girlhood of the great drama of woman's life.

IX.

THE golden tints of autumn now brightened the shrubbery around this melancholy house, and took away something of its gloom. The four poplar trees seemed all ablaze, and flickered in the wind like huge torches. The little border of box filled the air with fragrance, and seemed to welcome the return of Alice, as she ascended the steps, and entered the house with a lighter heart than usual. The brisk autumnal air had quickened her pulse and given a glow to her cheek.

She found her mother alone in the parlor, seated in her large arm-chair. The warm sun streamed in at the uncurtained windows; and lights and shadows from the leaves lay upon her face. She turned her head as Alice entered, and said, —

"Who is it? Is it you, Alice?"

"Yes, it is I, mother."

"Where have you been so long?"

"I have been nowhere, dear mother. I have come directly home from church."

"How long it seems to me! It is very late. It is growing quite dark. I was just going to call for the lights."

"Why, mother!" exclaimed Alice, in a startled tone; "what do you mean? The sun is shining directly into your face!"

"Impossible, my dear Alice. It is quite dark. I cannot see you. Where are you?"

She leaned over her mother and kissed her. Both were silent, — both wept. They knew that the hour, so long looked forward to with dismay, had suddenly come. Mrs. Archer was blind!

This scene of sorrow was interrupted by the abrupt entrance of Sally Manchester. She, too, was in tears; but she was weeping for her own affliction. In her hand she held an open letter, which she gave to Alice, exclaiming amid sobs, —

"Read this, Miss Archer, and see how false man can be! Never trust any man! They are all alike; they are all false — false — false!"

Alice took the letter and read as follows: —

"It is with pleasure, Miss Manchester, I sit down to write you a few lines. I esteem you as highly as ever, but Providence has seemed to order and direct my thoughts and affections to another, — one in my own neighborhood. It was rather unexpected to me. Miss Manchester, I suppose you are well aware that we, as professed Christians, ought to be resigned to our lot in this world. May God assist you, so that we may be prepared to join the great company in heaven. Your answer would be very desirable. I respect your virtue, and regard you as a friend. MARTIN CHERRYFIELD.

"P. S. The society is generally pretty good here, but the state of religion is quite low."

"That is a cruel letter, Sally," said Alice, as she handed it back to her. "But we all have our troubles. That man is unworthy of you. Think no more about him."

"What is the matter?" inquired Mrs. Archer, hearing the counsel given and the sobs with which it was received. "Sally, what is the matter?"

Sally made no answer; but Alice said, —

"Mr. Cherryfield has fallen in love with somebody else."

"Is that all?" said Mrs. Archer, evidently relieved. "She ought to be very glad of it. Why does she want to be married? She had much better stay with us; particularly now that I am blind."

When Sally heard this last word, she looked up in consternation. In a moment she forgot her own grief to sympathize with Alice and her mother. She wanted to do a thousand things at once; — to go here; — to send there; — to get this and that; — and particularly to call all the doctors in the neighborhood. Alice assured her it would be of no avail, though she finally consented that one should be sent for.

Sally went in search of him. On he way, her thoughts reverted to herself; and, to use her own phrase, "she curbed in like a stage-horse," as she walked. This state of haughty

and offended pride continued for some hours after her return home. Later in the day, she assumed a decent composure, and requested that the man — she scorned to name him — might never again be mentioned in her hearing. Thus was her whole dream of felicity swept away by the tide of fate, as the nest of a ground-swallow by an inundation. It had been built too low to be secure.

Some women, after a burst of passionate tears, are soft, gentle, affectionate; a warm and genial air succeeds the rain. Others clear up cold, and are breezy, bleak, and dismal. Of the latter class was Sally Manchester. She became embittered against all men on account of one; and was often heard to say that she thought women were fools to be married, and that, for one, she would not marry any man, let him be who he might, — not she!

The village doctor came. He was a large man, of the cheerful kind; vigorous, florid, encouraging; and pervaded by an indiscriminate odor of drugs. Loud voice, large cane, thick boots; — everything about him synonymous with noise. His presence in the sick-room was like martial music, — inspiriting, but loud. He seldom left it without saying to the patient, "I hope you will feel more comfortable to-morrow," or, "When your fever leaves you, you will be better." But, in this instance, he could not go so far. Even his hopefulness was not sufficient for the emergency. Mrs. Archer was blind, — beyond remedy, beyond hope, — irrevocably blind!

X.

On the following morning, very early, as the schoolmaster stood at his door, inhaling the bright, wholesome air, and beholding the shadows of the rising sun, and the flashing dew-drops on the red vine-leaves, he heard the sound of wheels, and saw Mr. Pendexter and his wife drive down the village street in their old-fashioned chaise, known by all the boys in town as "the ark." The old white horse, that for so many years had stamped at funerals, and gnawed the tops of so many posts, and imagined he killed so many flies because he wagged the stump of a tail, and, finally, had been the cause of so much discord in the parish, seemed now to make common cause with his master, and stepped as if endeavoring to shake the dust from his feet as he passed out of the ungrateful village. Under the axle-tree hung suspended a leather trunk; and in the chaise, between the two occupants, was a large bandbox which forced Mr. Pendexter to let his legs hang out of the vehicle, and gave him the air of imitating the Scriptural behavior of his horse. Gravely and from a distance he saluted the schoolmaster, who saluted him in return, with a tear in his eye, that no man saw, but which, nevertheless, was not unseen.

"Farewell, poor old man!" said the schoolmaster within himself, as he shut out the cold autumnal air, and entered his comfortable study. "We are not worthy of thee, or we should have had thee with us forever. Go back again to the place of thy childhood, the scene of thine early labors and thine early love; let thy days end where they began, and like the emblem of eternity, let the serpent of life coil itself round and take its tail into its mouth, and be still from all its hissings for evermore! I would not call thee back; for it is better thou shouldst be where thou art, than amid the angry contentions of this little town."

Not all took leave of the old clergyman in so kindly a spirit. Indeed, there was a pretty general feeling of relief in the village, as when one gets rid of an ill-fitting garment, or old-fashioned hat, which one neither wishes to wear, nor is quite willing to throw away.

Thus Mr. Pendexter departed from the village. A few days afterwards he was seen at a fall training, or general muster of the militia, making a prayer on horseback, with his eyes wide open; a performance in which he took evident delight, as it gave him an opportunity of going quite at large into some of the bloodiest campaigns of the ancient Hebrews.

XI.

For a while the schoolmaster walked to and fro, looking at the gleam of the sunshine on the carpet, and revelling in his day-dreams of unwritten books, and literary fame. With these day-dreams mingled confusedly the pattering of little feet, and the murmuring and cooing of his children overhead. His plans that morning, could he have executed them, would have filled a shelf in his library with poems and romances of his own creation. But suddenly the vision vanished; and another from the actual world took its place. It was the canvas-covered cart of the butcher, that, like the flying wigwam of the Indian tale, flitted before his eyes. It drove up the yard and stopped at the back door; and the poet felt that the sacred rest of Sunday, the God's-truce with worldly cares, was once more at an end. A dark hand passed between him and the land of light. Suddenly closed the ivory gate of dreams, and the horn gate of every-day life opened, and he went forth to deal with the man of flesh and blood.

"Alas!" said he with a sigh; "and must my life, then, always be like the Sabbatical river of the Jews, flowing in full stream only on the seventh day, and sandy and arid all the rest?"

Then he thought of his beautiful wife and children, and added, half aloud, —

"No; not so! Rather let me look upon the seven days of the week as the seven magic rings of Jarchas, each inscribed with the name of a separate planet, and each possessing a peculiar power; — or, as the seven sacred and mysterious stones which the pilgrims of Mecca were forced to throw over their shoulders in the valleys of Menah and Akbah, cursing the devil and saying at each throw, 'God is great!'"

He found Mr. Wilmerdings, the butcher, standing beside his cart, and surrounded by five cats, that had risen simultaneously on their hind legs, to receive their quotidian morning's meal. Mr. Wilmerdings not only supplied the village with fresh provisions daily, but he likewise weighed all the babies. There was hardly a child in town that had not hung beneath his steelyards, tied in a silk handkerchief, the movable weight above sliding along the notched beam from eight pounds to twelve. He was a young man with a very fresh and rosy complexion, and every Monday morning he appeared dressed in an exceedingly white frock. He had lately married a milliner, who sold "Dunstable and eleven-braid, openwork and colored straws," and their bridal tour had been to a neighboring town to see a man hanged for murdering his wife. A pair of huge ox-horns branched from the gable of his slaughter-house; and near it stood the great pits of the tannery, which all the school-boys thought were filled with blood!

Perhaps no two men could be more unlike than Mr. Churchill and Mr. Wilmerdings. Upon such a grating iron hinge opened the door of his daily life; — opened into the schoolroom, the theatre of those life-long labors, which theoretically are the most noble, and practically the most vexatious in the world. Toward this, as soon as breakfast was over, and he had played a while with his children, he directed his steps. On his way, he had many glimpses into the lovely realms of Nature, and one into those of Art, through the medium of a placard pasted against a wall. It was as follows: —

"The subscriber professes to take profiles, plain and shaded, which, viewed at right-angles with the serious countenance, are warranted to be infallibly correct.

"No trouble of adorning or dressing the person is required. He takes infants and children at sight, and has frames of all sizes to accommodate.

"A profile is a delineated outline of the exterior form of any person's face and head, the use of which when seen tends to vivify the affections of those whom we esteem or love.

"William Bantam."

Erelong even this glimpse into the ideal world had vanished; and he felt himself bound

to the earth with a hundred invisible threads, by which a hundred urchins were tugging and tormenting him; and it was only with considerable effort, and at intervals, that his mind could soar to the moral dignity of his profession.

Such was the schoolmaster's life; and a dreary, weary life it would have been, had not poetry from within gushed through every crack and crevice in it. This transformed it, and made it resemble a well, into which stones and rubbish have been thrown; but underneath is a spring of fresh, pure water, which nothing external can ever check or defile.

XII.

Mr. Pendexter had departed. Only a few old and middle-aged people regretted him. To these few, something was wanting in the service ever afterwards. They missed the accounts of the Hebrew massacres, and the wonderful tales of the Zumzummims; they missed the venerable gray hair, and the voice that had spoken to them in childhood, and forever preserved the memory of it in their hearts, as in the Russian Church the old hymns of the earliest centuries are still piously retained.

The winter came, with all its affluence of snows, and its many candidates for the vacant pulpit. But the parish was difficult to please, as all parishes are; and talked of dividing itself, and building a new church, and other extravagances, as all parishes do. Finally it concluded to remain as it was, and the choice of a pastor was made.

The events of the winter were few in number, and can be easily described. The following extract from a school-girl's letter to an absent friend contains the most important: —

"At school, things have gone on pretty much as usual. Jane Brown has grown very pale. They say she is in a consumption; but I think it is because she eats so many slate-pencils. One of her shoulders has grown a good deal higher than the other. Billy Wilmerdings has been turned out of school for playing truant. He promised his mother, if she would not whip him, he would experience religion. I am sure I wish he would; for then he would stop looking at me through the hole in the top of his desk. Mr Churchill is a very curious man. To-day he gave us this question in arithmetic: 'One fifth of a hive of bees flew to the Kadamba flower; one third flew to the Silandhara; three times the difference of these two numbers flew to an arbor; and one bee continued flying about, attracted on each side by the fragrant Ketaki and the Malati. What was the number of bees?' Nobody could do the sum.

"The church has been repaired, and we have a new mahogany pulpit. Mr. Churchill bought the old one, and had it put up in his study. What a strange man he is! A good many candidates have preached for us. The only one we like is Mr. Kavanagh. Arthur Kavanagh! is not that a romantic name? He is tall, very pale, with beautiful black eyes and hair! Sally — Alice Archer's Sally — says 'he is not a man; he is a Thaddeus of Warsaw!' I think he is very handsome. And such sermons! So beautifully written, so different from old Mr. Pendexter's! He has been invited to settle here; but he cannot come till Spring. Last Sunday he preached about the ruling passion. He said that once a German nobleman, when he was dying, had his hunting-horn blown in his bed-room, and his hounds let in, springing and howling about him; and that so it was with the ruling passions of men; even around the death-bed, at the well-known signal, they howled and leaped about those that had fostered them! Beautiful, is it not? and so original! He said in another sermon, that disappointments feed and nourish us in the desert places of life, as the ravens did the Prophet in the wilderness; and that as, in Catholic countries, the lamps lighted before the images of saints, in narrow and dangerous streets, not only served as offerings of devotion, but likewise as lights to those who passed, so, in the dark and dismal streets of the city of Unbelief, every good thought, word, and deed of a man, not only was an offering to heaven, but likewise served to light him and others on

their way homeward! I have taken a good many notes of Mr. Kavanagh's sermons, which you shall see when you come back.

"Last week we had a sleigh-ride, with six white horses. We went like the wind over the hollows in the snow; — the driver called them 'thank-you-ma'ams,' because they made everybody bow. And such a frantic ball as we had at Beaverstock! I wish you had been there! We did not get home till two o'clock in the morning; and the next day Hester Green's minister asked her if she did not feel the fire of a certain place growing hot under her feet, while she was dancing!

"The new fashionable boarding-school begins next week. The prospectus has been sent to our house. One of the regulations is, 'Young ladies are not allowed to cross their benders in school!' Papa says he never heard knees called so before. Old Mrs. Plainfield is gone at last. Just before she died, her Irish chamber-maid asked her if she wanted to be buried with her false teeth! There has not been a single new engagement since you went away. But somebody asked me the other day if you were engaged to Mr. Pillsbury. I was very angry. Pillsbury, indeed! He is old enough to be your father!

"What a long, rambling letter I am writing you! — and only because you will be so naughty as to stay away and leave me all alone. If you could have seen the moon last night! But what a goose I am! — as if you did not see it! Was it not glorious? You cannot imagine, dearest, how every hour in the day I wish you were here with me. I know you would sympathize with all my feelings, which Hester does not at all. For, if I admire the moon, she says I am romantic, and, for her part, if there is anything she despises, it is the moon! and that she prefers a snug, warm bed (Oh, horrible!) to all the moons in the universe!"

XIII.

THE events mentioned in this letter were the principal ones that occurred during the winter. The case of Billy Wilmerdings grew quite desperate. In vain did his father threaten and the schoolmaster expostulate; he was only the more sullen and stubborn. In vain did his mother represent to his weary mind, that, if he did not study, the boys who knew the dead languages would throw stones at him in the street; he only answered that he should like to see them try it. Till, finally, having lost many of his illusions, and having even discovered that his father was not the greatest man in the world, on the breaking up of the ice in the river, to his own infinite relief and that of the whole village, he departed on a coasting trip in a fore-and-aft schooner, which constituted the entire navigation of Fairmeadow.

Mr. Churchill had really put up in his study the old white pulpit, shaped like a wine-glass. It served as a play-house for his children, who, whether in it or out of it, daily preached to his heart, and were a living illustration of the way to enter into the kingdom of heaven. Moreover, he himself made use of it externally as a note-book, recording his many meditations with a pencil on the white panels. The following will serve as a specimen of this pulpit eloquence: —

Morality without religion is only a kind of dead-reckoning, — an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies.

Many readers judge of the power of a book by the shock it gives their feelings, — as some savage tribes determine the power of muskets by their recoil; that being considered best which fairly prostrates the purchaser.

Men of genius are often dull and inert in society; as the blazing meteor, when it descends to earth, is only a stone.

The natural alone is permanent. Fantastic idols may be worshipped for a while; but at length they are overturned by the continual and silent progress of Truth, as the grim stat-

ues of Copan have been pushed from their pedestals by the growth of forest-trees, whose seeds were sown by the wind in the ruined walls.

The every-day cares and duties, which men call drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion; and when they cease to hang upon the wheels, the pendulum no longer swings, the hands no longer move, the clock stands still.

The same object, seen from the three different points of view, — the Past, the Present, and the Future, — often exhibits three different faces to us; like those sign-boards over shop doors, which represent the face of a lion as we approach, of a man when we are in front, and of an ass when we have passed.

In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.

With many readers, brilliancy of style passes for affluence of thought; they mistake buttercups in the grass for immeasurable gold mines under ground.

The motives and purposes of authors are not always so pure and high as, in the enthusiasm of youth, we sometimes imagine. To many the trumpet of fame is nothing but a tin horn to call them home, like laborers from the field, at dinner-time; and they think themselves lucky to get the dinner.

The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.

Critics are sentinels in the grand army of letters, stationed at the corners of newspapers and reviews, to challenge every new author.

The country is lyric, — the town dramatic. When mingled, they make the most perfect musical drama.

Our passions never wholly die; but in the last cantos of life's romantic epos, they rise up again and do battle, like some of Ariosto's heroes who have already been quietly interred, and ought to be turned to dust.

This country is not priest-ridden, but press-ridden.

Some critics have the habit of rowing up the Heliconian rivers with their backs turned, so as to see the landscape precisely as the poet did not see it. Others see faults in a book much larger than the book itself; as Sancho Panza, with his eyes blinded, beheld from his wooden horse the earth no larger than a grain of mustard-seed, and the men and women on it as large as hazel-nuts.

Like an inundation of the Indus is the course of Time. We look for the homes of our childhood, they are gone; for the friends of our childhood, they are gone. The loves and animosities of youth, where are they? Swept away like the camps that had been pitched in the sandy bed of the river.

As no saint can be canonized until the Devil's Advocate has exposed all his evil deeds, and showed why he should not be made a saint, so no poet can take his station among the gods until the critics have said all that can be said against him.

It is curious to note the old sea-margins of human thought! Each subsiding century reveals some new mystery; we build where monsters used to hide themselves.

XIV.

At length the spring came, and brought the birds, and the flowers, and Mr. Kavanagh, the new clergyman, who was ordained with all the pomp and ceremony usual on such occasions. The opening of the season furnished also the theme of his first discourse, which some of the congregation thought very beautiful, and others very incomprehensible.

Ah, how wonderful is the advent of the spring! — the great annual miracle of the blossoming of Aaron's rod, repeated on myriads and myriads of branches! — the gentle progression and growth of herbs, flowers, trees, — gentle, and yet irrepressible, — which no force can stay, no violence restrain, like love, that wins its way and cannot be withstood by any human power, because itself is divine power. If spring came but once a century, instead of once a year, or burst forth with the sound of an earthquake, and not in silence, what wonder and expectation would there be in all hearts to behold the miraculous change!

But now the silent succession suggests nothing but necessity. To most men, only the cessation of the miracle would be miraculous, and the perpetual exercise of God's power seems less wonderful than its withdrawal would be. We are like children who are astonished and delighted only by the second-hand of the clock, not by the hour-hand.

Such was the train of thought with which Kavanagh commenced his sermon. And then, with deep solemnity and emotion, he proceeded to speak of the spring of the soul, as from its cheerless wintry distance it turns nearer and nearer to the great Sun, and clothes its dry and withered branches anew with leaves and blossoms, unfolded from within itself, beneath the penetrating and irresistible influence.

While delivering the discourse, Kavanagh had not succeeded so entirely in abstracting himself from all outward things as not to note in some degree its effect upon his hearers. As in modern times no applause is permitted in our churches, however moved the audience may be, and, consequently, no one dares wave his hat and shout, — "Orthodox Chrysostom! Thirteenth Apostle! Worthy the Priesthood!" — as was done in the days of the Christian Fathers; and, moreover, as no one after church spoke to him of his sermon, or of anything else, — he went home with rather a heavy heart, and a feeling of discouragement. One thing had cheered and consoled him. It was the pale countenance of a young girl, whose dark eyes had been fixed upon him during the whole discourse with unflagging interest and attention. She sat alone in a pew near the pulpit. It was Alice Archer. Ah! could he have known how deeply sank his words into that simple heart, he might have shuddered with another kind of fear than that of not moving his audience sufficiently!

XV.

On the following morning, Kavanagh sat musing upon his worldly affairs, and upon various little household arrangements which it would be necessary for him to make. To aid him in these, he had taken up the village paper, and was running over the columns of advertisements, — those narrow and crowded thoroughfares, in which the wants and wishes of humanity displayed themselves like mendicants without disguise. His eye ran hastily over the advantageous offers of the cheap tailors and the dealers in patent medicines. He wished neither to be clothed nor cured. In one place he saw that a young lady, perfectly competent, desired to form a class of young mothers and nurses, and to instruct them in the art of talking to infants so as to interest and amuse them; and in another, that the firemen of Fairmeadow wished well to those hostile editors who had called them gamblers, drunkards, and rioters, and hoped that they might be spared from that great fire which they were told could never be extinguished! Finally, his eye rested on the advertisement of a carpet warehouse, in which the one-price system was strictly adhered to. It was further stated that a discount would be made "to clergymen on small salaries, feeble churches, and charitable institutions." Thinking that this was doubtless the place for one who united in himself two of these qualifications for a discount, with a smile on his lips, he took his hat and sallied forth into the street.

A few days previous, Kavanagh had discovered in the tower of the church a vacant room, which he had immediately determined to take possession of, and to convert into a study. From this retreat, through the four oval windows, fronting the four corners of the heavens, he could look down upon the streets, the roofs and gardens of the village, — on the winding river, the meadows, the farms, the distant blue mountains. Here he could sit and meditate, in that peculiar sense of seclusion and spiritual elevation, that entire separation from the world below, which a chamber in a tower always gives. Here, uninterrupted and aloof from all intrusion, he could pour his heart into those discourses, with which he hoped to reach and move the hearts of his parishioners.

It was to furnish this retreat, that he went forth on the Monday morning after his first sermon. He was not long in procuring the few things needed, — the carpet, the table, the chairs, the shelves for books; and was returning thoughtfully homeward, when his eye was caught by a sign-board on the corner of the street, inscribed "Moses Merryweather, Dealer in Singing Birds, foreign and domestic." He saw also a whole chamber-window transformed into a cage, in which sundry canary-birds, and others of a gayer plumage, were jargoning together, like people in the market-places of foreign towns. At the sight of these old favorites, a long slumbering passion awoke within him; and he straightway ascended the dark wooden staircase, with the intent of enlivening his solitary room with the vivacity and songs of these captive ballad-singers.

In a moment he found himself in a little room hung round with cages, roof and walls; full of sunshine; full of twitterings, cooings, and flutterings; full of downy odors, suggesting nests, and dovecots, and distant islands inhabited only by birds. The taxidermist — the Selkirk of the sunny island — was not there; but a young lady of noble mien, who was looking at an English goldfinch in a square cage with a portico, turned upon him, as he entered, a fair and beautiful face, shaded by long light locks, in which the sunshine seemed entangled, as among the boughs of trees. That face he had never seen before, and yet it seemed familiar to him; and the added light in her large, celestial eyes, and the almost imperceptible expression that passed over her face, showed that she knew who he was.

At the same moment the taxidermist presented himself, coming from an inner room; — a little man in gray, with spectacles upon his nose, holding in his hands, with wings and legs drawn close and smoothly together, like

the green husks of the maize ear, a beautiful carrier-pigeon, who turned up first one bright eye and then the other, as if asking, "What are you going to do with me now?" This silent inquiry was soon answered by Mr. Merryweather, who said to the young lady, —

"Here, Miss Vaughan, is the best carrier-pigeon in my whole collection. The real Columbia Tabullaria. He is about three years old, as you can see by his wattle."

"A very pretty bird," said the lady; "and how shall I train it?"

"Oh, that is very easy. You have only to keep it shut up for a few days, well fed and well treated. Then take it in an open cage to the place you mean it to fly to, and do the same thing there. Afterwards it will give you no trouble; it will always fly between those two places."

"That, certainly, is not very difficult. At all events, I will make the trial. You may send the bird home to me. On what shall I feed it?"

"On any kind of grain, — barley and buckwheat are best; and remember to let it have a plenty of gravel in the bottom of its cage."

"I will not forget. Send me the bird today, if possible."

With these words she departed, much too soon for Kavanagh, who was charmed with her form, her face, her voice; and who, when left alone with the little taxidermist, felt that the momentary fascination of the place was gone. He heard no longer the singing of the birds; he saw no longer their gay plumage; and having speedily made the purchase of a canary and a cage, he likewise departed, thinking of the carrier-pigeons of Bagdad, and the columbaries of Egypt, stationed at fixed intervals as relays and resting-places for the flying post. With an indefinable feeling of sadness, too, came wafted like a perfume through his memory those tender, melancholy lines of Maria del Occidente: —

"And as the dove, to far Palmyra flying,
From where her native founts of Antioch beam,
Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream;

"So many a soul, o'er life's drear desert faring, —
Love's pure, congenial spring unfound, unquaffed, —
Suffers, recoils, then, thirsty and despairing
Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest draught."

Meanwhile, Mr. Merryweather, left to himself, walked about his aviary, musing, and talking to his birds. Finally he paused before the tin cage of a gray African parrot, between which and himself there was a strong family likeness, and, giving it his finger to peck and perch upon, conversed with it in that peculiar dialect with which it had often made vocal the distant groves of Zanguebar. He then withdrew to the inner room, where he resumed his labor of stuffing a cardinal grossbeak, saying to himself between whiles, —

"I wonder what Miss Cecilia Vaughan means to do with a carrier-pigeon!"

Some mysterious connection he had evidently established already between this pigeon and Mr. Kavanagh; for, continuing his revery, he said, half aloud, —

"Of course she would never think of marrying a poor clergyman!"

XVI.

THE old family mansion of the Vaughans stood a little out of town, in the midst of a pleasant farm. The county road was not near enough to annoy; and the rattling wheels and little clouds of dust seemed like friendly salutations from travellers as they passed. They spoke of safety and companionship, and took away all loneliness from the solitude.

On three sides, the farm was inclosed by willow and alder hedges, and the flowing wall of a river; nearer the house were groves clear of all underwood, with rocky knolls, and breezy bowers of beech; and afar off the blue hills broke the horizon, creating secret longings for what lay beyond them, and filling the mind with pleasant thoughts of Prince Rasselas and the Happy Valley.

The house was one of the few old houses still standing in New England; — a large, square building, with a portico in front, whose door in summer time stood open from morning until night. A pleasing stillness reigned about it; and soft gusts of pine-embalmed air, and distant cawings from the crow-haunted mountains, filled its airy and ample halls.

In this old-fashioned house had Cecilia Vaughan grown up to maidenhood. The travelling shadows of the clouds on the hillsides, — the sudden summer wind, that lifted the languid leaves, and rushed from field to field, from grove to grove, the forerunner of the rain, — and, most of all, the mysterious mountain, whose coolness was a perpetual invitation to her, and whose silence a perpetual fear, — fostered her dreamy and poetic temperament. Not less so did the reading of poetry and romance in the long, silent, solitary winter evenings. Her mother had been dead for many years, and the memory of that mother had become almost a religion to her. She recalled it incessantly; and the reverential love which it inspired completely filled her soul with melancholy delight. Her father was a kindly old man; a judge in one of the courts; dignified, affable, somewhat bent by his legal erudition, as a shelf is by the weight of the books upon it. His papers incumbered the study table; — his law books, the study floor. They seemed to shut out from his mind the lovely daughter, who had grown up to womanhood by his side, but almost without his recognition. Always affectionate, always indulgent, he left her to walk alone, without his stronger thought and firmer purpose to lean upon; and though her education had been, on this account, somewhat desultory, and her imagination indulged in many dreams and vagaries, yet, on the whole, the result had been more favorable than in many cases where the process of instruction has been too diligently carried on, and where as sometimes on the roofs of farm-houses and barns, the scaffolding has been left to deform the building.

Cecilia's bosom-friend at school was Alice Archer; and, after they left school, the love between them, and consequently the letters, rather increased than diminished. These two young hearts found not only a delight, but a necessity, in pouring forth their thoughts and feelings to each other; and it was to facilitate this intercommunication, for whose exigencies the ordinary methods were now found inadequate, that the carrier-pigeon had been purchased. He was to be the flying post; their bedrooms the dove-cots, the pure and friendly columbaria.

Endowed with youth, beauty, talent, fortune, and, moreover, with that indefinable fascination which has no name, Cecilia Vaughan was not without lovers, avowed and unavowed; — young men, who made an ostentatious display of their affection; — boys, who treasured it in their bosoms, as something indescribably sweet and precious, perfuming all the chambers of the heart with its celestial fragrance. Whenever she returned from a visit to the city, some unknown youth of elegant manners and varnished leather boots was sure to hover round the village inn for a few days, — was known to visit the Vaughans assiduously, and then silently to disappear, and be seen no more. Of course, nothing could be known of the secret

history of such individuals; but shrewd surmises were formed as to their designs and their destinies; till finally any well-dressed stranger, lingering in the village without ostensible business, was set down as "one of Miss Vaughan's lovers."

In all this, what a contrast was there between the two young friends! The wealth of one and the poverty of the other were not so strikingly at variance as this affluence and refluence of love. To the one, so much was given that she became regardless of the gift; from the other, so much withheld, that, if possible, she exaggerated its importance.

XVII.

In addition to these transient lovers, who were but birds of passage, winging their way in an incredibly short space of time, from the torrid to the frigid zone, there was in the village a domestic and resident adorer, whose love for himself, for Miss Vaughan, and for the beautiful, had transformed his name from Hiram A. Hawkins to H. Adolphus Hawkins. He was a dealer in English linens and carpets; — a profession which of itself fills the mind with ideas of domestic comfort. His waistcoats were made like Lord Melbourne's in the illustrated English papers, and his shiny hair went off to the left in a superb sweep, like the hand-rail of a banister. He wore many rings on his fingers, and several breastpins and gold chains disposed about his person. On all his bland physiognomy was stamped, as on some of his linens, "Soft finish for family use." Everything about him spoke the lady's man. He was, in fact, a perfect ring-dove; and, like the rest of his species, always walked up to the female, and, bowing his head, swelled out his white crop, and uttered a very plaintive murmur.

Moreover, Mr. H. Adolphus Hawkins was a poet, — so much a poet, that, as his sister frequently remarked, he "spoke blank verse in the bosom of his family." The general tone of his productions was sad, desponding, perhaps slightly morbid. How could it be otherwise with the writings of one who had never been the world's friend, nor the world his? who looked upon himself as "a pyramid of mind on the dark desert of despair"? and who, at the age of twenty-five, had drunk the bitter draught of life to the dregs, and dashed the goblet down? His productions were published in the Poet's Corner of the Fairmeadow Advertiser; and it was a relief to know, that, in private life, as his sister remarked, he was "by no means the censorious and moody person some of his writings might imply."

Such was the personage who assumed to himself the perilous position of Miss Vaughan's permanent lover. He imagined that it was impossible for any woman to look upon him and not love him. Accordingly, he paraded himself at his shop-door as she passed; he paraded himself at the corner of the streets; he paraded himself at the church-steps on Sunday. He spied her from the window; he sallied from the door; he followed her with his eyes; he followed her with his whole august person; he passed her and repassed her, and turned back to gaze; he lay in wait with dejected countenance and desponding air; he persecuted her with his looks; he pretended that their souls could comprehend each other without words; and whenever her lovers were alluded to in his presence, he gravely declared, as one who had reason to know, that, if Miss Vaughan ever married, it would be some one of gigantic intellect!

Of these persecutions Cecilia was for a long time the unconscious victim. She saw this individual, with rings and strange waistcoats, performing his gyrations before her, but did not suspect that she was the centre of attraction, — not imagining that any man would begin his wooing with such outrages. Gradually the truth dawned upon her, and became the source of indescribable annoyance, which was augmented by a series of anonymous letters, written in a female hand, and setting forth the excellences of a certain mysterious relative, — his modesty, his reserve, his extreme delicacy, his talent for poetry, — rendered authentic by

extracts from his papers, made, of course, without the slightest knowledge or suspicion on his part. Whence came these sibylline leaves? At first Cecilia could not divine; but, erelong, her woman's instinct traced them to the thin and nervous hand of the poet's sister. This surmise was confirmed by her maid, who asked the boy that brought them.

It was with one of these missives in her hand that Cecilia entered Mrs. Archer's house, after purchasing the carrier-pigeon. Unannounced she entered, and walked up the narrow and imperfectly lighted stairs to Alice's bedroom, — that little sanctuary draped with white, — that columbarium lined with warmth, and softness, and silence. Alice was not there; but the chair by the window, the open volume of Tennyson's poems on the table, the note to Cecilia by its side, and the ink not yet dry in the pen, were like the vibration of a bough, when the bird has just left it, — like the rising of the grass, when the foot has just pressed it. In a moment she returned. She had been down to her mother, who sat talking, talking, talking, with an old friend in the parlor below, even as these young friends were talking together, in the bedroom above. Ah, how different were their themes! Death and Love, — apples of Sodom, that crumble to ashes at a touch, — golden fruits of the Hesperides, — golden fruits of Paradise, fragrant, ambrosial, perennial!

"I have just been writing to you," said Alice; "I wanted so much to see you this morning!"

"Why this morning in particular? Has anything happened?"

"Nothing, only I had such a longing to see you!"

And, seating herself in a low chair by Cecilia's side, she laid her head upon the shoulder of her friend, who, taking one of her pale, thin hands in both her own, silently kissed her forehead again and again.

Alice was not aware, that, in the words she uttered, there was the slightest shadow of untruth. And yet had nothing happened? Was it nothing, that among her thoughts a new thought had risen, like a star, whose pale effulgence, mingled with the common daylight, was not yet distinctly visible even to herself, but would grow brighter as the sun grew lower, and the rosy twilight darker? Was it nothing, that a new fountain of affection had suddenly sprung up within her, which she mistook for the freshening and overflowing of the old fountain of friendship, that hitherto had kept the lowland landscape of her life so green, but now, being flooded by more affection, was not to cease, but only to disappear in the greater tide, and flow unseen beneath it? Yet so it was; and this stronger yearning — this unappeasable desire for her friend — was only the tumultuous swelling of a heart, that as yet knows not its own secret.

"I am so glad to see you, Cecilia!" she continued. "You are so beautiful! I love so much to sit and look at you! Ah, how I wish Heaven had made me as tall, and strong, and beautiful as you are!"

"You little flatterer! What an affectionate, lover-like friend you are! What have you been doing all the morning?"

"Looking out of the window, thinking of you, and writing you this letter, to beg you to come and see me."

"And I have been buying a carrier-pigeon, to fly between us, and carry all our letters."

"That will be delightful."

"He is to be sent home to-day; and after he gets accustomed to my room, I shall send him here, to get acquainted with yours; — an Iachimo in my Imogen's bedchamber, to spy out its secrets."

"If he sees Cleopatra in these white curtains, and silver Cupids in these andirons, he will have your imagination."

"He will see the book with the leaf turned down, and you asleep, and tell me all about you."

"A carrier-pigeon! What a charming idea! and how like you to think of it!"

"But to-day I have been obliged to bring my own letters. I have some more sibylline leaves from my anonymous correspondent, in laud and exaltation of her modest relative, who speaks blank verse in the bosom of his family. I have brought them to read you some extracts, and to take your advice; for, really and seriously, this must be stopped. It has grown too annoying."

"How much love you have offered you!" said Alice, sighing.

"Yes, quite too much of this kind. On my way here, I saw the modest relative, standing at the corner of the street, hanging his head in this way." And she imitated the melancholy Hiram Adolphus, and the young friends laughed.

"I hope you did not notice him?" resumed Alice.

"Certainly not. But what do you suppose he did? As soon as he saw me, he began to walk backward down the street only a short distance in front of me, staring at me most impertinently. Of course, I took no notice of this strange conduct. I felt myself blushing to the eyes with indignation, and yet could hardly suppress my desire to laugh."

"If you had laughed, he would have taken it for an encouragement; and I have no doubt it would have brought on the catastrophe."

"And that would have ended the matter. I half wish I had laughed."

"But think of the immortal glory of marrying a poet!"

"And of inscribing on my cards, Mrs. H. Adolphus Hawkins!"

"A few days ago, I went to buy something at his shop; and, leaning over the counter, he asked me if I had seen the sun set the evening before, — adding, that it was gorgeous, and that the grass and trees were of a beautiful Paris green!"

And again the young friends gave way to their mirth.

"One thing, dear Alice, you must consent to do for me. You must write to Miss Martha Amelia, the author of all these epistles, and tell her very plainly how indelicate her conduct is, and how utterly useless all such proceedings will prove in effecting her purpose."

"I will write this very day. You shall be no longer persecuted."

"And now let me give you a few extracts from these wonderful epistles."

So saying, Cecilia drew forth a small package of three-cornered billets, tied with a bit of pink ribbon. Taking one of them at random, she was on the point of beginning, but paused, as if her attention had been attracted by something out of doors. The sound of passing foot steps was heard on the gravel walk.

"There goes Mr. Kavanagh," said she, in a half-whisper.

Alice rose suddenly from her low chair at Cecilia's side, and the young friends looked from the window to see the clergyman pass.

"How handsome he is!" said Alice involuntarily.

"He is indeed."

At that moment Alice started back from the window. Kavanagh had looked up in passing, as if his eye had been drawn by some secret magnetism. A bright color flushed the cheek of Alice; her eyes fell; but Cecilia continued to look steadily into the street. Kavanagh passed on, and in a few moments was out of sight.

The two friends stood silent, side by side.

XVIII.

Arthur Kavanagh was descended from an ancient Catholic family. His ancestors had purchased from the Baron Victor of St. Castine a portion of his vast estates, lying upon that wild and wonderful sea-coast of Maine, which, even upon the map, attracts the eye by its singular and picturesque indentations, and fills the heart of the beholder with something of that delight which throbbed in the veins of Pierre du Gast, when, with a royal charter of the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, he sailed down the coast in all the pride of one who is to be prince of such a vast domain. Here, in the bosom of the solemn forests, they continued the practice of that faith which had first been planted there by Rasle and St. Castine; and the little church where they worshipped is still standing, though now as closed and silent as the graves which surround it, and in which the dust of the Kavanaghs lies buried.

In these solitudes, in this faith, was Kavanagh born, and grew to childhood, a feeble, delicate boy, watched over by a grave and taciturn father, and a mother who looked upon him with infinite tenderness, as upon a treasure she should not long retain. She walked with him by the seaside, and spake to him of God, and the mysterious majesty of the ocean, with its tides and tempests. She sat with him on the carpet of golden threads beneath the aromatic pines, and, as the perpetual melancholy sound ran along the rattling boughs, his soul seemed to rise and fall, with a motion and a whisper like those in the branches over him. She taught him his letters from the Lives of the Saints, — a volume full of wondrous legends, and illustrated with engravings from pictures by the old masters, which opened to him at once the world of spirits and the world of art; and both were beautiful. She explained to him the pictures; she read to him the legends, — the lives of holy men and women, full of faith and good works, — things which ever afterward remained associated together in his mind. Thus holiness of life, and self-renunciation, and devotion to duty, were early impressed upon his soul. To his quick imagination, the spiritual world became real; the holy company of the saints stood round about the solitary boy; his guardian angels led him by the hand by day, and sat by his pillow at night. At times, even, he wished to die, that he might see them and talk with them, and return no more to his weak and weary body.

Of all the legends of the mysterious book, that which most delighted and most deeply impressed him was the legend of St. Christopher. The picture was from a painting of Paolo Farinato, representing a figure of gigantic strength and stature, leaning upon a staff, and bearing the infant Christ on his bending shoulders across the rushing river. The legend related, that St. Christopher, being of huge proportions and immense strength, wandered long about the world before his conversion, seeking for the greatest king, and willing to obey no other. After serving various masters, whom he in turn deserted, because each recognized by some word or sign another greater than himself, he heard by chance of Christ, the king of heaven and earth, and asked of a holy hermit where he might be found, and how he might serve him. The hermit told him he must fast and pray; but the giant replied that if he fasted he should lose his strength, and that he did not know how to pray. Then the hermit told him to take up his abode on the banks of a dangerous mountain torrent, where travellers were often drowned in crossing, and to rescue any that might be in peril. The giant obeyed; and tearing up a palm-tree by the roots for a staff, he took his station by the river's side, and saved many lives. And the Lord looked down from heaven and said, "Behold this strong man, who knows not yet the way to worship, but has found the way to serve me!" And one night he heard the voice of a child, crying in the darkness and saying, "Christopher! come and bear me over the river!" And he went out, and found the child

sitting alone on the margin of the stream; and taking him upon his shoulders, he waded into the water. Then the wind began to roar, and the waves to rise higher and higher about him, and his little burden, which at first had seemed so light, grew heavier and heavier as he advanced, and bent his huge shoulders down, and put his life in peril; so that, when he reached the shore, he said, "Who art thou, O child, that hast weighed upon me with a weight, as if I had borne the whole world upon my shoulders?" And the little child answered, "Thou hast borne the whole world upon thy shoulders, and Him who created it. I am Christ, whom thou by thy deeds of charity wouldst serve. Thou and thy service are accepted. Plant thy staff in the ground, and it shall blossom and bear fruit!" With these words, the child vanished away.

There was something in this beautiful legend that entirely captivated the heart of the boy, and a vague sense of its hidden meaning seemed at times to seize him and control him. Later in life it became more and more evident to him, and remained forever in his mind as a lovely allegory of active charity and a willingness to serve. Like the giant's staff, it blossomed and bore fruit.

But the time at length came, when his father decreed that he must be sent away to school. It was not meet that his son should be educated as a girl. He must go to the Jesuit college in Canada. Accordingly, one bright summer morning, he departed with his father, on horseback, through those majestic forests that stretch with almost unbroken shadows from the sea to the St. Lawrence, leaving behind him all the endearments of home, and a wound in his mother's heart that never ceased to ache, — a longing, unsatisfied and insatiable, for her absent Arthur, who had gone from her perhaps forever.

At college he distinguished himself by his zeal for study, by the docility, gentleness, and generosity of his nature. There he was thoroughly trained in the classics, and in the dogmas of that august faith, whose turrets gleam with such crystalline light, and whose dungeons are so deep, and dark, and terrible. The study of philosophy and theology was congenial to his mind. Indeed, he often laid aside Homer for Parmenides, and turned from the odes of Pindar and Horace to the mystic hymns of Cleanthes and Synesius.

The uniformity of college life was broken only by the annual visit home in the summer vacation; the joyous meeting, the bitter parting; the long journey to and fro through the grand, solitary, mysterious forest. To his mother these visits were even more precious than to himself; for ever more and more they added to her boundless affection the feeling of pride and confidence and satisfaction, — the joy and beauty of a youth unspotted from the world, and glowing with the enthusiasm of virtue.

At length his college days were ended. He returned home full of youth, full of joy and hope; but it was only to receive the dying blessings of his mother, who expired in peace, having seen his face once more. Then the house became empty to him. Solitary was the sea-shore, solitary were the woodland walks. But the spiritual world seemed nearer and more real. For affairs he had no aptitude; and he betook himself again to his philosophic and theological studies. He pondered with fond enthusiasm on the rapturous pages of Molinos and Madame Guyon; and in a spirit akin to that which wrote, he read the writings of Santa Theresa, which he found among his mother's books, — the Meditations, the Road to Perfection, and the Moradas, or Castle of the Soul. She, too, had lingered over those pages with delight, and there were many passages marked by her own hand. Among them was this, which he often repeated to himself in his lonely walks: "Oh, Life, Life! how canst thou sustain thyself, being absent from thy Life? In so great a solitude, in what shalt thou employ thyself? What shalt thou do, since all thy deeds are faulty and imperfect?

In such meditations passed many weeks and months. But mingled with them, continually and ever with more distinctness, arose in his memory from the days of childhood the old tradition of Saint Christopher, — the beautiful allegory of humility and labor. He and his service had been accepted, though he would not fast, and had not learned to pray! It be-

came more and more clear to him, that the life of man consists not in seeing visions, and in dreaming dreams, but in active charity and willing service.

Moreover, the study of ecclesiastical history awoke within him many strange and dubious thoughts. The books taught him more than their writers meant to teach. It was impossible to read of Athanasius without reading also of Arius; it was impossible to hear of Calvin without hearing of Servetus. Reason began more energetically to vindicate itself; that Reason, which is a light in darkness, not that which is "a thorn in Revelation's side." The search after Truth and Freedom, both intellectual and spiritual, became a passion in his soul; and he pursued it until he had left far behind him many dusky dogmas, many antique superstitions, many time-honored observances, which the lips of her alone, who first taught them to him in his childhood, had invested with solemnity and sanctity.

By slow degrees, and not by violent spiritual conflicts, he became a Protestant. He had but passed from one chapel to another in the same vast cathedral. He was still beneath the same ample roof, still heard the same divine service chanted in a different dialect of the same universal language. Out of his old faith he brought with him all he had found in it that was holy and pure and of good report. Not its bigotry, and fanaticism, and intolerance; but its zeal, its self-devotion, its heavenly aspirations, its human sympathies, its endless deeds of charity. Not till after his father's death, however, did he become a clergyman. Then his vocation was manifest to him. He no longer hesitated, but entered upon its many duties and responsibilities, its many trials and discouragements, with the zeal of Peter and the gentleness of John.

XIX.

A WEEK later, and Kavanagh was installed in his little room in the church tower. A week later, and the carrier-pigeon was on the wing. A week later, and Martha Amelia's anonymous epistolary eulogies of her relative had ceased forever.

Swiftly and silently the summer advanced; and the following announcement in the Fairmeadow Advertiser proclaimed the hot weather and its alleviations: —

"I have the pleasure of announcing to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Fairmeadow and its vicinity, that my Bath House is now completed, and ready for the reception of those who are disposed to regale themselves in a luxury peculiar to the once polished Greek and noble Roman.

"To the Ladies I will say, that Tuesday of each week will be appropriated to their exclusive benefit; the white flag will be the signal; and I assure the Ladies, that due respect shall be scrupulously observed, and that they shall be guarded from each vagrant foot and each licentious eye.

"EDWARD DIMPLE."

Moreover, the village was enlivened by the usual travelling shows, — the wax-work figures representing Eliza Wharton and the Salem Tragedy, to which clergymen and their families were "respectfully invited, free on presenting their cards"; a stuffed shark, that had eaten the exhibitor's father in Lynn Bay; the menagerie, with its loud music and its roars of rage; the circus, with its tan and tinsel, — its faded Columbine and melancholy Clown; and, finally, the standard drama, in which Elder Evans, like an ancient Spanish Bululú, impersonated all the principal male characters, and was particularly imposing in Iago and the Moor, having half his face lamp-blacked, and turning now the luminous, now the eclipsed side to the audience, as the exigencies of the dialogue demanded.

There was also a great Temperance Jubilee, with a procession, in which was conspicuous a large horse, whose shaven tail was adorned with gay ribbons, and whose rider bore a banner with the device, "Shaved in the Cause!" Moreover, the Grand Junction Railroad was opened through the town, running in one direction to the city, and in the other into un-

known northern regions, stringing the white villages like pearls upon its black thread. By this, the town lost much of its rural quiet and seclusion. The inhabitants became restless and ambitious. They were in constant excitement and alarm, like children in story-books hidden away somewhere by an ogre, who visits them regularly every day and night, and occasionally devours one of them for a meal.

Nevertheless, most of the inhabitants considered the railroad a great advantage to the village. Several ladies were heard to say that Fairmeadow had grown quite metropolitan; and Mrs. Wilmerdings, who suffered under a chronic suspension of the mental faculties, had a vague notion, probably connected with the profession of her son, that it was soon to become a seaport.

In the fields and woods, meanwhile, there were other signs and signals of the summer. The darkening foliage; the embrowning grain; the golden dragon-fly haunting the blackberry-bushes; the cawing crows, that looked down from the mountain on the cornfield, and waited day after day for the scarecrow to finish his work and depart; and the smoke of far-off burning woods, that pervaded the air and hung in purple haze about the summits of the mountains, — these were the vaunt-couriers and attendants of the hot August.

Kavanagh had now completed the first great cycle of parochial visits. He had seen the Vaughans, the Archers, the Churchills, and also the Hawkinses and the Wilmerdingses, and many more. With Mr. Churchill he had become intimate. They had many points of contact and sympathy. They walked together on leisure afternoons; they sat together through long summer evenings; they discoursed with friendly zeal on various topics of literature, religion, and morals.

Moreover, he worked assiduously at his sermons. He preached the doctrines of Christ. He preached holiness, self-denial, love; and his hearers remarked that he almost invariably took his texts from the Evangelists, as much as possible from the words of Christ, and seldom from Paul, or the Old Testament. He did not so much denounce vice, as inculcate virtue; he did not deny, but affirm; he did not lacerate the heart of his hearers with doubt and disbelief, but consoled, and comforted, and healed them with faith.

The only danger was that he might advance too far, and leave his congregation behind him; as a piping shepherd, who, charmed with his own music, walks over the flowery mead, not perceiving that his tardy flock is lingering far behind, more intent on cropping the thymy food around them, than upon listening to the celestial harmonies that are gradually dying away in the distance.

His words were always kindly; he brought no railing accusation against any man; he dealt in no exaggerations nor over-statements. But while he was gentle, he was firm. He did not refrain from reprobating intemperance because one of his deacons owned a distillery; nor war, because another had a contract for supplying the army with muskets; nor slavery, because one of the great men of the village slammed his pew-door, and left the church with a grand air, as much as to say, that all that sort of thing would not do, and the clergy had better confine themselves to abusing the sins of the Hindoos, and let our domestic institutions alone.

In affairs ecclesiastical he had not suggested many changes. One that he had much at heart was, that the partition wall between parish and church should be quietly taken down, so that all should sit together at the Supper of the Lord. He also desired that the organist should relinquish the old and pernicious habit of preluding with triumphal marches, and running his fingers at random over the keys of his instrument, playing scraps of secular music very slowly to make them sacred, and substitute instead some of the beautiful symphonies of Pergolesi, Palestrina, and Sebastian Bach.

He held that sacred melodies were becoming to sacred themes; and did not wish, that, in his church, as in some of the French Canadian churches, the holy profession of religion should be sung to the air of "When one is dead 't is for a long time," — the commandments, aspirations for heaven, and the necessity of thinking of one's salvation, to "The Follies of Spain," "Louisa was sleeping in a grove," or a grand "March of the French Cavalry."

The study in the tower was delightful. There

sat the young apostle, and meditated the great design and purpose of his life, the removal of all prejudice, and uncharitableness, and persecution, and the union of all sects into one church universal. Sects themselves he would not destroy, but sectarianism; for sects were to him only as separate converging roads, leading all to the same celestial city of peace. As he sat alone, and thought of these things, he heard the great bell boom above him, and remembered the ages when in all Christendom there was but one Church; when bells were anointed, baptized, and prayed for, that, wheresoever those holy bells should sound, all deceits of Satan, all danger of whirlwinds, thunders, lightnings, and tempests might be driven away, — that devotion might increase in every Christian when he heard them, — and that the Lord would sanctify them with his Holy Spirit, and infuse into them the heavenly dew of the Holy Ghost. He thought of the great bell Guthlac, which an abbot of Croyland gave to his monastery, and of the six others given by his successor, — so musical, that, when they all rang together, as Ingulphus affirms, there was no ringing in England equal to it. As he listened, the bell seemed to breathe upon the air such clangorous sentences as,

"Laudo Deum verum, plebem voco, congrego clerum,
Defunctos ploro, nimbum fugo, festaque honoro."

Possibly, also, at times, it interrupted his studies and meditations with other words than these. Possibly it sang into his ears, as did the bells of Varennes into the ears of Panurge, — "Marry thee, marry thee, marry, marry; if thou shouldst marry, marry, marry, thou shalt find good therein, therein, therein, so marry, marry."

From this tower of contemplation he looked down with mingled emotions of joy and sorrow on the toiling world below. The wide prospect seemed to enlarge his sympathies and his charities; and he often thought of the words of Plato: "When we consider human life, we should view as from a high tower all things terrestrial; such as herds, armies, men employed in agriculture, in marriages, divorces, births, deaths; the tumults of courts of justice; desolate lands; various barbarous nations; feasts, wailings, markets; a medley of all things, in a system adorned by contrarieties."

On the outside of the door Kavanagh had written the vigorous line of Dante,

"Think that To-day will never dawn again!"

that it might always serve as a salutation and memento to him as he entered. On the inside, the no less striking lines of a more modern bard, —

"Lose this day loitering, 't will be the same story
To-morrow, and the next more dilatory;
For indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost, lamenting o'er lost days.
Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute!
What you can do or think you can, begin it!
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it!
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated:
Begin it, and the work will be completed."

Once, as he sat in this retreat near noon, enjoying the silence, and the fresh air that visited him through the oval windows, his attention was arrested by a cloud of dust rolling along the road, out of which soon emerged a white horse, and then a very singular, round-shouldered, old-fashioned chaise, containing an elderly couple, both in black. What particularly struck him was the gait of the horse, who had a very disdainful fling to his hind legs. The slow equipage passed, and would have been forever forgotten, had not Kavanagh seen it again at sunset, stationary at Mr. Churchill's door, towards which he was directing his steps.

As he entered he met Mr. Churchill, just taking leave of an elderly lady and gentleman in black, whom he recognized as the travellers in the old chaise. Mr. Churchill looked a little flushed and disturbed, and bade his guests farewell with a constrained air. On seeing Kavanagh, he saluted him, and called him by name; whereupon the lady pursed up her mouth, and, after a quick glance, turned away her face; and the gentleman passed with a lofty look, in which curiosity, reproof, and pious indignation were strangely mingled. They got into the chaise, with some such feelings as Noah and his wife may be supposed to have

had on entering the ark; the whip descended upon the old horse with unusual vigor, accompanied by a jerk of the reins that caused him to say within himself, "What is the matter now?" He then moved off at his usual pace, and with that peculiar motion of the hind legs which Kavanagh had perceived in the morning.

Kavanagh found his friend not a little disturbed, and evidently by the conversation of the departed guests.

"That old gentleman," said Mr. Churchill, "is your predecessor, Mr. Pendexter. He thinks we are in a bad way since he left us. He considers your liberality as nothing better than rank Arianism and infidelity. The fact is, the old gentleman is a little soured; the vinous fermentation in his veins is now over, and the acetous has commenced."

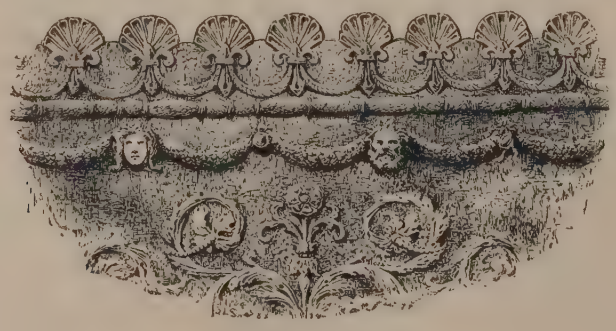
Kavanagh smiled, but made no answer.

"I, of course, defended you stoutly," continued Mr. Churchill; "but if he goes about the village sowing such seed, there will be tares growing with the wheat."

"I have no fears," said Kavanagh, very quietly.

Mr. Churchill's apprehensions were not, however, groundless; for in the course of the week it came out that doubts, surmises, and suspicions of Kavanagh's orthodoxy were springing up in many weak but worthy minds. And it was ever after observed, that, whenever that fatal, apocalyptic white horse and antediluvian chaise appeared in town, many parishioners were harassed with doubts and perplexed with theological difficulties and uncertainties.

Nevertheless, the main current of opinion was with him; and the parish showed their grateful acknowledgment of his zeal and sympathy, by requesting him to sit for his portrait to a great artist from the city, who was passing the summer months in the village for recreation, using his pencil only on rarest occasions and as a particular favor. To this martyrdom the meek Kavanagh submitted without a murmur. During the progress of this work of art he was seldom left alone; some one of his parishioners was there to enliven him; and most frequently it was Miss Martha Amelia Hawkins, who had become very devout of late, being zealous in the Sunday School, and requesting her relative not to walk between churches any more. She took a very lively interest in the portrait, and favored with many suggestions the distinguished artist, who found it difficult to obtain an expression which would satisfy the parish, some wishing to have it grave, if not severe, and others with "Mr. Kavanagh's peculiar smile." Kavanagh himself was quite indifferent about the matter and met his fate with Christian fortitude, in a white cravat and sacerdotal robes, with one hand hanging down from the back of his chair, and the other holding a large book with the forefinger between its leaves, reminding Mr. Churchill of Milo with his fingers in the oak. The expression of the face was exceedingly bland and resigned; perhaps a little wanting in strength, but on the whole satisfactory to the parish. So was the artist's price; nay, it was even held by some persons to be cheap, considering the quantity of background he had put in.



XX.

MEANWHILE, things had gone on very quietly and monotonously in Mr. Churchill's family. Only one event, and that a mysterious one, had disturbed its serenity. It was the sudden disappearance of Lucy, the pretty orphan girl; and, as the booted centipede, who had so much excited Mr. Churchill's curiosity, disappeared at the same time, there was little doubt that they had gone away together. But whither gone, and wherefore, remained a mystery.

Mr. Churchill, also, had had his profile, and those of his wife and children, taken, in a very humble style, by Mr. Bantam, whose advertisement he had noticed on his way to school nearly a year before. His own was considered the best, as a work of art. The face was cut out entirely; the collar of the coat velvet; the shirt-collar very high and white; and the top of his head ornamented with a crest of hair turning up in front, though his own turned down, — which slight deviation from nature was explained and justified by the painter as a license allowable in art.

One evening, as he was sitting down to begin, for at least the hundredth time, the great Romance, — subject of so many resolves and so much remorse, so often determined upon but never begun, — a loud knock at the street-door, which stood wide open, announced a visitor. Unluckily, the study-door was likewise open; and consequently, being in full view, he found it impossible to refuse himself; nor, in fact, would he have done so, had all the doors been shut and bolted, — the art of refusing one's self being at that time but imperfectly understood in Fairmeadow. Accordingly, the visitor was shown in.

He announced himself as Mr. Hathaway. Passing through the village he could not deny himself the pleasure of calling on Mr. Churchill, whom he knew by his writings in the periodicals, though not personally. He wished, moreover, to secure the coöperation of one, already so favorably known to the literary world, in a new Magazine he was about to establish, in order to raise the character of American literature, which, in his opinion, the existing reviews and magazines had entirely failed to accomplish. A daily increasing want of something better was felt by the public; and the time had come for the establishment of such a periodical as he proposed. After explaining, in rather a florid and exuberant manner, his plan and prospects, he entered more at large into the subject of American literature, which it was his design to foster and patronize.

"I think, Mr. Churchill," said he, "that we want a national literature commensurate with our mountains and rivers, — commensurate with Niagara, and the Alleghanies, and the Great Lakes!"

"Oh!"

"We want a national epic that shall correspond to the size of the country; that shall be to all other epics what Banvard's Panorama of the Mississippi is to all other paintings, — the largest in the world!"

"Ah!"

"We want a national drama in which scope enough shall be given to our gigantic ideas, and to the unparalleled activity and progress of our people!"

"Of course."

"In a word, we want a national literature altogether shaggy and unshorn, that shall shake the earth, like a herd of buffaloes thundering over the prairies!"

"Precisely," interrupted Mr. Churchill; "but excuse me! — are you not confounding things that have no analogy? Great has a very different meaning when applied to a river, and when applied to a literature. Large and shallow may perhaps be applied to both. Literature is rather an image of the spiritual world, than of the physical, is it not? — of the internal, rather than the external. Mountains, lakes, and rivers are, after all, only its scenery and decorations, not its substance and essence. A man will not necessarily be a great poet because he lives near a great mountain. Nor, being a poet, will he necessarily write better

poems than another, because he lives nearer Niagara."

"But, Mr. Churchill, you do not certainly mean to deny the influence of scenery on the mind?"

"No, only to deny that it can create genius. At best it can only develop it. Switzerland has produced no extraordinary poet; nor, as far as I know, have the Andes, or the Himalaya mountains, or the Mountains of the Moon in Africa."

"But, at all events," urged Mr. Hathaway, "let us have our literature national. If it is not national, it is nothing."

"On the contrary, it may be a great deal. Nationality is a good thing to a certain extent, but universality is better. All that is best in the great poets of all countries is not what is national in them, but what is universal. Their roots are in their native soil; but their branches wave in the unpatriotic air, that speaks the same language unto all men, and their leaves shine with the illimitable light that pervades all lands. Let us throw all the windows open; let us admit the light and air on all sides, that we may look towards the four corners of the heavens, and not always in the same direction."

"But you admit nationality to be a good thing?"

"Yes, if not carried too far; still, I confess, it rather limits one's views of truth. I prefer what is natural. Mere nationality is often ridiculous. Every one smiles when he hears the Icelandic proverb, 'Iceland is the best land the sun shines upon.' Let us be natural, and we shall be national enough. Besides, our literature can be strictly national only so far as our character and modes of thought differ from those of other nations. Now, as we are very like the English, — are in fact English under a different sky, — I do not see how our literature can be very different from theirs. Westward from hand to hand we pass the lighted torch, but it was lighted at the old domestic fireside of England."

"Then you think our literature is never to be anything but an imitation of the English?"

"Not at all. It is not an imitation, but, as some one has said, a continuation."

"It seems to me that you take a very narrow view of the subject."

"On the contrary, a very broad one. No literature is complete until the language in which it is written is dead. We may well be proud of our task and of our position. Let us see if we can build in any way worthy of our forefathers."

"But I insist upon originality."

"Yes; but without spasms and convulsions. Authors must not, like Chinese soldiers, expect to win victories by turning somersets in the air."

"Well, really, the prospect from your point of view is not very brilliant. Pray, what do you think of our national literature?"

"Simply, that a national literature is not the growth of a day. Centuries must contribute their dew and sunshine to it. Our own is growing slowly but surely, striking its roots downward, and its branches upward, as is natural; and I do not wish, for the sake of what some people call originality, to invert it, and try to make it grow with its roots in the air. And as for having it so savage and wild as you want it, I have only to say, that all literature, as well as all art, is the result of culture and intellectual refinement."

"Ah! we do not want art and refinement; we want genius, — untutored, wild, original, free."

"But, if this genius is to find any expression, it must employ art; for art is the external expression of our thoughts. Many have genius, but, wanting art, are forever dumb. The two must go together to form the great poet, painter, or sculptor."

"In that sense, very well."

"I was about to say, also, that I thought our literature would finally not be wanting in a kind of universality. As the blood of all nations is mingling with our own, so will their thoughts and feelings finally mingle in our literature. We shall draw from the Germans, tenderness; from the Spaniards, passion; from the French, vivacity, — to mingle more and more with our English solid sense. And this will give us universality, so much to be desired."

"If that is your way of thinking," interrupted

the visitor, "you will like the work I am now engaged upon."

"What is it?"

"A great national drama, the scene of which is laid in New Mexico. It is entitled Don Serafin, or the Marquis of the Seven Churches. The principal characters are Don Serafin, an old Spanish hidalgo; his daughter Deseada; and Fra Serapion, the Curate. The play opens with Fra Serapion at breakfast; on the table a game-cock, tied by the leg, sharing his master's meal. Then follows a scene at the cock-pit, where the Marquis stakes the remnant of his fortune — his herds and hacienda — on a favorite cock, and loses."

"But what do you know about cock-fighting?" demanded, rather than asked, the astonished and half-laughing schoolmaster.

"I am not very well informed on that subject, and I was going to ask you if you could not recommend some work."

"The only work I am aquainted with," replied Mr. Churchill, "is the Reverend Mr. Pegge's Essay on Cock-fighting among the Ancients; and I hardly see how you could apply that to the Mexicans."

"Why, they are a kind of ancients, you know. I certainly will hunt up the essay you mention, and see what I can do with it."

"And all I know about the matter itself," continued Mr. Churchill, "is, that Mark Antony was a patron of the pit, and that his cocks were always beaten by Cæsar's; and that, when Themistocles the Athenian general was marching against the Persians, he halted his army to see a cock-fight, and made a speech to his soldiery, to the effect, that those animals fought, not for the gods of their country, nor for the monuments of their ancestors, nor for glory, nor for freedom, nor for their children, but only for the sake of victory. On his return to Athens, he established cock-fights in that capital. But how this is to help you in Mexico I do not see, unless you introduce Santa Anna, and compare him to Cæsar and Themistocles."

"That is it; I will do so. It will give historic interest to the play. I thank you for the suggestion."

"The subject is certainly very original; but it does not strike me as particularly national."

"Prospective, you see!" said Mr. Hathaway, with a penetrating look.

"Ah, yes; I perceive you fish with a heavy sinker, — down, far down in the future, — among posterity, as it were."

"You have seized the idea. Besides, I obviate your objection, by introducing an American circus company from the United States, which enables me to bring horses on the stage and produce great scenic effect."

"That is a bold design. The critics will be out upon you without fail."

"Never fear that. I know the critics root and branch, — out and out, — have summered them, and wintered them, — in fact, am one of them myself. Very good fellows are the critics, are they not?"

"Oh, yes; only they have such a pleasant way of talking down upon authors."

"If they did not talk down upon them, they would show no superiority; and of course that would never do."

"Nor is it to be wondered at, that authors are sometimes a little irritable. I often recall the poet in the Spanish fable, whose manuscripts were devoured by mice, till at length he put some corrosive sublimate into his ink, and was never troubled again."

"Why don't you try it yourself?" said Mr, Hathaway, rather sharply.

"Oh," answered Mr. Churchill, with a smile of humility, "I and my writings are too insignificant. They may gnaw and welcome. I do not like to have poison about, even for such purposes."

"By the way, Mr. Churchill," said the visitor adroitly changing the subject, "do you know Honeywell?"

"No, I do not. Who is he?"

"Honeywell the poet, I mean."

"No, I never even heard of him. There are so many poets now-a-days!"

"That is very strange indeed! Why, I consider Honeywell one of the finest writers in the country, — quite in the front rank of American authors. He is a real poet, and no mistake. Nature made him with her shirt-sleeves rolled up."

"What has he published?"

"He has not published anything yet, except in the newspapers. But, this autumn, he is going to bring out a volume of poems. I could not help having my joke with him about it. I told him he had better print it on cartridge-paper."

"Why so?"

"Why, to make it go off better; don't you understand?"

"Oh, yes; now that you explain it. Very good."

"Honeywell is going to write for the Magazine; he is to furnish a poem for every number; and as he succeeds equally well in the plaintive and didactic style of Wordsworth, and the more vehement and impassioned style of Byron, I think we shall do very well."

"And what do you mean to call the new Magazine?" inquired Mr. Churchill.

"We think of calling it The Niagara."

"Why, that is the name of our fire-engine! Why not call it the Extinguisher?"

"That is also a good name; but I prefer The Niagara, as more national. And I hope, Mr. Churchill, you will let us count upon you. We should like to have an article from your pen for every number."

"Do you mean to pay your contributors?"

"Not the first year, I am sorry to say. But after that, if the work succeeds, we shall pay handsomely. And of course it will succeed, for we mean it shall; and we never say fail. There is no such word in our dictionary. Before the year is out, we mean to print fifty thousand copies; and fifty thousand copies will give us, at least, one hundred and fifty thousand readers; and with such an audience any author might be satisfied."

He had touched at length the right strings in Mr. Churchill's bosom; and they vibrated to the touch with pleasant harmonies. Literary vanity! — literary ambition! The editor perceived it; and so cunningly did he play upon these chords, that, before he departed, Mr. Churchill had promised to write for him a series of papers on Obscure Martyrs, — a kind of tragic history of the unrecorded and life-long sufferings of women, which hitherto had found no historian, save now and then a novelist.

Notwithstanding the certainty of success, — notwithstanding the fifty thousand subscribers and the one hundred and fifty thousand readers, — the Magazine never went into operation. Still the dream was enough to occupy Mr. Churchill's thoughts, and to withdraw them entirely from his Romance for many weeks together.

ARTIST: J. P. WOODWARD.

ROARING BROOK.

XXI.

EVERY State, and almost every county, of New England, has its Roaring Brook, — a mountain streamlet, overhung by woods, impeded by a mill, incumbered by fallen trees, but ever racing, rushing, roaring down through gurgling gullies, and filling the forest with its delicious sound and freshness; the drinking-place of home-returning herds; the mysterious haunt of squirrels and blue-jays; the sylvan retreat of school-girls, who frequent it on summer holidays, and mingle their restless thoughts, their overflowing fancies, their fair imaginings, with its restless, exuberant, and rejoicing stream.

Fairmeadow had no Roaring Brook. As its name indicates, it was too level a land for that. But the neighboring town of Westwood, lying more inland, and among the hills, had one of the fairest and fullest of all the brooks that roar. It was the boast of the neighborhood. Not to have seen it was to have seen no brook, no waterfall, no mountain ravine. And, consequently, to behold it and admire, was Kavanagh taken by Mr. Churchill as soon as the summer vacation gave leisure and opportunity. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, and Alfred, in a one-horse chaise; and Cecilia, Alice, and Kavanagh, in a carryall, — the fourth seat in which was occupied by a large basket, containing what the Squire of the Grove, in Don Quixote, called his "fiambreras," — that magniloquent Castilian word for cold collation. Over warm uplands, smelling of clover and mint; through cool glades, still wet with the rain of yesterday; along the river; across the rattling and tilting planks of wooden bridges; by orchards; by the gates of fields, with the tall mullein growing at the bars; by stone walls overrun with privet and barberries; in sun and heat, in shadow and coolness, — forward drove the happy party on that pleasant summer morning.

At length they reached the Roaring Brook. From a gorge in the mountains, through a long, winding gallery of birch, and beech, and pine, leaped the bright, brown waters of the jubilant streamlet; out of the woods, across the plain, under the rude bridge of logs, into the woods again, — a day between two nights. With it went a song that made the heart sing likewise; a song of joy, and exultation, and freedom; a continuous and unbroken song of life, and pleasure, and perpetual youth. Like the old Icelandic Scald, the streamlet seemed to say: "I am possessed of songs such as neither the spouse of a king, or any son of man, can repeat; one of them is called the Helper; it will help thee at thy need, in sickness, grief, and all adversity."

The little party left their carriages at a farmhouse by the bridge, and followed the rough road on foot along the brook; now close upon it, now shut out by intervening trees. Mr. Churchill, bearing the basket on his arm, walked in front with his wife and Alfred. Kavanagh came behind with Cecilia and Alice. The music of the brook silenced all conversation; only occasional exclamations of delight were uttered, — the irrepressible applause of fresh and sensitive natures, in a scene so lovely. Presently, turning off from the road, which led directly to the mill, and was rough with the tracks of heavy wheels, they went down to the margin of the brook.

"How indescribably beautiful this brown water is!" exclaimed Kavanagh. "It is like wine, or the nectar of the gods of Olympus; as if the falling Hebe had poured it from her goblet."

"More like the mead or metheglin of the northern gods," said Mr. Churchill, "spilled from the drinking-horns of Valhalla."

But all the ladies thought Kavanagh's comparison the better of the two, and in fact the best that could be made; and Mr. Churchill was obliged to retract and apologize for his allusion to the celestial ale-house of Odin.

Erelong they were forced to cross the brook, stepping from stone to stone, over the little rapids and cascades. All crossed lightly, easily, safely; even "the sumpter mule," as Mr. Churchill called himself on account of the pannier. Only Cecilia lingered behind, as if afraid

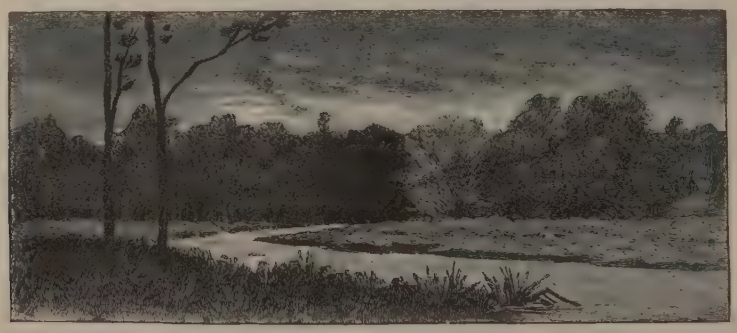
to cross. Cecilia, who had crossed at that same place a hundred times before, — Cecilia, who had the surest foot, and the firmest nerves, of all the village maidens, — she now stood irresolute, seized with a sudden tremor; blushing, and laughing at her own timidity, and yet unable to advance. Kavanagh saw her embarrassment and hastened back to help her. Her hand trembled in his; she thanked him with a gentle look and word. His whole soul was softened within him. His attitude, his countenance, his voice, were alike submissive and subdued. He was as one penetrated with tenderest emotions.

It is difficult to know at what moment love begins; it is less difficult to know that it has begun. A thousand heralds proclaim it to the listening air; a thousand ministers and messengers betray it to the eye. Tone, act, attitude, and look, — the signals upon the countenance, — the electric telegraph of touch; all these betray the yielding citadel before the word itself is uttered, which, like the key surrendered, opens every avenue and gate of entrance, and makes retreat impossible!

The day passed delightfully with all. They sat upon the stones and the roots of trees. Cecilia read, from a volume she had brought with her, poems that rhymed with the running water. The others listened and commented. Little Alfred waded in the stream, with his bare white feet, and launched boats over the falls. Noon had been fixed upon for dining; but they anticipated it by at least an hour. The great basket was opened; endless sandwiches were drawn forth, and a cold pastry, as large as that of the Squire of the Grove. During the repast, Mr. Churchill slipped into the brook, while in the act of handing a sandwich to his wife, which caused unbounded mirth; and Kavanagh sat down on a mossy trunk, that gave way beneath him, and crumbled into powder. This, also, was received with great merriment.

After dinner, they ascended the brook still farther, — indeed, quite to the mill, which was not going. It had been stopped in the midst of its work. The saw still held its hungry teeth fixed in the heart of a pine. Mr. Churchill took occasion to make known to the company his long cherished purpose of writing a poem called "The Song of the Saw-Mill," and enlarged on the beautiful associations of flood and forest connected with the theme. He delighted himself and his audience with the fine fancies he meant to weave into his poem, and wondered nobody had thought of the subject before. Kavanagh said it had been thought of before; and cited Kerner's little poem, so charmingly translated by Bryant. Mr. Churchill had not seen it. Kavanagh looked into his pocket-book for it, but it was not to be found; still he was sure that there was such a poem. Mr. Churchill abandoned his design. He had spoken, — and the treasure, just as he had touched it with his hand, was gone forever.

The party returned home as it came, all tired and happy, excepting little Alfred, who was tired and cross, and sat sleepy and sagging on his father's knee, with his hat cocked rather fiercely over his eyes.



XXII.

THE brown autumn came. Out of doors, it brought to the fields the prodigality of the golden harvest, — to the forest, revelations of light, — and to the sky, the sharp air, the morning mist, the red clouds at evening. Within doors, the sense of seclusion, the stillness of closed and curtained windows, musings by the fireside, books, friends, conversation, and the long meditative evenings. To the farmer, it brought surcease of toil, — to the scholar, that sweet delirium of the brain which changes toil to pleasure. It brought the wild duck back to the reedy marshes of the south; it brought the wild song back to the fervid brain of the poet. Without, the village street was paved with gold; the river ran red with the reflection of the leaves. Within, the faces of friends brightened the gloomy walls; the returning footsteps of the long absent gladdened the threshold; and all the sweet amenities of social life again resumed their interrupted reign.

Kavanagh preached a sermon on the coming of autumn. He chose his text from Isaiah, — "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength? Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine-vat?"

To Mr. Churchill, this beloved season — this Joseph with his coat of many colors, as he was fond of calling it — brought an unexpected guest, the forlorn, forsaken Lucy. The surmises of the family were too true. She had wandered away with the Briareus of boots. She returned alone in destitution and despair; and often, in the grief of a broken heart, and a bewildered brain, was heard to say, —

"Oh, how I wish I were a Christian! If I were only a Christian, I would not live any longer; I would kill myself! I am too wretched!"

A few days afterwards, a gloomy-looking man rode through the town on horseback, stopping at every corner, and crying into every street, with a loud and solemn voice, —

"Prepare! prepare! prepare to meet the living God!"

It was one of that fanatical sect, who believed the end of the world was imminent, and had prepared their ascension robes to be lifted up in clouds of glory, while the worn-out, weary world was to burn with fire beneath them, and a newer and fairer earth to be prepared for their inheritance. The appearance of this forerunner of the end of the world was followed by numerous camp-meetings, held in the woods near the village, to whose white tents and leafy chapels many went for consolation and found despair.

XXIII.

Again the two crumbly old women sat and talked together in the little parlor of the gloomy house under the poplars, and the two girls sat above, holding each other by the hand, thoughtful, and speaking only at intervals.

Alice was unusually sad and silent. The mists were already gathering over her vision, — those mists that were to deepen and darken as the season advanced, until the external world should be shrouded and finally shut from her view. Already the landscape began to wear a pale and sickly hue, as if the sun were withdrawing farther and farther, and were soon wholly to disappear, as in a northern winter. But to brighten this northern winter, there now arose within her a soft, auroral light. Yes, the auroral light of love, blushing through the whole heaven of her thoughts. She had not breathed that word to herself, nor did she recognize any thrill of passion in the new emotion she experienced. But love it was; and it lifted her soul into a region, which she at once felt was native to it, — into a subtler ether, which seemed its natural element.

This feeling, however, was not all exhilaration. It brought with it its own peculiar languor and sadness, its fluctuations and swift vicissitudes of excitement and depression. To this the trivial circumstances of life contributed. Kavanagh had met her in the street, and had passed her without recognition; and in the bitterness of the moment she forgot that she wore a thick veil, which entirely concealed her face. At an evening party at Mr. Churchill's, by a kind of fatality, Kavanagh had stood very near her for a long time, but with his back turned, conversing with Miss Hawkins, from whose toils, he was, in fact, though vainly, struggling to extricate himself; and, in the irritation of supposed neglect, Alice had said to herself:

"This is the kind of woman which most fascinates men!"

But these cruel moments of pain were few and short, while those of delight were many and lasting. In a life so lonely, and with so little to enliven and embellish it as hers, the guest in disguise was welcomed with ardor, and entertained without fear or suspicion. Had he been feared or suspected, he would have been no longer dangerous. He came as friendship, where friendship was most needed; he came as devotion, where her holy ministrations were always welcome.

Somewhat differently had the same passion come to the heart of Cecilia; for as the heart is, so is love to the heart. It partakes of its strength or weakness, its health or disease. In Cecilia it but heightened the keen sensation of life. To all eyes, she became more beautiful, more radiant, more lovely, though they knew not why. When she and Kavanagh first met, it was hardly as strangers meet, but rather as friends long separated. When they first spoke to each other, it seemed but as the renewal of some previous interrupted conversation. Their souls flowed together at once, without turbulence or agitation, like waters on the same level. As they found each other without seeking, so their intercourse was without affectation and without embarrassment.

Thus, while Alice, unconsciously to herself, desired the love of Kavanagh, Cecilia as unconsciously assumed it as already her own. Alice keenly felt her own unworthiness; Cecilia made no comparison of merit. When Kavanagh was present, Alice was happy, but embarrassed; Cecilia, joyous and natural. The former feared she might displease; the latter divined from the first that she already pleased. In both this was the intuition of the heart.

So sat the friends together, as they had done so many times before. But now, for the first time, each cherished a secret, which she did not confide to the other. Daily, for many weeks, the feathered courier had come and gone from window to window, but this secret had never been intrusted to his keeping. Almost daily the friends had met and talked together, but this secret had not been told. That could not be confided to another, which had not been confided to themselves; that could not be fashioned into words, which was

not yet fashioned into thoughts, but was still floating, vague and formless, through the mind. Nay, had it been stated in words, each, perhaps, would have denied it. The distinct apparition of this fair spirit, in a visible form, would have startled them; though while it haunted all the chambers of their souls as an invisible presence, it gave them only solace and delight.

"How very feverish your hand is, dearest!" said Cecilia. "What is the matter? Are you unwell?"

"Those are the very words my mother said to me this morning," replied Alice. "I feel rather languid and tired, that is all. I could not sleep last night; I never can, when it rains."

"Did it rain last night? I did not hear it."

"Yes; about midnight, quite hard. I listened to it for hours. I love to lie awake, and hear the drops fall on the roof, and on the leaves. It throws me into a delicious, dreamy state, which I like much better than sleep."

Cecilia looked tenderly at her pale face. Her eyes were very bright, and on each cheek was a crimson signal, the sight of which would have given her mother so much anguish, that, perhaps, it was better for her to be blind than to see.

"When you enter the land of dreams, Alicė, you come into my peculiar realm. I am the queen of that country, you know. But, of late, I have thought of resigning my throne. These endless reveries are really a great waste of time and strength."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes; and Mr. Kavanagh thinks so, too. We talked about it the other evening; and afterwards, upon reflection, I thought he was right."

And the friends resolved, half in jest and half in earnest, that, from that day forth, the gate of their day-dreams should be closed. And closed it was, erelong; — for one, by the Angel of Life; for the other, by the Angel of Death!

XXIV.

THE project of the new Magazine being heard of no more, and Mr. Churchill being consequently deprived of his one hundred and fifty thousand readers, he laid aside the few notes he had made for his papers on the Obscure Martyrs, and turned his thoughts again to the great Romance. A whole leisure Saturday afternoon was before him, — pure gold, without alloy. Ere beginning his task, he stepped forth into his garden to inhale the sunny air, and let his thoughts recede a little, in order to leap farther. When he returned, glowing and radiant with poetic fancies, he found, to his unspeakable dismay, an unknown damsel sitting in his arm-chair. She was rather gayly yet elegantly dressed, and wore a veil, which she raised as Mr. Churchill entered, fixing upon him the full, liquid orbs of her large eyes.

"Mr. Churchill, I suppose?" said she, rising, and stepping forward.

"The same," replied the schoolmaster, with dignified courtesy.

"And will you permit me," she continued, not without a certain serene self-possession, "to introduce myself, for want of a better person to do it for me? My name is Cartwright, — Clarissa Cartwright."

This announcement did not produce that powerful and instantaneous effect on Mr. Churchill which the speaker seemed to anticipate, or at least to hope. His eye did not brighten with any quick recognition, nor did he suddenly exclaim, —

"What! Are you Miss Cartwright, the poetess, whose delightful effusions I have seen in all the magazines?"

On the contrary, he looked rather blank and expectant, and only said, —

"I am very glad to see you; pray sit down."

So that the young lady herself was obliged to communicate the literary intelligence above alluded to, which she did very gracefully, and then added, —

"I have come to ask a great favor of you, Mr. Churchill, which I hope you will not deny me. By the advice of some friends, I have collected

my poems together," — and here she drew forth from a paper a large, thin manuscript, bound in crimson velvet, — "and think of publishing them in a volume. Now, would you do me the favor to look them over, and give me your candid opinion, whether they are worth publishing? I should value your advice so highly!"

This simultaneous appeal to his vanity and his gallantry from a fair young girl, standing on the verge of that broad, dangerous ocean, in which so many have perished, and looking wistfully over its flashing waters to the shores of the green Isle of Palms, — such an appeal, from such a person, it was impossible for Mr. Churchill to resist. He made, however, a faint show of resistance, — a feeble grasping after some excuse for refusal, — and then yielded. He received from Clarissa's delicate, trembling hand the precious volume, and from her eyes a still more precious look of thanks, and then said, —

"What name do you propose to give the volume?"

"Symphonies of the Soul, and other Poems," said the young lady; "and, if you like them, and it would not be asking too much, I should be delighted to have you write a Preface to introduce the work to the public. The publisher says it would increase the sale very considerably."

"Ah, the publisher! yes, but that is not very complimentary to yourself," suggested Mr. Churchill. "I can already see your Poems rebelling against the intrusion of my Preface, and rising like so many nuns in a convent to expel the audacious foot that has dared to invade their sacred precints."

But it was all in vain, this pale effort at pleasantry. Objection was useless; and the soft-hearted schoolmaster a second time yielded gracefully to his fate, and promised the Preface. The young lady took her leave with a profusion of thanks and blushes; and the dainty manuscript, with its delicate chirography and crimson cover, remained in the hands of Mr. Churchill, who gazed at it less as a Paradise of Dainty Devices than as a deed or mortgage of so many precious hours of his own scanty inheritance of time.

Afterwards, when he complained a little of this to his wife, — who, during the interview, had peeped in at the door, and, seeing how he was occupied, had immediately withdrawn, — she said that nobody was to blame but himself; that he should learn to say "No!" and not do just as every romantic girl from the Academy wanted him to do; adding, as a final aggravation and climax of reproof, that she really believed he never would, and never meant to, begin his Romance!

XXV.

Not long afterwards, Kavanagh and Mr. Churchill took a stroll together across the fields, and down green lanes, walking all the bright, brief afternoon. From the summit of the hill, beside the old windmill, they saw the sun set; and, opposite, the full moon rise, dewy, large, and red. As they descended, they felt the heavy dampness of the air, like water, rising to meet them, — bathing with coolness first their feet, then their hands, then their faces, till they were submerged in that sea of dew. As they skirted the woodland on their homeward way, trampling the golden leaves underfoot, they heard voices at a distance, singing; and then saw the lights of the camp-meeting gleaming through trees, and, drawing nearer, distinguished a portion of the hymn: —

> "Don't you hear the Lord a-coming
> To the old churchyards,
> With a band of music,
> With a band of music,
> With a band of music,
> Sounding through the air?"

These words, at once awful and ludicrous, rose on the still twilight air from a hundred voices, thrilling with emotion, and from as many beating, fluttering, struggling hearts. High above them all was heard one voice, clear and musical as a clarion.

"I know that voice," said Mr. Churchill; "it is Elder Evans's."

"Ah!" exclaimed Kavanagh, — for only the impression of awe was upon him, — "he never acted in a deeper tragedy than this! How terrible it is! Let us pass on."

They hurried away, Kavanagh trembling in every fibre. Silently they walked, the music fading into softest vibrations behind them.

"How strange is this fanaticism!" at length said Mr. Churchill, rather as a relief to his own thoughts, than for the purpose of reviving the conversation. "These people really believe that the end of the world is close at hand."

"And to thousands," answered Kavanagh, "this is no fiction, — no illusion of an overheated imagination. To-day, to-morrow, every day, to thousands, the end of the world is close at hand. And why should we fear it? We walk here as it were in the crypts of life; at times, from the great cathedral above us, we can hear the organ and the chanting of the choir; we see the light stream through the open door, when some friend goes up before us; and shall we fear to mount the narrow staircase of the grave, that leads us out of this uncertain twilight into the serene mansions of the life eternal?"

They reached the wooden bridge over the river, which the moonlight converted into a river of light. Their footsteps sounded on the planks; they passed without perceiving a female figure that stood in the shadow below on the brink of the stream, watching wistfully the steady flow of the current. It was Lucy! Her bonnet and shawl were lying at her feet; and when they had passed, she waded far out into the shallow stream, laid herself gently down in its deeper waves, and floated slowly away into the moonlight, among the golden leaves that were faded and fallen like herself, — among the water-lilies, whose fragrant white blossoms had been broken off and polluted long ago. Without a struggle, without a sigh, without a sound, she floated downward, downward, and silently sank into the silent river. Far off, faint, and indistinct, was heard the startling hymn, with its wild and peculiar melody, —

> "Oh, there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning, —
> Oh, there will be mourning, at the judgment-seat of Christ!"

Kavanagh's heart was full of sadness. He left Mr. Churchill at his door, and proceeded homeward. On passing his church, he could not resist the temptation to go in. He climbed to his chamber in the tower, lighted by the moon. He sat for a long time gazing from the window, and watching a distant and feeble candle, whose rays scarcely reached him

across the brilliant moon-lighted air. Gentler thoughts stole over him; an invisible presence soothed him; an invisible hand was laid upon his head, and the trouble and unrest of his spirit were changed to peace.

"Answer me, thou mysterious future!" exclaimed he; "tell me, — shall these things be according to my desires?"

And the mysterious future, interpreted by those desires, replied, —

"Soon thou shalt know all. It shall be well with thee!"

XXVI.

On the following morning, Kavanagh sat as usual in his study in the tower. No traces were left of the heaviness and sadness of the preceding night. It was a bright, warm morning; and the window, open towards the south, let in the genial sunshine. The odor of decaying leaves scented the air; far off flashed the hazy river. Kavanagh's heart, however, was not at rest. At times he rose from his books, and paced up and down his little study; then took up his hat as if to go out; then laid it down again, and again resumed his books. At length he arose, and, leaning on the window-sill, gazed for a long time on the scene before him. Some thought was laboring in his bosom, some doubt or fear, which alternated with hope, but thwarted any fixed resolve.

Ah, how pleasantly that fair autumnal landscape smiled upon him! The great golden elms that marked the line of the village street, and under whose shadows no beggars sat; the air of comfort and plenty, of neatness, thrift, and equality, visible everywhere; and from far-off farms the sound of flails, beating the triumphal march of Ceres through the land; — these were the sights and sounds that greeted him as he looked. Silently the yellow leaves fell upon the graves in the churchyard; and the dew glistened in the grass, which was still long and green.

Presently his attention was arrested by a dove, pursued by a little king-bird, who constantly endeavored to soar above it, in order to attack it at greater advantage. The flight of the birds, thus shooting through the air at arrowy speed, was beautiful. When they were opposite the tower, the dove suddenly wheeled, and darted in at the open window, while the pursuer held on his way with a long sweep, and was out of sight in a moment.

At the first glance, Kavanagh recognized the dove, which lay panting on the floor. It was the same he had seen Cecilia buy of the little man in gray. He took it in his hands. Its heart was beating violently. About its neck was a silken band; beneath its wing a billet, upon which was a single word, "Cecilia." The bird, then, was on its way to Cecilia Vaughan. He hailed the omen as auspicious, and, immediately closing the window, seated himself at his table, and wrote a few hurried words, which, being carefully folded and sealed, he fastened to the band, and then hastily, as if afraid his purpose might be changed by delay, opened the window and set the bird at liberty. It sailed once or twice round the tower, apparently uncertain and bewildered, or still in fear of its pursuer. Then, instead of holding its way over the fields to Cecilia Vaughan, it darted over the roofs of the village, and alighted at the window of Alice Archer.

Having written that morning to Cecilia something urgent and confidential, she was already waiting the answer; and, not doubting that the bird had brought it, she hastily untied the silken band, and, without looking at the superscription, opened the first note that fell on the table. It was very brief; only a few lines, and not a name mentioned in it; an impulse, an ejaculation of love; every line quivering with electric fire, — every word a pulsation of the writer's heart. It was signed "Arthur Kavanagh."

Overwhelmed by the suddenness and violence of her emotions, Alice sat for a long time motionless, holding the open letter in her hand. Then she read it again, and then relapsed into her dream of joy and wonder. It would be difficult to say which of the two emotions was the greater, — her joy that her prayer for love

should be answered, and so answered, — her wonder that Kavanagh should have selected her! In the tumult of her sensations, and hardly conscious of what she was doing, she folded the note and replaced it in its envelope. Then, for the first time, her eye fell on the superscription. It was "Cecilia Vaughan." Alice fainted.

On recovering her senses, her first act was one of heroism. She sealed the note, attached it to the neck of the pigeon, and sent the messenger rejoicing on his journey. Then her feelings had way, and she wept long and bitterly. Then, with a desperate calmness, she reproved her own weakness and selfishness, and felt that she ought to rejoice in the happiness of her friend, and sacrifice her affection, even her life, to her. Her heart exculpated Kavanagh from all blame. He had not deluded her; she had deluded herself. She alone was in fault; and in deep humiliation, with wounded pride and wounded love, and utter self-abasement, she bowed her head and prayed for consolation and fortitude.

One consolation she already had. The secret was her own. She had not revealed it even to Cecilia. Kavanagh did not suspect it. Public curiosity, public pity, she would not have to undergo.

She was resigned. She made the heroic sacrifice of self, leaving her sorrow to the great physician, Time, — the nurse of care, the healer of all smarts, the soother and consoler of all sorrows. And, thenceforward, she became unto Kavanagh what the moon is to the sun, forever following, forever separated, forever sad!

As a traveller, about to start upon his journey, resolved and yet irresolute, watches the clouds, and notes the struggle between the sunshine and the showers, and says, "It will be fair; I will go," — and again says, "Ah, no, not yet; the rain is not yet over," — so at this same hour sat Cecilia Vaughan, resolved and yet irresolute, longing to depart upon the fair journey before her, and yet lingering on the paternal threshold, as if she wished both to stay and to go, seeing the sky was not without its clouds, nor the road without its dangers.

It was a beautiful picture, as she sat there with sweet perplexity in her face, and above it an immortal radiance streaming from her brow. She was like Guercino's Sibyl, with the scroll of fate and the uplifted pen; and the scroll she held contained but three words, — three words that controlled the destiny of a man, and, by their soft impulsion, directed forevermore the current of his thoughts. They were, —

"Come to me!"

The magic syllables brought Kavanagh to her side. The full soul is silent. Only the rising and falling tides rush murmuring through their channels. So sat the lovers, hand in hand; but for a long time neither spake, — neither had need of speech!

XXVII.

In the afternoon, Cecilia went to communicate the news to Alice with her own lips, thinking it too important to be intrusted to the wings of the carrier-pigeon. As she entered the door, the cheerful doctor was coming out; but this was no unusual apparition, and excited no alarm. Mrs. Archer, too, according to custom, was sitting in the little parlor with her decrepit old neighbor, who seemed almost to have taken up her abode under that roof, so many hours of every day did she pass there. With a light, elastic step, Cecilia bounded up to Alice's room. She found her reclining in her large chair, flushed and excited. Sitting down by her side, and taking both her hands, she said, with great emotion in the tones of her voice, —

"Dearest Alice, I have brought you some news that I am sure will make you well. For my sake, you will be no longer ill when you hear it. I am engaged to Mr. Kavanagh!"

Alice feigned no surprise at this announcement. She returned the warm pressure of Cecilia's hand, and, looking affectionately in her face, said very calmly, —

"I knew it would be so. I knew that he loved you, and that you would love him."

"How could I help it?" said Cecilia, her eyes beaming with dewy light; "could any one help loving him?"

"No," answered Alice, throwing her arms around Cecilia's neck, and laying her head upon her shoulder; "at least no one whom he loved. But when did this happen? Tell me all about it, dearest!"

Cecilia was surprised, and perhaps a little hurt, at the quiet, almost impassive manner in which her friend received this great intelligence. She had expected exclamations of wonder and delight, and such a glow of excitement as that with which she was sure she should have hailed the announcement of Alice's engagement. But this momentary annoyance was soon swept away by the tide of her own joyous sensations as she proceeded to recall to the recollection of her friend the thousand little circumstances that had marked the progress of her love and Kavanagh's; things which she must have noticed, which she could not have forgotten; with questions interspersed at intervals, such as, "Do you recollect when?" and "I am sure you have not forgotten, have you?" and dreamy little pauses of silence, and intercalated sighs, she related to her, also, the perilous adventure of the carrier-pigeon; how it had taken refuge in Kavanagh's tower, and had been the bearer of his letter, as well as her own. When she had finished, she felt her bosom wet with the tears of Alice, who was suffering martyrdom on that soft breast, so full of happiness. Tears of bitterness, — tears of blood! And Cecilia, in the exultant temper of her soul at the moment, thought them tears of joy, and pressed Alice closer to her heart, and kissed and caressed her.

"Ah, how very happy you are, Cecilia!" at length sighed the poor sufferer, in that slightly querulous tone to which Cecilia was not unaccustomed; "how very happy you are, and how very wretched am I! You have all the joy of life, I all its loneliness. How little you will think of me now! How little you will need me! I shall be nothing to you, — you will forget me."

"Never, dearest!" exclaimed Cecilia, with much warmth and sincerity. "I shall love you only the more. We shall both love you. You will now have two friends instead of one."

"Yes; but both will not be equal to the one I lose. No, Cecilia; let us not make to ourselves any illusions. I do not. You cannot now be with me so much and so often as you have been. Even if you were, your thoughts would be elsewhere. Ah, I have lost my friend, when most I needed her!"

Cecilia protested ardently and earnestly, and dilated with eagerness on her little plan of life, in which their romantic friendship was to gain only new strength and beauty from the more romantic love. She was interrupted by a knock at the street door; on hearing which, she paused a moment, and then said, —

"It is Arthur. He was to call for me."

ARTIST: J. F. MURPHY.

AUTUMN.

Ah, what glimpses of home, and fireside, and a whole life of happiness for Cecilia, were revealed by that one word of love and intimacy, "Arthur!" and for Alice, what a sentence of doom! what sorrow without a name! what an endless struggle of love and friendship, of duty and inclination! A little quiver of the eyelids and the hands, a hasty motion to raise her head from Cecilia's shoulder, — these were the only outward signs of emotion. But a terrible pang went to her heart; her blood rushed eddying to her brain; and when Cecilia had taken leave of her with the triumphant look of love beaming upon her brow, and an elevation in her whole attitude and bearing, as if borne up by attendant angels, she sank back into her chair, exhausted, fainting, fearing, longing, hoping to die.

And below sat the two old women, talking of moths, and cheap furniture, and what was the best remedy for rheumatism; and from the door went forth two happy hearts, beating side by side with the pulse of youth and hope and joy, and within them and around them was a new heaven and a new earth!

Only those who have lived in a small town can really know how great an event therein is a new engagement. From tongue to tongue passes the swift countersign; from eye to eye flashes the illumination of joy, or the bale-fire of alarm; the streets and houses ring with it, as with the penetrating, all-pervading sound of the village bell; the whole community feels a thrill of sympathy, and seems to congratulate itself that all the great events are by no means confined to the great towns. As Cecilia and Kavanagh passed arm in arm through the village, many curious eyes watched them from the windows, many hearts grown cold or careless rekindled their household fires of love from the golden altar of God, borne through the streets by those pure and holy hands!

The intelligence of the engagement, however, was received very differently by different persons. Mrs. Wilmerdings wondered, for her part, why anybody wanted to get married at all. The little taxidermist said he knew it would be so from the very first day they had met at his aviary. Miss Hawkins lost suddenly much of her piety and all her patience, and laughed rather hysterically. Mr. Hawkins said it was impossible, but went in secret to consult a friend, an old bachelor, on the best remedy for love; and the old bachelor, as one well versed in such affairs, gravely advised him to think of the lady as a beautiful statue!

Once more the indefatigable school-girl took up her pen, and wrote to her foreign correspondent a letter that might rival the famous epistle of Madame de Sévigné to her daughter, announcing the engagement of Mademoiselle Montpensier. Through the whole of the first page, she told her to guess who the lady was; through the whole of the second, who the gentleman was; the third was devoted to what was said about it in the village; and on the fourth there were two postscripts, one at the top and the other at the bottom, the first stating that they were to be married in the spring, and to go to Italy immediately afterwards, and the last, that Alice Archer was dangerously ill with a fever.

As for the Churchills, they could find no words powerful enough to express their delight, but gave vent to it in a banquet on Thanksgiving-day, in which the wife had all the trouble and the husband all the pleasure. In order that the entertainment might be worthy of the occasion, Mr. Churchill wrote to the city for the best cookery-book; and the bookseller, executing the order in all its amplitude, sent him the "Practical Guide to the Culinary Art in all its Branches, by Frascatelli, pupil of the celebrated Carême, and Chief Cook to Her Majesty the Queen," — a ponderous volume, illustrated with numerous engravings, and furnished with bills of fare for every month in the year, and any number of persons. This great work was duly studied, evening after evening; and Mr. Churchill confessed to his wife, that, although at first startled by the size of the book, he had really enjoyed it very highly, and had been much pleased to be present in imagination at so many grand entertainments, and to sit opposite the Queen without having to change his dress or the general style of his conversation.

The dinner hour, as well as the dinner itself, was duly debated. Mr. Churchill was in favor of the usual hour of one; but his wife thought

it should be an hour later. Whereupon he remarked, —

"King Henry the Eighth dined at ten o'clock and supped at four. His queen's maids of honor had a gallon of ale and a chine of beef for their breakfast."

To which his wife answered, —

"I hope we shall have something a little more refined than that."

The day on which the banquet should take place was next discusssed, and both agreed that no day could be so appropriate as Thanksgiving-day; for, as Mrs. Churchill very truly remarked, it was really a day of thanksgiving to Kavanagh. She then said, —

"How very solemnly he read the Governor's Proclamation yesterday! particularly the words 'God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!' And what a Proclamation it was! When he spread it out on the pulpit, it looked like a table-cloth!"

Mr. Churchill then asked, —

"What day of the week is the first of December? Let me see, —

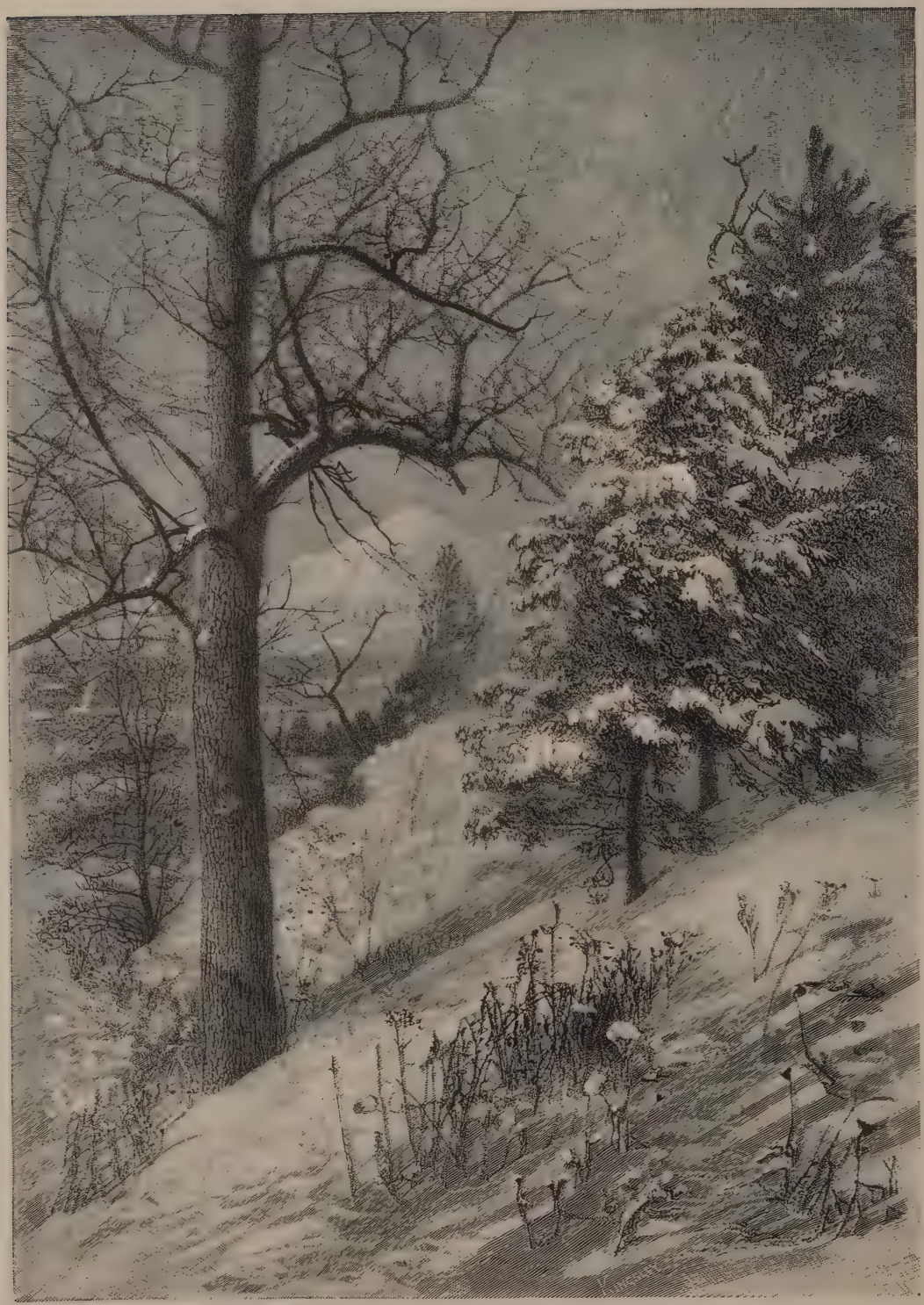
'At Dover dwells George Brown, Esquire
Good Christopher Finch and Daniel Friar!'

Thursday."

"I could have told you that," said his wife, "by a shorter process than your old rhyme. Thanksgiving-day always comes on Thursday."

These preliminaries being duly settled, the dinner was given.

There being only six guests, and the dinner being modelled upon one for twenty-four persons, Russian style in November, it was very abundant. It began with a Colbert soup, and ended with a Nesselrode pudding; but as no allusion was made in the course of the repast to the French names of the dishes, and the mutton, and turnips, and pancakes were all called by their English patronymics, the dinner appeared less magnificent in reality than in the bill of fare, and the guests did not fully appreciate how superb a banquet they were enjoying. The hilarity of the occasion was not marred by any untoward accident; though once or twice Mr. Churchill was much annoyed, and the company much amused, by Master Alfred, who was allowed to be present at the festivities, and audibly proclaimed what was coming, long before it made its appearance. When the dinner was over, several of the guests remembered brilliant and appropriate things they might have said, and wondered they were so dull as not to think of them in season; and when they were all gone, Mr. Churchill remarked to his wife that he had enjoyed himself very much, and that he should like to ask his friends to just such a dinner every week!



ENGRAVED FROM NATURE BY E. G. KINGSLEY.

WINTER.

XXVIII.

THE first snow came. How beautiful it was, falling so silently, all day long, all night long, on the mountains, on the meadows, on the roofs of the living, on the graves of the dead! All white save the river, that marked its course by a winding black line across the landscape; and the leafless trees, that against the leaden sky now revealed more fully the wonderful beauty and intricacy of their branches!

What silence, too, came with the snow, and what seclusion! Every sound was muffled, every noise changed to something soft and musical. No more trampling hoofs, — no more rattling wheels! Only the chiming sleigh-bells, beating as swift and merrily as the hearts of children.

All day long, all night long, the snow fell on the village, and on the churchyard; on the happy home of Cecilia Vaughan, on the lonely grave of Alice Archer! Yes; for before the winter came she had gone to that land where winter never comes. Her long domestic tragedy was ended. She was dead; and with her had died her secret sorrow and her secret love. Kavanagh never knew what wealth of affection for him faded from the world when she departed; Cecilia never knew what fidelity of friendship, what delicate regard, what gentle magnanimity, what angelic patience, had gone with her into the grave; Mr. Churchill never knew, that, while he was exploring the Past for records of obscure and unknown martyrs, in his own village, near his own door, before his own eyes, one of that silent sisterhood had passed away into oblivion, unnoticed and unknown.

How often, ah, how often, between the desire of the heart and its fulfillment, lies only the briefest space of time and distance, and yet the desire remains forever unfulfilled! It is so near that we can touch it with the hand, and yet so far away that the eye cannot perceive it. What Mr. Churchill most desired was before him. The Romance he was longing to find and record had really occurred in his neighborhood, among his own friends. It had been set like a picture into the frame-work of his life, inclosed within his own experience. But he could not see it as an object apart from himself; and as he was gazing at what was remote and strange and indistinct, the nearer incidents of aspiration, love, and death escaped him. They were too near to be clothed by the imagination with the golden vapors of romance; for the familiar seems trivial, and only the distant and unknown completely fill and satisfy the mind.

The winter did not pass without its peculiar delights and recreations. The singing of the great wood fires; the blowing of the wind over the chimney-tops, as if they were organ pipes; the splendor of the spotless snow; the purple wall built round the horizon at sunset; the sea-suggesting pines, with the moan of the billows in their branches, on which the snows were furled like sails; the northern lights; the stars of steel; the transcendent moonlight, and the lovely shadows of the leafless trees upon the snow; — these things did not pass unnoticed nor unremembered. Every one of them made its record upon the heart of Mr. Churchill.

His twilight walks, his long Saturday afternoon rambles, had again become solitary; for Kavanagh was lost to him for such purposes, and his wife was one of those women who never walk. Sometimes he went down to the banks of the frozen river, and saw the farmers crossing it with their heavy-laden sleds, and the Fairmeadow schooner imbedded in the ice; and thought of Lapland sledges, and the song of Kulnasatz, and the dismantled, ice-locked vessels of the explorers in the Arctic Ocean. Sometimes he went to the neighboring lake, and saw the skaters wheeling round their fire, and speeding away before the wind; and in his imagination arose images of the Norwegian Skate-Runners, bearing the tidings of King Charles's death from Fredrickshall to Drontheim, and of the retreating Swedish army, frozen to death in its fireless tents among the mountains. And then he would watch the cutting of the ice with

ploughs, and the horses dragging the huge blocks to the storehouses, and contrasting them with the Grecian mules, bearing the snows of Mount Parnassus to the markets of Athens, in panniers, protected from the sun by boughs of oleander and rhododendron.

The rest of his leisure hours were employed in anything and everything save in writing his Romance. A great deal of time was daily consumed in reading the newspapers, because it was necessary, he said, to keep up with the times; and a great deal more in writing a Lyceum Lecture, on "What Lady Macbeth might have been, had her energies been properly directed." He also made some little progress in a poetical arithmetic, founded on Bhascara's, but relinquished it, because the school committee thought it was not practical enough, and more than hinted that he had better adhere to the old system. And still the vision of the great Romance moved before his mind, august and glorious, a beautiful mirage of the desert.

XXIX.

THE wedding did not take place till spring. And then Kavanagh and his Cecilia departed on their journey to Italy and the East, — a sacred mission, a visit like the Apostle's to the Seven Churches, nay, to all the Churches of Christendom; he hoping by some means to sow in many devout hearts the desire and prophecy that filled his own, — the union of all sects into one universal Church of Christ. They intended to be absent one year only; they were gone three. It seemed to their friends that they never would return. But at length they came, — the long absent, the long looked for, the long desired, — bearing with them that delicious perfume of travel, that genial, sunny atmosphere, and soft, Ausonian air, which returning travellers always bring about them.

It was night when they reached the village, and they could not see what changes had taken place in it during their absence. How it had dilated and magnified itself, — how it had puffed itself up, and bedizened itself with flaunting, ostentatious signs, — how it stood, rotund and rubicund with brick, like a portly man, with his back to the fire and both hands in his pockets, warm, expansive, apoplectic, and entertaining a very favorable opinion of

himself, — all this they did not see, for the darkness; but Kavanagh beheld it all, and more, when he went forth on the following morning.

How Cecilia's heart beat as they drove up the avenue to the old house! The piny odors in the night air, the solitary light at her father's window, the familiar bark of the dog Major at the sound of the wheels, awakened feelings at once new and old. A sweet perplexity of thought, a strange familiarity, a no less pleasing strangeness! The lifting of the heavy brass latch, and the jarring of the heavy brass knocker as the door closed, were echoes from her childhood. Mr. Vaughan they found, as usual, among his papers in the study; — the same bland white-haired man, hardly a day older than when they left him there. To Cecilia the whole long absence in Italy became a dream, and vanished away. Even Kavanagh was for the moment forgotten. She was a daughter, not a wife; — she had not been married, she had not been in Italy!

In the morning, Kavanagh sallied forth to find the Fairmeadow of his memory, but found it not. The railroad had completely transformed it. The simple village had become a very precocious town. New shops, with new names over the doors; new streets, with new forms and faces in them; the whole town seemed to have been taken and occupied by a besieging army of strangers. Nothing was permanent but the workhouse, standing alone in the pasture by the river; and, at the end of the street, the school-house, that other workhouse, where in childhood we twist and untwist the cordage of the brain, that, later in life, we may not be obliged to pull to pieces the more material cordage of old ships.

Kavanagh soon turned in despair from the main street into a little green lane, where there were few houses, and where the barberry still nodded over the old stone wall; — a place he had much loved in the olden time for its silence and seclusion. He seemed to have entered his ancient realm of dreams again, and was walking with his hat drawn a little over his eyes. He had not proceeded far, when he was startled by a woman's voice, quite sharp and loud, crying from the opposite side of the lane. Looking up, he beheld a small cottage, against the wall of which rested a ladder, and on this ladder stood the woman from whom the voice came. Her face was nearly concealed by a spacious gingham sunbonnet, and in her right hand she held extended a large brush, with which she was painting the front of her cottage, when interrupted by the approach of Kavanagh, who, thinking she was calling to him, but not understanding what she said, made haste to cross over to her assistance. At this movement her tone became louder and more peremptory; and he could now understand that her cry was rather a warning than an invitation.

"Go away!" she said, flourishing her brush. "Go away! What are you coming down here for, when I am on the ladder, painting my house? If you don't go right about your business, I will come down and" —

"Why, Miss Manchester!" exclaimed Kavanagh; "how could I know that you would be going up the ladder just as I came down the lane?"

"Well I declare! If it is not Mr. Kavanagh!"

And she scrambled down the ladder backwards with as much grace as the circumstances permitted. She, too, like the rest of his friends in the village, showed symptoms of growing older. The passing years had drunk a portion of the light from her eyes, and left their traces on her cheeks, as birds that drink at lakes leave their footprints on the margin. But the pleasant smile remained, and reminded him of the bygone days, when she used to open for him the door of the gloomy house under the poplars.

Many things had she to ask, and many to tell; and for full half an hour Kavanagh stood leaning over the paling, while she remained among the hollyhocks, as stately and red as the plants themselves. At parting, she gave him one of the flowers for his wife; and, when he was fairly out of sight, again climbed the perilous ladder, and resumed her fresco painting.

Through all the vicissitudes of these later years, Sally had remained true to her princi-

ples and resolution. At Mrs. Archer's death, which occurred soon after Kavanagh's wedding, she had retired to this little cottage, bought with her own savings. Though often urged by Mr. Vaughan's man, Silas, who breathed his soul out upon the air of summer evenings through a keyed bugle, she resolutely refused to marry. In vain did he send her letters written with his own blood,—going barefooted into the brook to be bitten by leeches, and then using his feet as ink-stands: she refused again and again. Was it that in some blue chamber, or some little warm back parlor, of her heart, the portrait of the inconstant dentist was still hanging? Alas, no! But as to some hearts it is given in youth to blossom with the fragrant blooms of young desire, so others are doomed by a mysterious destiny to be checked in spring by chill winds, blowing over the bleak common of the world. So had it been with her desires and thoughts of love. Fear now predominated over hope; and to die unmarried had become to her a fatality which she dared not resist.

In the course of his long conversation with Miss Manchester, Kavanagh learned many things about the inhabitants of the town. Mrs. Wilmerdings was still carrying on her labors in the "Dunstable and eleven-braid, open-work and colored straws." Her husband had taken to the tavern, and often came home very late, "with a brick in his hat," as Sally expressed it. Their son and heir was far away in the Pacific, on board a whale-ship. Miss Amelia Hawkins remained unmarried, though possessing a talent for matrimony which amounted almost to genius. Her brother, the poet, was no more. Finding it impossible to follow the old bachelor's advice, and look upon Miss Vaughan as a beautiful statue, he made one or two attempts, but in vain, to throw himself away on unworthy objects, and then died. At this event, two elderly maidens went into mourning simultaneously, each thinking herself engaged to him; and suddenly went out of it again, mutually indignant with each other, and mortified with themselves. The little taxidermist was still hopping about in his aviary, looking more than ever like his gray African parrot. Mrs. Archer's house was uninhabited.

XXX.

KAVANAGH continued his walk in the direction of Mr. Churchill's residence. This at least was unchanged, — quite unchanged. The same white front; the same brass knocker; the same old wooden gate, with its chain and ball; the same damask roses under the windows; the same sunshine without and within. The outer door and study door were both open, as usual in the warm weather; and at the table sat Mr. Churchill, writing. Over each ear was a black and inky stump of a pen, which, like the two ravens perched on Odin's shoulders, seemed to whisper to him all that passed in heaven and on earth. On this occasion, their revelations were of the earth. He was correcting school exercises.

The joyful welcome of Mr. Churchill, as Kavanagh entered, and the cheerful sound of their voices, soon brought Mrs. Churchill to the study, — her eyes bluer than ever, her cheeks fairer, her form more round and full. The children came in also, — Alfred grown to boy's estate and exalted into a jacket; and the baby that was, less than two years behind him, and catching all his fallen mantles, and all his tricks and maladies.

Kavanagh found Mr. Churchill precisely where he left him. He had not advanced one step, — not one. The same dreams, the same longings, the same aspirations, the same indecision. A thousand things had been planned, and none completed. His imagination seemed still to exhaust itself in running, before it tried to leap the ditch. While he mused, the fire burned in other brains. Other hands wrote the books he dreamed about. He freely used his good ideas in conversation, and in letters; and they were straightway wrought into the texture of other men's books, and so lost to him forever. His work on Obscure Martyrs was anticipated by Mr. Hathaway, who, catching the idea from him, wrote and published a series of papers on Unknown Saints, before Mr. Churchill had fairly arranged his materials. Before he had written a chapter of his great Romance, another friend and novelist had published one on the same subject. Poor Mr. Churchill! So far as fame and external success were concerned, his life certainly was a failure. He was, perhaps, too deeply freighted, too much laden by the head, to ride the waves gracefully. Every sea broke over him, — he was half the time under water! All his defects and mortifications he attributed to the outward circumstances of his life, the exigencies of his profession, the accidents of chance. But, in reality, they lay much deeper than this. They were within himself. He wanted the all-controlling all-subduing will. He wanted the fixed purpose that sways and bends all circumstances to its uses, as the wind bends the reeds and rushes beneath it.

In a few minutes, and in that broad style of handling, in which nothing is distinctly defined, but everything clearly suggested, Kavanagh sketched to his friends his three years' life in Italy and the East. And then, turning to Mr. Churchill, he said, —

"And you, my friend, — what have you been doing all this while? You have written to me so rarely that I have hardly kept pace with you. But I have thought of you constantly. In all the old cathedrals; in all the lovely landscapes, among the Alps and Apennines; in looking down on Duomo d'Ossola; at the Inn of Baveno; at Gaeta; at Naples; in old and mouldy Rome; in older Egypt; in the Holy Land; in all galleries and churches and ruins; in our rural retirement at Fiesoli; — whenever I have seen anything beautiful, I have thought of you, and of how much you would have enjoyed it!"

Mr. Churchill sighed; and then, as if, with a touch as masterly, he would draw a picture that should define nothing, but suggest everything, he said, —

"You have no children, Kavanagh; we have five."

"Ah, so many already!" exclaimed Kavanagh. "A living Pentateuch! A beautiful Pentapylon, or five-gated temple of Life! A charming number!"

"Yes," answered Mr. Churchill; "a beautiful number; Juno's own; the wedding of the first even and first uneven numbers; the number sacred to marriage, but having no reference, direct or indirect, to the Pythagorean novitiate of five years of silence."

"No; it certainly is not the vocation of children to be silent," said Kavanagh, laughing. "That would be out of nature; saving always the children of the brain, which do not often make so much noise in the world as we desire. I hope a still larger family of these has grown up around you during my absence."

"Quite otherwise," answered the schoolmaster, sadly. "My brain has been almost barren of songs. I have only been trifling; and I am afraid, that, if I play any longer with Apollo, the untoward winds will blow the discus of the god against my forehead, and strike me dead with it as they did Hyacinth of old."

"And your Romance, — have you been more successful with that? I hope it is finished, or nearly finished?"

"Not yet begun," said Mr. Churchill. "The plan and characters still remain vague and indefinite in my mind. I have not even found a name for it."

"That you can determine after the book is written," suggested Kavanagh. "You can name it, for instance, as the old Heimskringla was named, from the initial word of the first chapter."

"Ah! that was very well in the olden time, and in Iceland, when there were no quarterly reviews. It would be called affectation now."

"I see you still stand a little in awe of opinion. Never fear that. The strength of criticism lies only in the weakness of the thing criticised."

"That is the truth, Kavanagh; and I am more afraid of deserving criticism than of receiving it. I stand in awe of my own opinion. The secret demerits of which we alone, perhaps, are conscious, are often more difficult to bear than those which have been publicly censured in us, and thus in some degree atoned for."

"I will not say," replied Kavanagh, "that humility is the only road to excellence, but I am sure that it is one road."

"Yes, humility; but not humiliation," sighed Mr. Churchill, despondingly. "As for excellence, I can only desire it and dream of it; I cannot attain to it; it lies too far from me; I cannot reach it. These very books about me here, that once stimulated me to action, have now become my accusers. They are my Eumenides, and drive me to despair."

"My friend," said Kavanagh, after a short pause, during which he had taken note of Mr. Churchill's sadness, "that is not always excellent which lies far away from us. What is remote and difficult of access we are apt to overrate; what is really best for us lies always within our reach, though often overlooked. To speak frankly, I am afraid this is the case with your Romance. You are evidently grasping at something which lies beyond the confines of your own experience, and which, consequently, is only a play of shadows in the realm of fancy. The figures have no vitality; they are only outward shows, wanting inward life. We can give to others only what we have."

"And if we have nothing worth giving?" interrupted Mr. Churchill.

"No man is so poor as that. As well might the mountain streamlets say they have nothing worth giving to the sea, because they are not rivers. Give what you have. To some one, it may be better than you dare to think. If you had looked nearer for the materials of your Romance, and had set about it in earnest, it would now have been finished."

"And burned, perhaps," interposed Mr. Churchill; "or sunk with the books of Simon Magus to the bottom of the Dead Sea."

"At all events you would have had the pleasure of writing it. I remember one of the old traditions of Art, from which you may perhaps draw a moral. When Raphael desired to paint his Holy Family, for a long time he strove in vain to express the idea that filled and possessed his soul. One morning, as he walked beyond the city gates, meditating the sacred theme, he beheld, sitting beneath a vine at her cottage door, a peasant woman, holding a boy in her arms, while another leaned upon her knee, and gazed at the approaching stranger. The painter found here, in real life, what he had so long sought for in vain in the realms of his imagination; and quickly, with his chalk pen-

cil, he sketched, upon the head of a wine-cask that stood near them, the lovely group, which afterwards, when brought into full perfection, became the transcendent Madonna della Seggiola."

"All this is true," replied Mr. Churchill, "but it gives me no consolation. I now despair of writing anything excellent. I have no time to devote to meditation and study. My life is given to others, and to this destiny I submit without a murmur; for I have the satisfaction of having labored faithfully in my calling, and of having perhaps trained and incited others to do what I shall never do. Life is still precious to me for its many uses, of which the writing of books is but one. I do not complain, but accept this destiny, and say, with that pleasant author, Marcus Antoninus, 'Whatever is agreeable to thee shall be agreeable to me, O graceful Universe! nothing shall be to me too early or too late, which is seasonable to thee! Whatever thy seasons bear shall be joyful fruit to me, O Nature! from thee are all things; in thee they subsist; to thee they return. Could one say, Thou dearly beloved city of Cecrops? and wilt thou not say, Thou dearly beloved city of God?'"

"Amen!" said Kavanagh. "And, to follow your quotation with another, 'The gale that blows from God we must endure, toiling but not repining.'"

Here Mrs. Churchill, who had something of Martha in her, as well as of Mary, and had left the room when the conversation took a literary turn, came back to announce that dinner was ready, and Kavanagh, though warmly urged to stay, took his leave, having first obtained from the Churchills the promise of a visit to Cecilia during the evening.

"Nothing done! nothing done!" exclaimed he, as he wended his way homeward, musing and meditating. "And shall all these lofty aspirations end in nothing? Shall the arms be thus stretched forth to encircle the universe, and come back empty against a bleeding, aching breast?"

And the words of the poet came into his mind, and he thought them worthy to be written in letters of gold, and placed above every door in every house, as a warning, a suggestion, an incitement: —

"Stay, stay the present instant!
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings!
Oh, let it not elude thy grasp, but like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee!"

DRIFT
WOOD

So must I likewise take some time to view
What I have done, ere I proceed anew.
Perhaps I may have cause to interline,
To alter, or to add; the work is mine,
And I may manage it as I see best.

QUARLES.

ANCIENT FRENCH ROMANCES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF PAULINE PARIS.[1]

1833.

THE very name of Queen Bertha carries us back to the remotest period of the good old times. Many an ancient romance records the praises of her unspotted virtue; and, if we may rely upon the testimony of a song-writer of the nineteenth century, it was she who founded the monastery of Sainte-Avelle, dedicated to Our Lady of the Woods. I know not whether you have ever observed, among the statues that look down upon us from the portals of our Gothic churches, the figure known throughout France by the name of *la Reine Pédauque*, Queen Goose-Foot. She is the heroine of our romance; and, be it said with all the veracity of an historian, for this opprobrious surname she must thank her own feet, whose vast dimensions are revealed to us by the indiscretion of the statuary. During her lifetime she was surnamed Bertha of the Great Feet; after her death, she was neither more nor less than Bertha of the Goose Feet. So true is it that the origin of the custom of flattering the great while living, and reviling them when dead, is lost in the night of ages. The story of Queen Pédauque reminds me of poor Midas; perhaps the ears of the Phrygian monarch, who fell a victim to the malevolence of his barber, were in truth only somewhat long.

This statue of Queen Pédauque has long exercised the imagination of the antiquaries. They have successively imagined it to be Clotilde, wife of Clovis, Brunehault, and Frédégonde. The Abbé Lebœuf, however, supposes it to be the Queen of Sheba; though it is no easy matter to devise why the Abbé Lebœuf, generally so very considerate, should thus have felt himself obliged to call in question the beauty of the Oriental princess and the practised taste of Solomon, the wisest of men. He remarks, in his learned dissertation, that the Masorites, who were great admirers of the hands of the Queen of Sheba, have maintained the most scrupulous silence in regard to her feet: — there is, however, a vast distance between the silence of Biblical commentators and the conjecture he allows himself.

Now both the historians and the poets, who make mention of Queen Bertha, affirm that she had large feet; and this is the first point of analogy between her and the celebrated statue. Moreover, the inhabitants of Toulouse, according to the author of the "Contes d'Eutrapel," are in the habit of swearing by the distaff of Queen Pédauque, — *par la quenouille de la reine Pédauque;* while we speak proverbially of the time when Bertha span — *du temps que Berthe filait;* and the Italians say, in nearly the same signification, "The days when Bertha span have gone by," — *Non è più il tempo che Berta filava.* After all this, and especially after the direct testimony of the

[1] A Letter to M. de Monmerqué prefixed to *Li Romans de Berte aus Grans Piés*, and reprinted in Férussac's *Bulletin Universel*, from which this translation was made.

poem which I now present you, how can any one doubt the perfect identity of Bertha of the Great Feet, and the Queen of the Goose Feet? I entertain a high respect for the Abbé Lebœuf, but a higher for the truth; and I cannot refrain from expressing my opinion, that he would have done better to look to the court of Pepin-le-Bref for the model of the statue which he saw at the church of Saint-Bénigne in Dijon, at the cathedral of Nevers, at the priory of Saint-Pourçain, and at the abbey of Nesle.

Bertha, the wife of Pepin, has been often named by the most respectable historians. She died in 783, and until the revolution of 1793 her tomb was still to be seen in the vaults of Saint-Denis. It bore this beautiful inscription: *Berta mater Caroli Magni.*

Eginhart speaks of the respectful deference which the hero of the West generally paid to the virtues of his mother. All historians coincide in regard to the time of her coronation and her death; but in regard to the name of her father, some difference of opinion prevails. According to the "Annals of Metz," she was the daughter of Caribert, Count of Laon; but unfortunately for this hypothesis, the city of Laon was not at that time governed by a count. Some trace her origin to the court of Constantinople, and others to the kingdom of Germany. You will perceive that our poet has embraced this last opinion. In the romance, Flores, king of Hungary, is father of Bertha of the Great Feet. This Flores himself and his wife Blanchefleurs are the hero and heroine of another celebrated poem of the Middle Ages, and their adventures, badly enough analyzed in one of the numbers of the "Bibliothèque des Romans," seem to have been put into rhyme before those of Queen Bertha their daughter.

Thus it appears that Bertha can boast her statuaries as well as her poets; but whilst the former have given to her countenance a marked and striking character, the latter, by recording her touching misfortunes, have only followed the beaten path, and added another delicate flower to that poetic wreath which was woven in the heroic ages of our history. The poem of Bertha is one of the series of "Romances of the Twelve Peers." It belongs to the number of those great epic compositions whose origin is incontestably linked to the cradle of the modern languages, and whose subjects are always borrowed from our old national traditions.

Until the present day, both critics and antiquaries have neglected to examine these singular creations of the human mind. Even those who have been wise enough to avail themselves of them in the composition of their learned works have gone no farther than to make such extracts as would throw light upon the subjects of heraldry or philology, hardly bestowing a passing glance upon those questions of manners and literature which they might suggest, enlighten, and perhaps resolve. It is strange that the press should have been so busy in giving to the world the "Fabliaux," which lay buried in our vast libraries, and yet should never have preserved from the most unmerited oblivion a single one of these ancient epics! If by a catastrophe, improbable, yet not impossible, the Royal Cabinet of Manuscripts should be destroyed, nothing of our old heroic poetry would remain but a few shreds scattered here and there through the "Glossary" of Ducange and the "History of Lorraine" by Dom Calmet. Such a loss would indeed be immense and irreparable to those who wish, even at this distant period, to study the manners and customs of our ancestors.

Perhaps, then, I may justly claim some right to the thanks of the friends of letters for this attempt to preserve and perpetuate the "Romances of the Twelve Peers of France." I now commence the series of these publications with "Berte aus Grans Piés." In selecting this poem of the minstrel-king Adenès, I have been guided by the consideration, that, in order to gain readers for our ancient poets, it would be necessary to commence, not with the most beautiful, but with the shortest and the least incumbered with philological difficulties. And again, the romance of Bertha, however inferior it may be to some of the longer romances of the twelfth century, as, for example, "Raoul de Cambrai," "Guillaume au Court Nez," or "Garin de Loherain," nevertheless possesses the most lively interest for readers of the present

ARTIST: T. DE THULSTRUP

THE TROUBADOUR.

age. Besides, as its subject is drawn from the close of the reign of Pepin-le-Bref, it has the advantage of commencing that series of historic paintings, of which the eighth and ninth centuries are the frame.

And now I will venture a few reflections upon the structure of all these great works which I would willingly call our French Epics, had it not been decided, since the days of Ronsard, Chapelain, and Voltaire, that the French have no genius for epic poetry, and had not the word Epic, which always recalls the Iliad of Homer, been of late so much abused. But in thus submitting my opinions to your judgment, I feel myself bound to advance nothing either incorrect or imaginary. Besides, I am well aware that at length we have become quite weary of those long and admirable theories, to which nothing is wanting but proof. All mine will be found in the works concerning which I now write to you, and which I intend to publish in succession, if leisure and the favor of the public permit.

Independently of sacred subjects, the early French poets or *Trouvères* of the Middle Ages possessed three distinct sources of inspiration; the traditions of classic antiquity, of the Britons, and of the French. All the chief composition in the vulgar tongue, down to the thirteenth century, may be traced back to one of these three sources.

To the first belong the numerous poems of Alexander the Great, Philip of Macedon, Æneas, the valiant Hector, Jason, and Theseus. But this class of traditions has lost all its value, through our study of the elements of ancient history. In proportion as we have been farther removed from antiquity, we have become better acquainted with it. The writers of the Middle Ages were all more or less the dupes of the simplicity of their own times; they could never comprehend the distinction between the fictions of the poets of the historic ages and the narratives of prose-writers. And hence, blending the most marvellous tales with the more authentic events of history, they have made of the records of antiquity a confused picture, totally destitute of every kind of perspective. We can derive no possible advantage, then, from their undiscriminating imitations; and their simple credulity, exercised alike towards Ovid and Cornelius Nepos, soon becomes insupportable.

The traditions of the Britons, however, are full of lively interest. The romances of the Round Table, which have sprung from these traditions, refer us back to a glorious epoch in the history of Albion; an epoch, of which, by some strange fatality, no distinct account has been transmitted to us. All that we can be said to know is, that in the fifth century, whilst Clovis was laying the foundation of the French empire, the Britons, more successful than the Gauls, repulsed the hordes of Picts, Angles, and Saxons who menaced them on all sides. Arthur was then their king. A century later, having fallen a prey to those fierce barbarians, the Britons cherished the memory of a hero, whose name represented all that a noble-minded people esteems most dear on earth, — religion and liberty. Songs of departed glory are the privilege of a conquered people, and prophetic hopes are a consolation seldom wanting to the oppressed. Thus sprang up and multiplied those marvellous tales, which recorded the glory of Arthur, and in which the recollection of former victories was joined to the promise of victories yet to come. Not far from the twelfth century, a priest collected various traditions, and wrought them up into those religious forms in which his zeal prompted him to embody them. This collection, originally written in Latin, was afterwards translated into the vulgar tongue in prose during the reign of Henry the Second, father of Richard Cœur de Lion. Erelong it reappeared in a poetic dress in all the modern languages of Europe. Even at the present day the old prose translation would be a work full of pleasant reading.

Still we cannot hope to trace the footsteps of history in these romances of the Round Table; for the primitive story is lost amid the multitude of episodes and embellishments. Excepting the name of the hero, whose deeds they celebrate, there is nothing — I do not say Celtic, for that would be too indefinite — nothing Armoric about them. The heroic valor of King Arthur is displayed throughout; — but it is directed against giants, wild beasts, or the adversaries of persecuted beauty, and not against

the oppressors of his country. His steed is barbed with iron, and we recognize the gallant warrior's shield by its golden crowns in a field of blue; — but his good sword Excalibur seems rather the handiwork of a skilful Norman artisan, than of an ancient blacksmith of Armorica. Let us not, then, seek in these old romances the history of ages anterior to the Roman, Saxon, or even Norman conquest; — it would be a loss of time and labor. But if we desire only piquant adventures of love and gallantry, fierce sabre-blows, and terrible encounters of Pagans and Christians, we shall find enough to repay the study of this ancient lore; — particularly if we take care to peruse the oldest prose translations.

We now come to the old romances, which have their source in our national traditions. These are the true standard of our ancient poetry; for surely you would not pretend that it could claim a very elevated rank in the history of the human mind. if it could boast no other masterpieces than such epics as the "Alexandréide" or "Perceval;" such dramas as the "Mystère de Saint Christophe," or even the curious and simple pastoral of "Robin et Marion," for whose publication we are indebted to you; and, in fine, such satires as our coarse and vulgar "Fabliaux," which (as one of our most profound and erudite scholars has remarked) are generally full of such insipid marvels. Not having sufficiently compared the general productions of the Middle Ages, we have hitherto been in the habit of passing judgment upon them, if I may use the phrase, in the lump, and with a sweeping expression of unlimited praise or censure. Those who have been disheartened by the "Romance of the Rose," [1] or the "Tales of Barbazan," [2] can discover nothing in our ancient literature but a confused mass of coarse and tedious fictions. To others, whom a more superficial study of the classics has rendered more indulgent in their opinions, these same productions appear in a far different light, possessing a grace, a charm, a simplicity, that no language can describe; — nay, the very sight of a manuscript blotted with ink of the fourteenth century is enough to excite their enthusiasm. Midway between these two contending parties, and on the field which you have trodden before them, all judicious critics will hereafter pitch their tents. True, it is painful thus to annoy the doughty champions of the ancient Muse of France; but the love of the Middle Ages bears an enchanter's wand, and leads its votaries blindfold; and I fear, that if, like them, we should proclaim the merit of so many productions, composed by ignorant mountebanks to amuse the populace, we should give occasion for the belief, that we are incapable of appreciating the full value of those great poems, which were destined to charm the most brilliant assemblies, and grace the most magnificent festivals.

The same remark is true of the Middle Ages, as of our own, and of every age. If the state of society is shadowed forth in its literature, then this literature must necessarily represent two distinct and strongly marked characters; — one, of the castle and the court; another, of the middle classes and the populace; — the former, elegant, harmonious, and delicate; the latter, rude, grotesque, and vulgar. Each of these classes has its own peculiar merits; but our manuscripts, by presenting them to us united, sometimes in the same volume, and always upon the same shelves of our libraries, have led us insensibly into the habit of confounding

[1] "Ce est li Rommanz de la Roze
Ou l'art d'amors est tote enclose."

The "Romance of the Rose" is an allegorical poem of no inconsiderable fame. It was commenced about the middle of the thirteenth century by Guillaume de Lorris, and completed nearly a half century later by Jean de Meun. The bitter sarcasms against the corruption and hypocrisy of the priesthood contained in this Romaunt drew upon it and its authors the anathemas of the clergy. A certain Gerson, then Chancellor of Paris, writes thus of Meun and his book: "There is one Johannes Meldinensis, who wrote a book called 'The Romaunt of the Rose'; which book, if I only had, and that there were no more in the world, if I might have five hundred pound for the same, I would rather burn it than take the money." About the middle of the fourteenth century the "Romance of the Rose" was translated into English by Chaucer, under the title of "The Romaunt of the Rose; or the Art of Love; wherein is showed the helpes and furtherances, an also the lets and impediments that lovers have in their suits." — Tr.

[2] Fabliaux et Contes des Poètes François des XI., XII., XIII., XIV. et XV. Siècles, tirés des Meilleurs Auteurs; publiés par Barbazan. 4 vols. 8vo. — Tr.

the manners of the court with those of the city. Hence great prejudices have arisen against the purity of some of our most estimable writers, and against the refinement of society in those ages in which they were admired. Hence, too, all the difficulties which later historians have encountered, when, before classifying their authorities, they have sought to examine anew the manners and customs of an age.

But the desire of proving, that even in the twelfth century there was a refined and polished class in society, would lead me too far from my original design, and I will therefore resist the temptation. I would only ask those whom the love of a native land they do know has too strongly prejudiced against that other and earlier native land they do not know, to cast their eyes for a moment upon some noble monument of Gothic architecture; for example, upon the cathedral of Rheims. When they have contemplated this "Pantheon of our glory," as a writer of our own day has appropriately called it, let them ask themselves whether those ages which conceived the design and completed the construction of that noble edifice, ignorant as they were of Homer, Cicero, and Quinctilian, must not have possessed a native literature worthy, in some degree, of such a stupendous style of architecture? What! Villehardouin, Joinville, Philip Augustus, and Saint Louis ignorant of all other poetry but the burlesque proverbs of Marcon, the superstitious reveries of Goutier de Coinsy, and the indecent profanities of such writers as Rutebeuf and Jean de Condé! Were it true it would not be probable, and, in such a case, we must say that Gothic architecture is an effect without a cause, — *prolem sine matre creatam.*

But it is not true. We possessed in former times great epic poems, which, for four centuries, constituted the principal study of our fathers. And during that period all Europe, — Germany, England, Spain, and Italy, — having nothing of the kind to boast of, either in their historic recollections or in their historic records, disputed with each other the secondary glory of translating and imitating them.

Even amid the darkness of the ninth and tenth centuries, the French still preserved the recollection of an epoch of great national glory. Under Charlemagne, they had spread their conquests from the Oder to the Ebro, from the Baltic to the Sicilian sea. Mussulmans and Pagans, Saxons, Lombards, Bavarians, and Batavians, — all had submitted to the yoke of France, all had trembled at the power of Charles the Great. Emperor of the West, King of France and Germany, restorer of the arts and sciences, wise law-giver, great converter of infidels, — how many titles to the recollection and gratitude of posterity! Add to this, that long before his day the Franks were in the habit of treasuring up in their memory the exploits of their ancestors; that Charlemagne himself, during his reign, caused all the heroic ballads, which celebrated the glory of the nation, to be collected together; and, in fine, that the weakness of his successors, the misfortunes of the times, and the invasions of the Normans must have increased the national respect and veneration for the illustrious dead, — and you will be forced to confess that, if no poetic monuments of the ninth century remained, we ought rather to conjecture that they had been lost, than that they had never existed.

As to the contemporaneous history of those times, it offers us, if I may so speak, only the outline of this imposing colossus. Read the Annals of the Abbey of Fulde and those of Metz, Paul the Deacon, the continuator of Frédégaire, and even Eginhart himself, and you will there find registered, in the rapid style of an itinerary, the multiplied conquests of the French. The Bavarians, the Lombards, the Gascons revolt; — Charles goes forth to subdue the Bavarians, the Lombards, and the Gascons. Witikind rebels ten times, and ten times Charles passes the Rhine and routs the insurgent army; and there the history ends. Nevertheless, the Emperor had his generals, his companions in glory, his rivals in genius; but in all history we find not a whisper of their services, — hardly are their names mentioned. It has been left to the popular ballads, barren as they are of all historic authority, to transmit to posterity the proofs of their ancient renown.

But although these ancient "Chansons de Geste," or historic ballads, fill up the chasms of true history, and clothe with flesh the meagre

skeleton of old contemporaneous chroniclers, yet you must not therefore conclude that I am prepared to maintain the truth of their narratives. Far from it. Truth does not reign supreme on earth; and these romances, after all, are only the expression of public opinion, separated by an interval of many generations from that whose memory they transmit to us. But to supply the want of historians, each great epoch in national history inspires the song of bards; and when the learned and the wise neglect to prepare the history of events which they themselves have witnessed, the people prepare their national songs; their sonorous voice, prompted by childish credulity and a free and unlimited admiration, echoes alone through succeeding ages, and kindles the imagination, the feelings, the enthusiasm of the children, by proclaiming the glory of the fathers. Thus Homer sang two centuries after the Trojan war; and thus arose, two or three centuries after the death of Charlemagne, all those great poems called the "Romances of the Twelve Peers."

And now let us suppose for a moment, that, after the lapse of two centuries, the mirror of history should reflect nothing of the reign of Napoleon, but the majestic figure of the conqueror himself, and a chronological list of his victories and defeats. Then the exploits of his marshals and the deeds of his high dignitaries would excite the suspicion and the scepticism of the historian; but then, too, would songs and popular ballads proclaim loudly, not the final treason of Murat, but his chivalrous gallantry; they would repeat the pretended death of Cambronne, and the odious crimes with which the people so blindly charge M. de Raguse. Nor would a Roland and a Ganelon suffice; around the new Charlemagne would be grouped another warlike Almoner, another prudent Duke Naimes. Such, were history silent, would be outlines of the poetic tale; and our children would easily supply the coloring.

To return to the Romances of the Twelve Peers. They recommend themselves equally to the admiration of the poet, and to the attention of the antiquary. Whilst the former will be astonished at the unity of the plots, the connection of the episodes, the interest of the stories, and the originality of the descriptions they contain, the latter will find new light thrown by them upon the ancient topography of France, upon the date of many venerable structures, and upon the history of an infinite number of cities, fiefs, châteaux, and seigniories. When these singular productions shall appear in the broad daylight of the press, then shall we see France enveloped in a bright poetic glory, new and unexpected. And, on the other hand, what an ample field will then be laid open for new doubts concerning our ancient jurisprudence, our ancient political constitution, and the nature of the feudal system, so complicated in modern theory, but so natural in its origin and so simple in its form! In the writings of our old romances, the feudal system is embodied; it moves, acts, speaks, battles; now with the monarch at its head, it is present at the tilts and tournaments, and now it discusses the affairs of state; now it suffers penalties, and now cries aloud for vengeance. I assert, then, without fear of contradiction, that, in order to become thoroughly acquainted with the history of the Middle Ages, — I do not mean the bare history of facts, but of the manners and customs which render those facts probable, — we must study it in the pages of old romance; and this is the reason why the history of France is yet unwritten.

Hitherto the fate of these great works has been a singular one. I have already remarked, that for the space of four hundred years, that is from the eleventh to the fifteenth century, they constituted almost the only literature of our ancestors. Immediately afterward foreign nations took possession of them; first the Germans, and next the Italians; and it would seem, that, in thus relinquishing them to our neighbors, we have had some scruples as to the propriety of retaining even so much as the memory of them. Thus by slow degrees they have quite disappeared from our literature. The renown, however, of the enchanting fictions of Pulci and Ariosto gave birth to a few lifeless and paltry imitations; only one point was forgotten, and that was to have recourse to the old Gallic originals. But, alas! what

was ancient France, her history, her manners, and her literature, to a class of writers who only dreamed of reviving once more the ages of Rome and Athens, and who, in their strange hallucination, hoped to persuade the people to suppress all rhyme in their songs, and to supply its place by dactyls and anapests.

This exclusive love of classic antiquity acquired new force during the whole of the seventeenth century: so that no one thought of contradicting Boileau, when he so carelessly called Villon

> "The first who, in those rude, unpolished times,
> Cleared the dark mystery of our ancient rhymes."

In the eighteenth century a kind of conservative instinct seemed to bring our men of letters back to the productions of the Middle Ages; but by their anxiety to remove all philological difficulties from the old romances, they have retarded the time when these poems shall be as universally read among us as the "Romanceros" are in Spain, and Dante and Boccaccio in Italy. The imitations of Tressan and Caylus had their day; but as these productions were tricked out to suit the fashion of the age, they disappeared with the fashion which gave them birth.

But the moment seems at length to have arrived when these ancient poems shall be raised from the dead. A desire to know more of the earliest monuments of modern literature is at length manifesting itself among us; and before the expiration of ten years it is probable that the most important of these works will have emerged, so to speak, into the perpetual light of the press.

One word concerning the metre of these poems. They were written to be sung; and this is one point of resemblance observable between the old Greek rhapsodies and the heroic ballads of France. Doubtless the music of these poems was solemn and monotonous, like that of our devotional chants, or those village songs, whose final notes mark the recommencement of the tune. The ancient ballad of "Count Orri" is a piece of this kind; and so also is the burlesque description of the death of Malbrouk, if you suppress the refrain.[1] This kind of music strikes the ear agreeably, though its cadence is monotonous; in proof of which I appeal to all our recollections of childhood.

In these old romances, as in the song to which I have just alluded, the verse is monorhythmic, and the metre either pentameter or Alexandrine. As these poems were written to be sung, it is evident that the pause or rest would naturally come after the fourth syllable in pentameter lines, and after the sixth in Alexandrines.[2] Nor is this all. This necessary rest in the middle of the line gave the poet an opportunity of introducing at the close of the hemistich an unaccented syllable, as at the end of the feminine rhymes of the present day.

After an attentive examination of our ancient literature, it is impossible to doubt for a moment, that the old monorhythmic romances were set to music, and accompanied by a viol, harp, or guitar; and yet this seems hitherto to have escaped observation. In the olden time no one was estemed a good minstrel, whose memory was not stored with a great number of historic ballads, like those of "Roncesvalles," "Garin de Loherain," and "Gerars de Roussillon. It is not to be supposed that any one of these poems was ever recited entire; but as the greater part of them contained various descriptions of battles, hunting adventures, and marriages, — scenes of the court, the council, and the castle, — the audience chose those stanzas and episodes which best suited their taste. And this is the reason why each stanza contains in itself a distinct and complete narrative, and also why the closing lines of each stanza are in substance repeated at the commencement of that which immediately succeeds.

[1] Though this song is certainly well enough known, yet it may be necessary to quote a few lines in proof of my assertion. It will be seen that the measure is *Alexandrine*, and the verse *monorhythmic*.

"Madame à sa tour monte, — si haut qu'el peut monter,
Elle aperçoit son page — de noir tout habillé.
'Beau page, mon beau page, — quel' nouvelle a ortés?'
'La nouvell' que j'aporte, — vos beaux yeux vont pleurer;
Monsieur Malbrough est mort, — est mort et enterré,'"
etc.

[2] To this rest, which was absolutely essential to the musical accompaniment, we can trace back the use of the hemistich, which is still preserved by the French, though all other modern nations have abandoned it.

In the poem of "Gerars de Nevers" I find the following curious passage. Gerars, betrayed by his mistress and stripped of his earldom of Nevers by the Duke of Metz, determines to revisit his ancient domains. To avoid detection and arrest, he is obliged to assume the guise of a minstrel.

"Then Gerars donned a garment old,
And round his neck a viol hung,
For cunningly he played and sung. . . .
Steed he had none; so he was fain
To trudge on foot o'er hill and plain,
Till Nevers' gate he stood before.
There merry burghers full a score,
Staring, exclaimed in pleasant mood:
'This minstrel cometh for little good;
I ween, if he singeth all day long,
No one will listen to his song.'"

In spite of these unfavorable prognostics, Gerars presents himself before the castle of the Duke of Metz.

"Whilst at the door he thus did wait,
A knight came through the courtyard gate,
Who bade the minstrel enter straight,
And led him to the crowded hall,
That he might play before them all.
The minstrel then full soon began,
In gesture like an aged man,
But with clear voice and music gay,
The song of Guillaume au Cornez.
Great was the court in the hall of Loön,
The tables were full of fowl and venison,
On flesh and fish they feasted every one;
But Guillaume of these viands tasted none,
Brown crusts ate he, and water drank alone.
When had feasted every noble baron,
The cloths were removed by squire and scullion.
Count Guillaume then with the king did thus reason:
'What thinketh now,' quoth he, 'the gallant Charlon?[1]
Will he aid me against the prowess of Mahon?'
Quoth Loéis, 'We will take council thereon,
To-morrow in the morning shalt thou conne,
If aught by us in this matter can be done.'
Guillaume heard this, — black was he as carbon,
He louted low, and seized a baton,
And said to the king, 'Of your fief will I none,
I will not keep so much as a spur's iron;
Your friend and vassal I cease to be anon;
But come you shall, whether you will or non.'
Thus full four verses sang the knight,
For their great solace and delight."

[1] Charlemagne.

Observe the expression "full four verses," which very evidently means four stanzas or couplets.

Thus, then, we may consider the fact as well established, that the old romances were sung; and that hence there was a good reason for dividing them into monorhyme stanzas.

And thus, too, we discover the reason why these romances were called *chansons*, or songs, and why they generally commenced with some such expressions as the following: —

"Good song, my lords, will it please you to hear ?..."
"Listen, lordlings, to a merry song...."
"Historic song, and of marvellous renown...."

We shall no longer look for the famous "Chanson de Roland" or "de Roncevaux" in some forgotten page of our ancient manuscripts; nor shall we longer insist upon its having the brevity, the form, and even the accustomed burden of the modern ballad. We shall now be content with a reference to the manuscripts entitled "Li Romans," or "La Chansons de Roncevals," which can be easily found in the Royal Library; — and after having read them, we shall no longer believe that this precious monument of our national traditions and literature has forever perished.

It is because we have not already done this, that we have always interpreted so incorrectly the passage in the romance of the *Brut*,[1] where the author, after enumerating the army of William the Conqueror, adds: —

"Taillefer, who sung full well, I wot,
Mounted on steed that was swift of foot,
Went forth before the armed train
Singing of Roland and Charlemain,
Of Oliver and the brave vassals,
Who died at the pass of Roncesvals."

We formerly thought, with the Duc de la Vallière, that some short ballad was here spoken of; and M. de Châteaubriand was the first to suspect the truth, when he said, "This ballad must still exist somewhere in the romance of 'Oliver,' which was formerly preserved in the Royal Library." The whole truth is that the "Chanson de Roncevaux" exists nowhere but in the "Chanson de Roncevaux."

Hitherto, by way of excuse for not reading these old romances, it has been fashionable to load them with all kinds of censure. It may not be amiss to examine some of the charges brought against them.

It has been said that they contain nothing but ridiculous and incredible adventures; that these adventures are all founded upon a pretended journey of Charlemagne to Jerusalem; and that they are a copy or a paraphrase of that absurd and insipid history of Charlemagne attributed to the Archbishop Turpin. Consequently their date is fixed no earlier than the close of the twelfth or the commencement of the thirteenth century. But these opinions will not bear a very rigid scrutiny.

Those who urge the improbability of the adventures contained in these writings, confound together two classes of works, which have no kind of connection, — that is to say, the old traditions of Brittany, and the ancient heroic ballads of France. The former, indeed, founded upon the marvels of the *Saint Graal*,[2] contain nothing but strange and miraculous

[1] The original of this romance was an ancient chronicle entitled *Bruty Brenhined*, or Brutus of Brittany, written in the old Armoric dialect, and first brought into England at the commencement of the twelfth century by Walter or Gualter, Archdeacon of Oxford. It was given by him to Geoffrey of Monmouth, a Benedictine monk, who translated it into Latin prose. Afterwards, by the order of Henry II. of England, it was translated into French verse by Robert Wace, under the title of *Le Brut d'Engleterre*. From this romance originated the Romances of King Arthur and the Round Table. The following quaint notice of this old chronicle is from the pen of an English writer of the sixteenth century.

"Among our owne ancient chronicles, John of Wethamsted, Abbot of S. Alban, holdeth the whole narration of *Brute* to be rather poëticall, than historicall, which me thinkes, is agreable to reason. . . . The first that ever broached it was *Geffry of Monmoth* aboute foure hundred yeares agoe, during the raigne of Henry the Second, who, publishing the Brittish story in Latine, pretended to have taken it out of ancient monuments written in the Brittish tongue: but this booke, as soone as it peeped forth into the light, was sharply censured both by Giraldus Cambrensis, and William of Newberry who lived at the same time, the former tearming it no better than *Fabulosam historiam*, a fabulous history, and the latter, *Ridicula figmenta*, ridiculous fictions, and it now stands branded with a blacke cole among the bookes prohibited by the Church of Rome." — *An Apologie of the Power and Providence of God in the Government of the World*, p. 8. — Tr.

[2] The *Saint Graal* was the dish in which Joseph of Arimathea is said to have caught the blood which flowed from

adventures; but the "Romances of the Twelve Peers" contain a continued narrative, the more probable in its detail, inasmuch as these romances belong to a period of greater antiquity. The impossible forms no part of their plan, and Lucan is not more sparing of the marvellous than the first poets who sang the praises of "Roland" and "Guillaume au Cornez." Nay, if any one should compare the details of the lives of our ancient kings, as they are described in the Chronicle of Saint-Denis, and in our oldest romances, he would soon be persuaded that the latter have incontestably the advantage in point of probability.

The second charge is equally ill-founded. I am well aware that the antiquarians of the last century discovered a legend describing the journey of Charlemagne to the Holy Land; I am equally well aware that in addition to this there exists a very ancient romance, whose subject is the conquest of a part of the Grecian empire by Charlemagne, and his pilgrimage to Jerusalem. But it is very unfair to conclude from this, that all the romances of the Twelve Peers have the same chimerical foundation; for the only one which treats of the war in the East was first discovered by the Abbé de la Rue, not in France, but in the British Museum. With regard to the other monorhythmic romances, far from being founded on the same event, the greater part of them do not even belong to the age of Charlemagne. Thus, "Gerars de Roussillon," of which nothing now remains but an imitation of a later date, records the wars of Charles Martel; "Garin le Loherain," "Girbert," and "Berte aus Grans Piés" embrace the reign of Pépin-le-Bref; "Raoul de Cambray" "Guillaume au Cornez," "Gerars de Nevers," transport us to the days of Louis-le-Débonnaire; and others refer back to the age of Charles-le-Chauve. Of the poems which embrace the age of Charlemagne, the most ancient and authentic are the following: "Agolant," or the expulsion of the Saracens from Italy; — "Jean de Lanson," or the Lombard war; — "Guiteclin de Sassoigne, or the wars of Saxony against Witikind; — "Les Quatre Fils Aymon" and "Girard de Vianne," or the wars of Auvergne and Dauphiny; and "Ogier le Danois" and "Roncevaux," or the expedition of Spain. In all these there is not one word about Jerusalem,— not even so much as an allusion to that chimerical pilgrimage. We must not, then, condemn these romances, because "they are all founded on the pretended journey of Charlemagne to Jerusalem."

I now come to the last charge. And are the "Romances of the Twelve Peers" a paraphrase of the chronicle of Turpin, and consequently of a later date than this chronicle?

All your friends are well aware that you have been long engaged in preparing a valuable edition of the work of the Archbishop of Rheims. You have consulted the various manuscripts, and the numerous translations of this work; you have compared the most correct texts and the most ancient readings. It is then for you to decide, whether our ancient poems, being only an imitation of this chronicle, are to be dated no farther back than the thirteenth, or, at farthest, than the twelfth century. And if I venture to offer you, in anticipation of your judgment, my own imperfect views upon this subject, I am urged to this step by the conviction, that my researches, though far less enlightened than your own, will notwithstanding coincide with them.

The author of this chronicle, whoever he may be, is very far from having made good the title of his work, — "De Vitâ et Gestis Caroli Magni." With the exception of a few sentences which are bestowed upon the first exploits and upon the death of Charlemagne, the whole work is taken up in describing the crusade against the Saracens of Spain, and the defeat of the French rear-guard near Roncesvalles. According to the chronicler, the true motive of this expedition was a dream, in which Saint James commanded the Emperor to go and rescue his precious relics from the hands of the Saracens. In return for this,

the Saviour's wounds, when he embalmed the body. According to the traditions of old romance, he afterwards carried it to Great Britain, where he made use of it in converting the inhabitants to Christianity, — or, as it is expressed in the Romance of Tristan, "*pour la terr susdite peupler de bonne gent.*" It figures in all the romances of the Round Table. — Tr.

the Saint promised him victory on earth and paradise in heaven. The first care of Charlemagne was, therefore, to build churches to Saint James, and to honor his relics. Notwithstanding all this, his rear-guard, as everybody knows, was cut to pieces; but this, according to the same chronicler, was the fault of the French themselves, who were enticed from their duty by the allurements of the Moorish maidens. At all events, he declares that Charlemagne would have been damned after death, had it not been for the great number of churches which he built or endowed.

This brief analysis of the famous chronicle affords us a glimpse of its design. The author was, without doubt, a monk; and Geoffrey, Prior of Saint-André-de-Vienne, who first brought it from Spain, was living in the year 1092. Until that time, the very existence of that legend was unknown in France; and there can be little doubt, that even the protection of the monk of Dauphiny would not have rescued it from the obscurity into which all the pious frauds of the same kind have so justly fallen, had it not been for the infallible recommendation, which Pope Calixtus II., formerly Archbishop of Vienne, let fall upon it from the height of his pontifical throne. But after all, the Holy Father never declared that this chronicle gave birth to the old French romances; and we may therefore, with all due respect to his decision, maintain that the greater part of these romances are anterior in date to the chronicle.

Indeed, who does not perceive, that, if free scope had been given to the pious chronicler, — if he had not been restrained by the necessity of adapting his work to the exigency of traditions generally adopted, — he would have omitted the defeat at Roncesvalles, which so unfortunately deranges the promises made to Charlemagne by *Monseigneur Saint Jacques?*

But there are other proofs even more incontestable than these. In the epistle which the Prior of Vienne wrote to the clergy of Limoges when he sent them the chronicle of Turpin, he observes that he had been the more anxious to procure the work from Spain, because that, previous to that time, the expedition of Charlemagne was known in France by the songs of the Troubadours only. It would seem, then, that these Troubadours, or Jongleurs, did not wait for the inspiration of the Spanish legend in order to enable them to celebrate the exploits of Roland, and to sing the sad but glorious day of Roncesvalles.

In the course of this miserable monkish chronicle, the fictitious Turpin happens to name the principal leaders of the army of Charlemagne. In doing this he confounds, with the most singular ignorance, the poetic heroes of different generations; as, for example, Garin le Loherain and Oliver, the former of whom lived at the commencement of the reign of Pépin, and the latter in the last years of the reign of Charlemagne. On the same occasion he speaks of the valiant Ogier le Danois, who, says he, did such marvels "that his praise is sung in ballads even down to the present day." The Chansons of Roland and of Ogier, which are still preserved, are not, then, mere imitations of the legend of Turpin.

I feel that all further proof would be superfluous. Still, I cannot refrain from mentioning the fact, that this Turpin, whom the forger of these writings has transformed into an historian, far from being cited in the "Chanson de Roland" as the guaranty of the circumstances accompanying the death of this Paladin, expires covered with wounds some time before the death of Roland. But in the chronicle, which was made for and by the monks, and with the simple design of exciting the zeal of the pilgrims to the shrine of Saint James, Turpin appears only in order to confess the dying, and afterwards to carry to Charlemagne the story of the disastrous defeat. Surely, if the poets had followed this chronicle, and had taken it, as has been pretended, for the foundation of their poems, they would have represented the good Archbishop in the same manner in which he has represented himself. And if his testimony had been of any importance in their opinion, as it was in that of all the annalists of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, they surely would not have begun by entirely overthrowing the authority of this testimony.

The following is the description given in the

famous "Chanson de Roland" of the death of Turpin. I have praised these ancient poems so highly, that I might be accused of prejudice in their favor, if I brought forward no quotations to sustain my opinion.

"The Archbishop, whom God loved in high degree,
Beheld his wounds all bleeding fresh and free;
And then his cheek more ghastly grew and wan,
And a faint shudder through his members ran.
Upon the battle-field his knee was bent;
Brave Roland saw, and to his succor went,
Straightway his helmet from his brow unlaced,
And tore the shining hauberk from his breast.
Then raising in his arms the man of God,
Gently he laid him on the verdant sod.
'Rest, Sire,' he cried, — 'for rest thy suffering needs.'
The priest replied, 'Think but of warlike deeds!
The field is ours; well may we boast this strife!
But death steals on, — there is no hope of life;
In paradise, where Almoners live again,
There are our couches spread, there shall we rest from pain.'

"Sore Roland grieved; nor marvel I, alas!
That thrice he swooned upon the thick green grass.
When he revived, with a loud voice cried he,
'O Heavenly Father! Holy Saint Marie!
Why lingers death to lay me in my grave!
Beloved France! how have the good and brave
Been torn from thee, and left thee weak and poor!'
Then thoughts of Aude, his lady-love, came o'er
His spirit, and he whispered soft and slow,
'My gentle friend! — what parting full of woe!
Never so true a liegeman shalt thou see; —
Whate'er my fate, Christ's benison on thee!
Christ, who did save from realms of woe beneath,
The Hebrew Prophets from the second death.'
Then to the Paladins, whom well he knew,
He went, and one by one unaided drew
To Turpin's side, well skilled in ghostly lore; —
No heart had he to smile, — but, weeping sore,
He blessed them in God's name, with faith that he
Would soon vouchsafe to them a glad eternity.

"The Archbishop, then, on whom God's benison rest,
Exhausted, bowed his head upon his breast; —
His mouth was full of dust and clotted gore,
And many a wound his swollen visage bore.
Slow beats his heart, — his panting bosom heaves, —
Death comes apace, — no hope of cure relieves.
Towards heaven he raised his dying hands, and prayed
That God, who for our sins was mortal made,
Born of the Virgin, — scorned and crucified, —
In paradise would place him by his side.

"Then Turpin died in service of Charlon,
In battle great and eke great orison; —
'Gainst Pagan host alway strong champion; —
God grant to him his holy benison."[1]

One question more remains to be touched upon. To what century do these historic songs, or "Romances of the Twelve Peers," belong? Some have been so sceptical in regard to their antiquity as to fix their date as late as the thirteenth century; — let us not fall into the opposite extreme, by referring them back to so early a period as that in which occurred the events they celebrate. But this discussion would demand a more profound erudition, and a more experienced judgment, than I can bring to the task; — and above all a more extended view of the whole ground of controversy than my present limits allow. Nor shall I ever undertake this task, unless more skilful critics should be backward in maintaining the good cause; a supposition which is by no means probable, for on all sides a taste, nay a passion, for these earliest monuments of modern literature is springing up. Even before a professorship has been endowed in the Collége de France, for the purpose of thoroughly investigating the early stages of the French language, the public welcomes with avidity whatever is thus dug up from the fruitful soil of our ancient country. The mine is hardly open; — and yet every day we hear of the publication of some old manuscript before unknown. Immediately subsequent to the publication of "Le Roman de Renard," appeared under your own auspices our earliest comic opera, "Le Jeu de Robin et Marion," and our earliest drama, "Le Jeu d'Adam le Bossu d'Arras." M. de Roquefort has presented, as his offering, the poems of Marie de France; and M. Crapelet, the agreeable romance of "Le Châtelain de Coucy" M. F. Michel, not satisfied with having published the romance of "Le Comte de Poitiers," is about bringing forward, with the assistance of an able Orientalist, a poem entitled "Mahomet," which will show us in what light the religion and the person of the Arab law-giver were regarded in the East during the thirteenth century. M.

[1] The stanzas of this extract, like those of the extract from *Gerard de Nevers*, are monorhythmic. This peculiarity it was not thought necessary to preserve in the translation, as the preceding extract will serve as an example of that kind of verse. — Tr.

Bourdillon, who has long felt all the historic and literary importance of the "Chanson de Ronceveaux, is now occupied in preparing an edition for the press; and M. Robert, already favorably known by his work upon La Fontaine, will soon publish an edition of the fine old romance of "Partenopex de Blois." Meanwhile the celebrated M. Raynouard is about completing his "Glossaire des Langues Vulgaires"; and the Abbé de la Rue is superintending the publication of a large work on "les Bardes, les Jongleurs, et les Trouvères." Thus the knowledge of our ancient literature develops itself more and more daily; and thus will arise, if indeed it has not already arisen, a sober and enlightened judgment concerning the productions of the human mind during that long period bounded on one side by antiquity and on the other by the sixteenth century, the epoch of the revival of the arts and sciences.

The author of the romance of "Berte aus Grans Piés" flourished about the close of the thirteenth century. His name was *Adans* or *Adenès*, according to the general custom of designating an individual indifferently by his patronymic name or by its diminutive. The greater part of the manuscripts give him the surname of *Roi*, or King; and M. Roquefort thinks that it was bestowed upon him because one of his poems bore off the palm at a *puy d'amour*, or Court of Love;[1] whilst the learned authors of the "Histoire Litteraire de la France" suppose that Adenès was indebted for this title to the justice of his contemporaries and to the superiority of his poetic talent. I shall hazard an opinion of my own, which does not conform to either of these. We are acquainted with several Trouvères, whose works obtained prizes in the *Puys* of Valenciennes or Cambray; — they all took the surname of *couronné*, and not that of *roi*.

But in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries there was a King of the Minstrels (*Roi des Ménestrels*). This pacific sovereign had the direction of the Jongleurs or Troubadours of the court, and I am inclined to think that his duties bore no inconsiderable resemblance to those of a modern leader of an orchestra. To him people addressed themselves, when they wanted a good singer, a good lute-player, or a good harper; and the King of the Minstrels, as the most skilful of all, directed and animated the concert by voice and gesture. Such were probably the prerogatives and functions of *le Roi Adenès*.

However this may be, — and although no one can doubt, on running over the names of his numerous and illustrious protectors, that Adenès enjoyed a high reputation as Trouvère and minstrel, — yet I do not find that any contemporary writer makes mention of him. It is true, that in one of the copies of the fables of Marie de France, this poetess designates *le Roi Adans* as the author of the first English translation of the fables of Esop: —

> "Esop call we this book;
> King Adans did highly rate it,
> And into English did translate it."

But this copy deceived the learned author of the catalogue of the La Vallière manuscripts. All other copies of Marie de France read *Li rois Henrys*, instead of *Li rois Adans*. At all events, as many of the manuscripts of Marie de France belong to the commencement of the thirteenth century, it is evident that they can make no mention of the works of Adenès, who did not flourish till near its close.

It is, then, to the writings of Adenès, and particularly to his romance of "Cléomadès," that we must look for information respecting the time in which he flourished, and for some circumstances of his life.

Adenès was born in the duchy of Brabant about 1240. He doubtless exhibited, at an early age, a remarkable talent for poetry; for Henry III., then Duke of Brabant, the warm friend of poets and yet a poet himself, had him educated with care, and afterward chose him for his minstrel. It is very possible that the pretty songs of Henry III., which are still preserved in the Royal Library, were submitted to the correction of the young Adenès, before

[1] The *puys d'amour* were assemblies in which questions of love and gallantry were discussed in poetry. The name of *puy* comes from the low Latin *podium*, "balcony" or "stage," as the poets on these occasions recited their verses from an elevated place. For an account of these *Puys* or *Cours d'Amour*, see Roquefort, *De la Poésie Françoise*, p. 93. — Raynouard, *Choix de Poésies des Troubadours*, tom. ii. p. 79 et seq. — Tr.

they were sung in public. Nearly all the princes of the thirteenth century give proofs of great talent, and sometimes of true poetic genius. But perhaps their highest, their most indisputable merit was mainly owing to the choice of their minstrels. Thus, Blondel was distinguished by the patronage of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and Gaces Brulés by that of the king of Navarre; Charles d'Anjou, king of Naples, was accompanied by the Bossu d'Arras, and we have seen that Adenès had merited the good graces of the Duke of Brabant.

"Minstrel was I to the good Duke Henry;
He it was that brought me up and nourished me,
And made me learn the art of minstrelsy."

Henry died in 1260, regretted by his subjects, and above all by the poets, whose labors he liberally rewarded. Adenès, who, after the death of his benefactor, took every opportunity of praising his virtues, soon gained the affection of the Duke's children. Jean and Guyon preserved the poet from the ills of penury, and when Marie de Brabant became queen of France, she took him with her to Paris. There, in his double capacity of poet and courtier, he was honored with the most marked distinction. In those days, poets were permitted to eulogize the great, and to celebrate their numerous virtues. In doing this Adenès had no peer; but whilst he rendered due homage to those whom fortune surrounded with all the splendor of power, he listened also to the natural promptings of his heart, and both respected and cherished all self-acquired renown. He somewhere says in "Buevon de Comarchis": —

"If it please God and his saints, through all my earthly days,
Of good men and of valiant, I will gladly speak in praise;
What good I hear of them, I will record it in my lays,
If aught I hear that 's ill, I will hold my peace always."

The precise date of the death of Adenès is unknown. The last poem to which he has prefixed his name is "Cléomadès," whose story transports us back to the reign of Diocletian. This is the longest of the author's poems, and contains no less than nineteen thousand octosyllabic lines. The principal narrative is often interrupted by agreeable episodes, such as the history of the miraculous deeds of the poet Virgil, "*the greatest magician of Rome.*" Among other marvels, which unfortunately time hath put into his wallet as "alms for oblivion," Adenès mentions the baths of Pozzuoli. On each of these Virgil had inscribed the name of that disease which was instantly cured by the virtue of its waters.

"But the Physicians every one,
Who much ill and much good have done,
All of these writings did decry; —
For nothing could they gain thereby.
And if those baths existed now,
They 'd like them little enough, I trow."

A great number of copies of "Cléomadès" are still extant, — some of them under the title of "Cheval de Fust." This *cheval de fust*, or wooden horse, takes a very active part in the romance. He traversed the air, you know, with inconceivable rapidity, and was guided in his course by turning a peg, which is sufficient to prove that this famous courser is the type of the horse on which Pierre de Provence carried away the fair Maguelonne, and which, at a later period, under the name of *Clavileño*, bore the divine Sancho so high in air as to make him confound the earth with a grain of mustard-seed, and its inhabitants with filberts.

"Cléomadès" was written at the joint request of Marie de Brabant and Blanche de France, who was married in 1269 to the Infante of Castile. The names of these two princesses determine very nearly the date of its composition. Marie de Brabant was married in 1274 to Philippe-le-Hardi; and Blanche, on the death of her husband, returned to France in 1275. "Cléomadès" must, therefore, have been written between 1275 and 1283, the year in which Philippe-le-Hardi died.

I have one word more to say of this romance. It thus commences: —

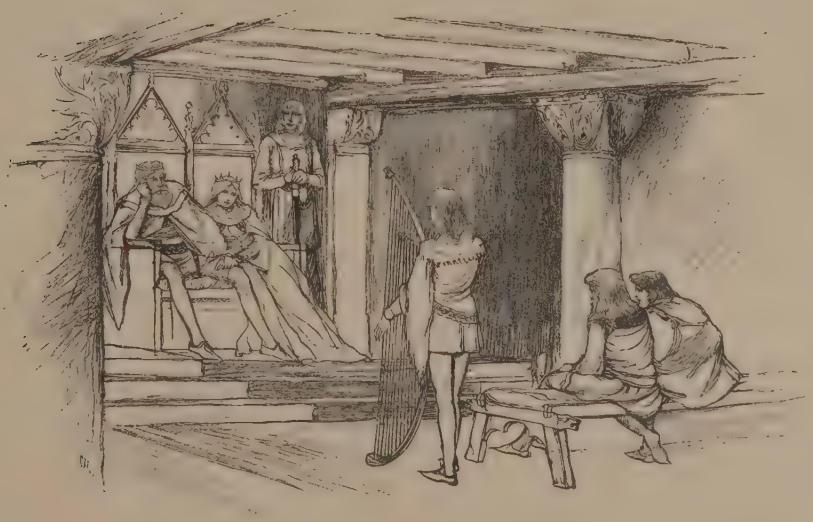
"He who did write *Ogier the Dane*,
And *She of the wood*, yclept *Bertaine*,
And *Buevon of Comarchis* make,
Another book doth undertake."

These three romances are still preserved in the Royal Library, all of them complete, except "Buevon de Comarchis," of which the

first part only remains. "Buevon de Comar chis" is a kind of appendage to the old romances which immortalize the family of "Guillaume an Cornés;" in the same manner that the "Enfances Ogier" are the sequel of the romances of "Ogier." It has been often supposed that Adenès was the author of all the poems of "Guillaume au Cornés," and also of "Ogier le Danois;" but this is an error; for the origin of the greater part of these romances can be traced back to the very cradle of French poetry, — to a period far beyond the thirteenth century.

Adenès, on the contrary, is one of the last poets who sang, in monorhythmic verse, the traditions of our fabulous and heroic ages. His versification is pure and correct; but it may be said that the subject of his narratives is the less poetic in proportion as his style is the more so.

But this letter is already a thousand times too long; and I therefore close these desultory remarks upon Adenès and his works, leaving it to the romance of "Berte aus Grans Piés" to plead its own cause, and to justify the importance which I attach to its publication.



FRITHIOF'S SAGA.

1837.

HERE beginneth the Legend of Frithiof the Valiant. He was the son of Thorsten Vikingsson, a thane, and loved fair Ingeborg, the daughter of a king. His fame was great in the North, and his name in the song of bards. His marvellous deeds on land and sea are told in tradition; and his history is written in the old Icelandic Saga that bears his name. This Saga is in prose, with occasionally a few stanzas of verse. Upon the events recorded in it the poem of Tegnér is founded.

Esaias Tegnér, Bishop of Wexiö and Knight of the Order of the North Star, was born in 1782 and died in 1846. He stands first among the poets of Sweden; a man of beautiful imagination, — a poetic genius of high order. His countrymen are proud of him, and rejoice in his fame. If you speak of their literature, Tegnér will be the first name upon their lips. They will tell you with enthusiasm of Frithiof's Saga; and of Axel, and Svea, and the Children of the Lord's Supper. The modern Scald has written his name in immortal runes: not on the bark of trees alone, in the "unspeakable rural solitudes" of pastoral song, but on the mountains of his fatherland, and the cliffs that overhang the sea, and on the tombs of ancient heroes, whose histories are epic poems.

The Legend of Frithiof is an epic poem, composed of a series of ballads, each describing some event in the hero's life, and each written in a different measure, according with the action described in the ballad. This is a novel idea; and perhaps thereby the poem loses something in sober, epic dignity. But the loss is more than made up by the greater spirit of the narrative; and it seems a laudable innovation thus to describe various scenes in various metres, and not to employ the same for a game of chess and a storm at sea.

It may be urged against Tegnér, with some show of truth, that he is too profuse and elaborate in his use of figurative language, and that the same figures are sometimes repeated with little variation. But the reader must bear in mind that the work before him is written in the spirit of the Past; in the spirit of that old poetry of the North in which the same images and expressions are oft repeated, and the sword is called the Lightning's Brother; a banner, the Hider of Heaven; gold, the Daylight of Dwarfs; and the grave, the Green Gate of Paradise. The old Scald smote the strings of his harp with as bold a hand as the Berserk smote his foe. When heroes fell in battle, he sang of them in his Drapa, or Death-Song, that they had gone to drink beer with the gods. He lived in a credulous age; in the dim twilight of the Past. He was

> "The skylark in the dawn of years,
> The poet of the morn."

In the vast solitudes around him "the heart of Nature beat against his own." From the midnight gloom of groves the melancholy pines called aloud to the neighboring sea. To his ear these were not the voices of dead, but of living things. Demons rode the ocean like a weary steed, and the gigantic pines flapped their sounding wings to smite the spirit of the storm.

With this same baptism has the soul of the modern Scald been baptized. He dwells in that land where the sound of the sea and the midnight storm are the voices of tradition, and the great forests beckon to him, and in mourn-

ARTIST: J. CARROLL BECKWITH.

"THE TRAMP OF ODIN'S STEED." FRITHIOF'S SAGA.

ful accents seem to say, "Why hast thou tarried so long?" They have not spoken in vain. In this spirit the poem has been written, and in this spirit it must be read. We must visit, in imagination at least, that distant land, and converse with the Genius of the place. It points us to the great mounds, which are the tombs of kings. Their bones are within; skeletons of warriors mounted on the skeletons of their steeds; and Vikings sitting gaunt and grim on the plankless ribs of their pirate ships. There is a wooden statue in the Cathedral of Upsala. It is an image of the god Thor, who in Valhalla holds seven stars in his hand, and Charles's Wain.[1] In the village of Gamla Upsala there is an ancient church. It was once a temple, in which the gods of the old mythology were worshipped. In every mysterious sound that fills the air the peasant still hears the trampling of Odin's steed, which many centuries ago took fright at the sound of a church bell. The memory of Balder is still preserved in the flower that bears his name, and Freja's spinning-wheel still glimmers in the stars of the constellation Orion. The sound of Stromkarl's flute is heard in tinkling brooks, and his song in waterfalls. In the forest the Skogsfrun, of wondrous beauty, leads young men astray, and Tomtgubbe hammers and pounds away, all night long, at the peasant's unfinished cottage.

Almost primeval simplicity reigns over this Northern land, — almost primeval solitude and stillness. You pass out from the gate of the city, and, as if by magic, the scene changes to a wild, woodland landscape. Around you are forests of fir. Overhead hang the long fan-like branches trailing with moss, and heavy with red and blue cones. Underfoot is a carpet of yellow leaves, and the air is warm and balmy. On a wooden bridge you cross a little silver stream. Anon you come forth into a pleasant and sunny land of farms. Wooden fences divide the adjoining fields. Across the road are gates, which are opened for you by troops of flaxen-haired children. The peasants take off their hats as you pass. You sneeze, and they cry, "God bless you!" The houses in the villages and smaller cities are all built of hewn timber, and for the most part painted red. The floors of the taverns are strewn with the fragrant tips of fir boughs. In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travellers. The thrifty housewife shows you into the best chamber, the walls of which are hung round with rude pictures from the Bible; and brings you her heavy silver spoons — an heirloom — to dip the curdled milk from the pan. You have oaten cakes baked some months before; or bread with anise-seed and coriander in it, and perhaps a little pine-bark.[2]

Meanwhile the sturdy husband has brought his horses from the plough, and harnessed them to your carriage. Solitary travellers come and go in uncouth one-horse chaises. Most of them have pipes in their mouths, and, hanging around their necks in front, a leathern wallet, wherein they carry tobacco, and the great bank-notes of the country, as large as your two hands. You meet, also, groups of Dalekarlian peasant-women, travelling homeward or city-ward in pursuit of work. They walk barefoot, carrying in their hands their shoes, which have high heels under the hollow of the foot, and the soles of birch-bark.

Frequent, too, are the village churches standing by the roadside, each in its own little garden of Gethsemane. In the parish register great events are doubtless recorded. Some old king was christened or buried in that church; and a little sexton, with a great rusty key, shows you the baptismal font, or the coffin. In the churchyard are a few flowers and much green grass; and daily the shadow

[1] Thor Gudh war högsten aff them
Han satt naken som ett Barn
Siv stiernor i hauden och Karlewagn.
Old Swedish Rhyme-Chronicle.

[2] Speaking of Dalekarlia a Swedish writer says: "In the poorer parishes the inhabitants are forced, even in good years, to mingle some bark in their bread." Of Elfdalen he says: "The people are poor; without bark-bread they could not live the year out. The traveller who visits these regions, and sees by the roadside long rows of young pines stripped of their bark, in answer to his question wherefore this is so, hears, and truly not without emotion, his postilion's reply: 'To make bread for ourselves and for our children.'"

of the church spire with its long, tapering finger, counts the tombs, thus representing an index of human life, on which the hours and minutes are the graves of men. The stones are flat, and large, and low, and perhaps sunken, like the roofs of old houses. On some are armorial bearings; on others, only the initials of the poor tenants, with a date, as on the roofs of Dutch cottages. They all sleep with their heads to the westward. Each held a lighted taper in his hand when he died; and in his coffin were placed his little heart-treasures, and a piece of money for his last journey. Babes that came lifeless into the world were carried in the arms of gray-haired old men to the only cradle they ever slept in; and in the shroud of the dead mother were laid the little garments of the child that lived and died in her bosom. And over this scene the village pastor looks from his window in the stillness of midnight, and says in his heart, "How quietly they rest, all the departed!"

Near the churchyard gate stands a poor-box, fastened to a post by iron bands, and secured by a padlock, with a sloping wooden roof to keep off the rain. If it be Sunday the peasants sit on the church steps and con their psalm-books. Others are coming down the road with their beloved pastor, who talks to them of holy things from beneath his broad-brimmed hat. He speaks of fields and harvests, and of the parable of the sower that went forth to sow. He leads them to the Good Shepherd, and to the pleasant pastures of the spirit-land. He is their patriarch, and, like Melchisedek, both priest and king, though he has no other throne than the church pulpit. The women carry psalm-books in their hands, wrapped in silk handkerchiefs, and listen devoutly to the good man's words. But the young men, like Gallio, care for none of these things. They are busy counting the plaits in the kirtles of the peasant-girls, their number being an indication of the wearer's wealth. It may end in a wedding.

I must describe a village wedding in Sweden. It shall be in summer time, that there may be flowers, and in a southern province,

that the bride may be fair. The early song of the lark and of chanticleer are mingling in the clear morning air; and the sun, the heavenly bridegroom with golden locks, arises in the east, just as Olof Olofsson, our earthly bridegroom with yellow hair, arises in the south. In the yard there is a sound of voices and trampling of hoofs, and horses are led forth and saddled. The steed that is to bear the bridegroom has a bunch of flowers upon his forehead, and a garland of corn-flowers around his neck. Friends from the neighboring farms come riding in, their blue cloaks streaming to the wind; and finally, the happy bridegroom, with a whip in his hand, and a monstrous nosegay in the breast of his black jacket, comes forth from his chamber; and then to horse and away, towards the village where the bride already sits and waits.

Foremost rides the Spokesman, followed by some half-dozen village musicians, all blowing and drumming and fifing away like mad. Then comes the bridegroom between his two groomsmen, and then forty or fifty friends and wedding guests, half of them perhaps with pistols and guns in their hands. A kind of baggage-wagon brings up the rear, laden with meat and drink for these merry pilgrims. At the entrance of every village stands a triumphal arch, adorned with flowers and ribbons and evergreens; and as they pass beneath it the wedding guests fire a salute, and the whole procession stops. And straight from every pocket flies a black-jack, filled with punch or brandy. It is passed from hand to hand among the crowd; provisions are brought from the wagon of the sumpter horse; and after eating and drinking and loud hurrahs, the procession moves forward again, and at length draws near the house of the bride. Four heralds ride forward to announce that a knight and his attendants are in the neighboring forest, and pray for hospitality. "How many are you?" asks the bride's father. "At least three hundred," is the answer; and to this the host replies, "Yes; were you seven times as many you should all be welcome; and in token thereof receive this cup." Whereupon each herald receives a can of ale, and soon after the whole jovial company come storming into the farmer's yard, and, riding round the May-pole, which stands in the centre, alight amid a grand salute and flourish of music.

In the hall sits the bride, with a crown upon her head and a tear in her eye, like the Virgin Mary in old church paintings. She is dressed in a red bodice and kirtle, with loose linen sleeves. There is a gilded belt around her waist; and around her neck, strings of golden beads and a golden chain. On the crown rests a wreath of wild roses, and below it another of cypress. Loose over her shoulders falls her flaxen hair; and her blue innocent eyes are fixed upon the ground. O thou good soul! thou hast hard hands, but a soft heart! Thou art poor. The very ornaments thou wearest are not thine. They have been hired for this great day. Yet art thou rich; rich in health, rich in hope, rich in thy first, young, fervent love. The blessing of Heaven be upon thee! So thinks the parish priest, as he joins together the hands of bride and bridegroom, saying, in deep, solemn tones: "I give thee in marriage this damsel, to be thy wedded wife in all honor, and to share the half of thy bed, thy lock and key, and every third penny which you two may possess, or may inherit, and all the rights which Upland's laws provide, and the holy King Erik gave."

The dinner is now served, and the bride sits between the bridegroom and the priest. The Spokesman delivers an oration, after the ancient custom of his fathers. He interlards it well with quotations from the Bible; and invites the Saviour to be present at this marriage feast, as he was at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee. The table is not sparingly set forth. Each makes a long arm, and the feast goes cheerly on. Punch and brandy are served up between the courses, and here and there a pipe smoked while waiting for the next dish. They sit long at table; but, as all things must have an end, so must a Swedish dinner. Then the dance begins. It is led off by the bride and the priest, who perform a solemn minuet together. Not till after midnight comes the Last Dance. The girls form a ring around the bride to keep her from the hands of the married women, who endeavor to break through

the magic circle and seize their new sister. After long struggling, they succeed; and the crown is taken from her head and the jewels from her neck, and her bodice is unlaced and her kirtle taken off; and like a vestal virgin clad in white she goes, but it is to her marriage chamber, not to her grave; and the wedding guests follow her with lighted candles in their hands. And this is a village bridal.

Nor must we forget the sudden changing seasons of the Northern clime. There is no long and lingering spring, unfolding leaf and blossom one by one; no long and lingering autumn, pompous with many-colored leaves and the glow of Indian summers. But winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn when winter, from the folds of trailing clouds, sows broadcast over the land snow, icicles, and rattling hail. The days wane apace. Erelong the sun hardly rises above the horizon, or does not rise at all. The moon and the stars shine through the day; only at noon they are pale and wan, and in the southern sky a red, fiery glow, as of sunset, burns along the horizon, and then goes out. And pleasantly under the silver moon, and under the silent, solemn stars, ring the steel shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices and the sound of bells.

And now the Northern Lights begin to burn, faintly at first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a soft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colors come and go; and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson. The snow is stained with rosy light. Twofold from the zenith, east and west, flames a fiery sword; and a broad band passes athwart the heavens like a summer sunset. Soft purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapory folds the winking stars shine white as silver. With such pomp as this is Merry Christmas ushered in, though only a single star heralded the first Christmas. And in memory of that day the Swedish peasants dance on straw; and the peasant-girls throw straws at the timbered roof of the hall, and for every one that sticks in a crack shall a groomsman come to their wedding. Merry Christmas indeed! For pious souls church songs shall be sung, and sermons preached; —

> "And all the bells on earth shall ring,
> And all the angels in heaven shall sing,
> On Christmas day in the morning."

But for Swedish peasants brandy and nutbrown ale in wooden bowls; and the great Yule-cake crowned with a cheese, and garlanded with apples, and upholding a three-armed candlestick over the Christmas feast. They may tell tales, too, of Jöns Lundsbracka and Lunkenfus, and the great Riddar Finke of Pingsdaga.[1]

And now the glad, leafy midsummer, full of blossoms and the song of nightingales, is come! Saint John has taken the flowers and festival of heathen Balder; and in every village there is a May-pole fifty feet high, with wreaths and roses and ribbons streaming in the wind, and a noisy weathercock on top, to tell the village whence the wind cometh and whither it goeth. The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night; and the children are at play in the streets an hour later. The windows and doors are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle. Oh, how beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews, and shadows, and refreshing coolness! How beautiful the long, mild twilight, which like a silver clasp unites to-day with yesterday! How beautiful the silent hour, when Morning and Evening thus sit together, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight! From the church tower in the public square the bell tolls the hour, with a soft, musical chime; and the watchman, whose watch-tower is the belfry, blows a blast in his horn for each stroke of the hammer, and four times to the four corners of the heavens in a sonorous voice, he chants: —

> "Ho! watchman, ho!
> Twelve is the clock!
> God keep our town
> From fire and brand,
> And hostile hand!
> Twelve is the clock!"

From his swallow's nest in the belfry he can

[1] Titles of Swedish popular tales.

see the sun all night long; and farther north the priest stands at his door in the warm midnight, and lights his pipe with a common burning-glass.

And all this while the good Bishop of Wexiö is waiting, with his poem in his hand. And such a poem, too! Alas! I am but too well aware, that a brief analysis and a few scattered extracts can give only a faint idea of the original, and that consequently the admiration of my readers will probably lag somewhat behind my own. If the poem itself should ever fall into their hands, I hope that the foregoing remarks on Sweden, which now may seem to them a useless digression, will nevertheless enable them to enter more easily into the spirit of the poem, and to feel more truly the influences under which it was written.

I.

The first canto describes the childhood and youth of Frithiof and Ingeborg the fair, as they grew up together under the humble roof of Hilding, their foster-father. They are two plants in the old man's garden; — a young oak, whose stem is like a lance, and whose leafy top is rounded like a helm; and a rose, in whose folded buds the spring still sleeps and dreams. But the storm comes, and the young oak must wrestle with it; the sun of spring shines warm in heaven, and the red lips of the rose open. The sports of their childhood are described. They sail together on the deep blue sea; and when he shifts the sail, she claps her small white hands in glee. For her he plunders the highest bird's-nests, and the eagle's eyry, and bears her through the rushing mountain brook, it is so sweet when the torrent roars to be pressed by small white arms.

But childhood and the sports thereof soon pass away, and Frithiof becomes a mighty hunter. He fights the bear without spear or sword, and lays the conquered monarch of the forest at the feet of Ingeborg. And when by the light of the winter-evening hearth, he reads the glorious songs of Valhalla, no goddess, whose beauty is there celebrated, can compare with Ingeborg. Freya's golden hair may wave like a wheat-field in the wind, but Ingeborg's is a net of gold around roses and lilies. Iduna's bosom throbs full and fair beneath her silken vest, but beneath the silken vest of Ingeborg two Elves of Light leap up with rose-buds in their hands. And she embroiders in gold and silver the wondrous deeds of heroes; and the face of every champion that looks up at her from the woof she is weaving is the face of Frithiof; and she blushes and is glad; — that is to say, they love each other a little. Ancient Hilding does not favor their passion, but tells his foster-son that the maiden is the daughter of King Bele, and he but the son of Thorsten Vikingsson, a Thane; he should not aspire to the love of one who has decended in a long line of ancestors from the star-clear hall of Odin himself. Frithiof smiles in scorn, and replies that he has slain the shaggy king of the forest, and inherits his ancestors with his hide; and moreover that he will possess his bride, his white lily, in spite of the very god of thunder; for a puissant wooer is the sword.

II.

Thus closes the first canto. In the second, old King Bele stands leaning on his sword in his hall, and with him is his faithful brother in arms, Thorsten Vikingsson, the father of Frithiof, silver-haired, and scarred like a runic stone. The king complains that the evening of his days is drawing near, that the mead is no longer pleasant to his taste, and that his helmet weighs heavily upon his brow. He feels the approach of death. Therefore he summons to his presence his two sons, Helge and Halfdan, and with them Frithiof, that he may give a warning to the young eagles before the words slumber on the dead man's tongue. Foremost advances Helge, a grim and gloomy figure, who loves to dwell among the priests and before the altars, and now comes, with blood upon his hands, from the groves of sacrifice. And next to him approaches Halfdan, a boy with locks of light, and so gentle in his mien and bearing that he seems a maiden in disguise. And after these, wrapped in his mantle blue, and a head taller than either, comes Frithiof, and stands between the brothers, like midday between the rosy morning and the shadowy night. Then

speaks the king, and tells the young eaglets that his sun is going down, and that they must rule his realm after him in harmony and brotherly love; that the sword was given for defence and not for offence; that the shield was forged as a padlock for the peasant's barn; and that they should not glory in their fathers' honors, as each can bear his own only. If we cannot bend the bow, he says, it is not ours; what have we to do with worth that is buried? The mighty stream goes into the sea with its own waves. These, and many other wise sayings, fall from the old man's dying lips; and then Thorsten Vikingsson, who means to die with his king as he has lived with him, arises and addresses his son Frithiof. He tells him that old age has whispered many warnings in his ear, which he will repeat to him; for as the birds of Odin descend upon the sepulchres of the north, so words of manifold wisdom descend upon the lips of the old. Then follows much sage advice; — that he should serve his king, for one alone shall reign, — the dark Night has many eyes, but the Day has only one; that he should not praise the day until the sun had set, nor his beer until he had drunk it; that he should not trust to ice but one night old, nor snow in spring, nor a sleeping snake, nor the words of a maiden on his knee, — sagacious hints from the High Song of Odin. Then the old men speak together of their long-tried friendship; and the king praises the valor and heroic strength of Frithiof, and Thorsten has much to say of the glory which crowns the Kings of the North-land, the sons of the gods. Then the king speaks to his sons again, and bids them greet his daughter, the rose-bud. In retirement, says he, as it behoved her, has she grown up; protect her; let not the storm come and fix upon his helmet my delicate flower. And he bids them bury him and his ancient friend by the seaside, — by the billow blue, for its song is pleasant to the spirit evermore, and, like a funeral dirge its blows ring against the strand.

III.

And now King Bele and Thorsten Vikingsson are gathered to their fathers; Helge and Halfdan share the throne between them, and Frithiof retires to his ancestral estate at Framnäs; of which a description is given in the third canto, conceived and executed in a truly Homeric spirit.

"Three miles extended around the fields of the homestead, on three sides
Valleys and mountains and hills, but on the fourth side was the ocean.
Birch woods crowned the summits, but down the slope of the hillsides
Flourished the golden corn, and man-high was waving the rye-field.
Lakes, full many in number, their mirror held up for the mountains,
Held for the forests up, in whose depths the high-horned reindeers
Had their kingly walk, and drank of a hundred brooklets.
But in the valley swidely around, there fed on the green-sward
Herds with shining hides and udders that longed for the milk-pail.
'Mid these scattered, now here and now there, were numberless flocks of
Sheep with fleeces white, as thou seest the white-looking stray clouds,
Flock-wise spread o'er the heavenly vault, when it bloweth in spring-time.
Coursers two times twelve, all mettlesome, fast fettered storm-winds,
Stamping stood in the line of stalls, and tugged at their fodder,
Knotted with red were their manes, and their hoofs all white with steel shoes.
Th' banquet-hall, a house by itself, was timbered of hard fir.
Not five hundred men (at ten times twelve to the hundred[1])
Filled up the roomy hall, when assembled for drinking, at Yule-tide.
Thorough the hall, as long as it was, went a table of holm-oak,
Polished and white, as of steel; the columns twain of the High-seat
Stood at the end thereof, two gods carved out of an elm-tree;
Odin[2] with lordly look, and Frey[3] with the sun on his frontlet.
Lately between the two, on a bear-skin (the skin it was coal-black,
Scarlet-red was the throat, but the paws were shodden with silver),

[1] An old fashion of reckoning in the North.

[2] Odin, the All-father; the Jupiter of the Scandinavian mythology.

[3] Frey, the god of Fertility; the Bacchus of the North

Thorsten sat with his friends, Hospitality sitting with Gladness.
Oft, when the moon through the cloud-rack flew, related the old man
Wonders from distant lands he had seen, and cruises of Vikings [1]
Far away on the Baltic, and Sea of the West, and the White Sea.
Hushed sat the listening bench, and their glances hung on the graybeard's
Lips, as a bee on the rose; but the Scald was thinking of Brage,[2]
Where, with his silver beard, and runes on his tongue, he is seated
Under the leafy beech, and tells a tradition by Mimer's [3]
Ever-murmuring wave, himself a living tradition.
Midway the floor (with thatch was it strewn) burned ever the fire-flame
Glad on its stone-built hearth; and thorough the wide-mouthed smoke-flue
Looked the stars, those heavenly friends, down into the great hall.
Round the walls, upon nails of steel, were hanging in order
Breastplate and helmet together, and here and there among them
Downward lightened a sword, as in winter evening a star shoots.
More than helmets and swords the shields in the hall were resplendent,
White as the orb of the sun, or white as the moon's disk of silver.
Ever and anon went a maid round the board, and filled up the drink-horns,
Ever she cast down her eyes and blushed; in the shield her reflection
Blushed, too, even as she; this gladdened the drinking champions."

Among the treasures of Frithiof's house are three of transcendent worth. The first of these is the sword Angurvadel, brother of the lightning, handed down from generation to generation, since the days of Björn Blåtand, the Blue-toothed Bear. The hilt thereof was of beaten gold, and on the blade were wondrous runes, known only at the gates of the sun. In peace these runes were dull, but in time of war they burned red as the comb of a cock when he fights; and lost was he who in the night of slaughter met the sword of the flaming runes!

The second in price is an arm-ring of pure gold, made by Vaulund, the limping Vulcan of the North; and containing upon its border the signs of the zodiac, — the Houses of the Twelve Immortals. This ring had been handed down in the family of Frithiof from the days when it came from the hands of Vaulund, the founder of the race. It was once stolen and carried to England by Viking Sote, who there buried himself alive in a vast tomb, and with him his pirate-ship and all his treasures. King Bele and Thorsten pursue him, and through a crevice of the door look into the tomb, where they behold the ship, with anchor and masts and spars; and on the deck, a fearful figure, clad in a mantle of flame, sits, gloomily scouring a blood-stained sword. The ring is upon his arm. Thorsten bursts the doors of the great tomb asunder with his lance, and, entering, does battle with the grim spirit, and bears home the ring as a trophy of his victory.[4]

The third great treasure of the house of Frithiof is the dragon-ship Ellida. It was given to one of Frithiof's ancestors by a sea-god whom this ancestor saved from drowning, somewhat as Saint Christopher did the angel. The ancient mariner was homeward bound, when at a distance on the wreck of a ship he espied an old man with sea-green locks, a beard white as the foam of waves, and a face which smiled like the sea when it plays in sunshine. Viking takes this Old Man of the Sea home with him, and entertains him in hospitable guise; but at bedtime the green-haired guest, instead of going quietly to his rest like a Christian man, sets sail again on his wreck, like a hobgoblin, having, as he says, a hundred miles to go that night, at the same time telling the Viking to look the next morning on the sea-shore for a gift of thanks. And the next morning, behold! the dragon-ship Ellida comes sailing up the harbor, like a phantom ship, with all her sails set, and not a man on board. Her prow is a dragon's head, with jaws of gold; her stern, a dragon's tail, twisted and scaly with silver; her wings black, tipped

[1] The old pirates of the North.

[2] Brage, the god of Song; the Scandinavian Apollo.

[3] Mimer, the Giant, who possessed the Well of Wisdom, under one of the roots of the Ash Igdrasil.

[4] Not unlike the old tradition of the ring of Gyges; which was found on a dead man's finger in the flank of a brazen horse, deep buried in a chasm of the earth.

with red; and when she spreads them all, she flies a race with the roaring storm, and the eagle is left behind.

These were Frithiof's treasures, renowned in the North; and thus in his hall, with Björn, his bosom friend, he sat, surrounded by his champions twelve, with breasts of steel and furrowed brows, the comrades of his father, and all the guests that had gathered together to pay the funeral rites to Thorsten, the son of Viking. And Frithiof, with eyes full of tears, drank to his father's memory, and heard the song of the Scalds, a dirge of thunder.

IV.

Frithiof's Courtship is the title of the fourth canto.

"High sounded the song in Frithiof's hall,
And the Scalds they praised his fathers all;
But the song rejoices
Not Frithiof, he hears not the Scalds' loud voices.

"And the earth has clad itself green again,
And the dragons swim once more on the main,
But the hero's son
He wanders in woods, and looks at the moon."

He had lately made a banquet for Helge and Halfdan, and sat beside Ingeborg the fair, and spoke with her of those early days when the dew of morning still lay upon life; of the reminiscences of childhood; their names carved in the birch-tree's bark; the well-known valley and woodland, and the hill where the great oaks grew from the dust of heroes. And now the banquet closes, and Frithiof remains at his homestead to pass his days in idleness and dreams. But this strange mood pleases not his friend the Bear.

"It pleased not Björn these things to see:
'What ails the young eagle now,' said he,
'So still, so oppressed?
Have they plucked his wings? have they pierced his breast?

"'What wilt thou? Have we not more than we need
Of the yellow lard and the nut-brown mead?
And of Scalds a throng?
There 's never an end to their ballads long.

"'True enough, the coursers stamp in their stall,
For prey, for prey, scream the falcons all;
But Frithiof only
Hunts in the clouds, and weeps so lonely.'

. . . . . .

"Then Frithiof set the dragon free,
And the sails swelled full, and snorted the sea.
Right over the bay
To the sons of the King he steered his way."

He finds them at the grave of their father, King Bele, giving audience to the people, and promulgating laws, and he boldly asks the hand of their sister Ingeborg, this alliance being in accordance with the wishes of King Bele. To this proposition Helge answers, in scorn, that his sister's hand is not for the son of a thane; that he needs not the sword of Frithiof to protect his throne, but if he will be his serf, there is a place vacant among the house-folk which he can fill. Indignant at this reply, Frithiof draws his sword of the flaming runes, and at one blow cleaves in twain the golden shield of Helge as it hangs on a tree, and, turning away in disdain, departs over the blue sea homeward.

V.

In the next canto the scene changes. Old King Ring pushes back his golden chair from the table, and arises to speak to his heroes and Scalds, — old King Ring, a monarch renowned in the North, beloved by all as a father to the land he governs, and whose name each night goes up to Odin with the prayers of his people. He announces to them his intention of taking to himself a new queen as a mother to his infant son, and tells them he has fixed his choice upon Ingeborg, the lily small, with the blush of morn on her cheeks. Messengers are forthwith sent to Helge and Halfdan, bearing golden gifts, and attended by a long train of Scalds, who sing heroic ballads to the sound of their harps. Three days and three nights they revel at the court; and on the fourth morning receive from Helge a solemn refusal and from Halfdan a taunt, that King Graybeard should ride forth in person to seek his bride. Old King Ring is wroth at the reply, and straightway prepares to avenge his wounded pride with his sword. He smites his shield as it hangs on the bough of the high linden-tree, and the dragons swim forth on the waves with blood-red combs, and the helms nod in the wind.

The sound of the approaching war reaches the ears of the royal brothers, and they place their sister for protection in the temple of Balder.[1]

VI.

In the next canto, which is the sixth, Frithiof and Björn are playing chess together, when old Hilding comes in, bringing the prayer of Helge and Halfdan, that Frithiof would aid them in the war against King Ring. Frithiof, instead of answering the old man, continues his game, making allusions as it goes on to the king's being saved by a peasant or pawn, and the necessity of rescuing the queen at all hazards. Finally, he tells the ancient Hilding to return to Bele's sons and tell them that they have wounded his honor, that no ties unite them together, and that he will never be their bondman. So closes this short and very spirited canto.

VII.

The seventh canto describes the meeting of Frithiof and Ingeborg in Balder's temple, when silently the high stars stole forth, like a lover to his maid, on tiptoe. Here all passionate vows are retold; he swears to protect her with his sword while here on earth, and to sit by her side hereafter in Valhalla, when the champions ride forth to battle from the silver gates, and maidens bear round the mead-horn mantled with golden foam.

VIII.

The eighth canto commences in this wise. Ingeborg sits in Balder's temple, and waits the coming of Frithiof, till the stars fade away in the morning sky. At length he arrives, wild and haggard. He comes from the Ting, or council, where he has offered his hand in reconciliation to King Helge, and again asked of him his sister in marriage, before the assembly of the warriors. A thousand swords hammered applause upon a thousand shields, and the ancient Hilding with his silver beard stepped forth and held a talk full of wisdom, in short, pithy language, that sounded like the blows of a sword. But all in vain. King Helge says him nay, and brings against him an accusation of having profaned the temple of Balder by daring to visit Ingeborg there. Death or banishment is the penalty of the law; but instead of being sentenced to the usual punishment, Frithiof is ordered to sail to the Orkney Islands, in order to force from Jarl Angantyr the payment of the annual tribute, which since Bele's death he has neglected to pay. All this does Frithiof relate to Ingeborg, and urges her to escape with him to the lands of the South, where the sky is clearer, and the mild stars shall look down with friendly glance upon them through the warm summer nights. By the light of the winter-evening's fire, old Thorsten Vikingsson had told them tales of the Isles of Greece, with their green groves and shining billows; — where, amid the ruins of marble temples, flowers grow from the runes that utter forth the wisdom of the past, and golden apples glow amid the leaves, and red grapes hang from every twig. All is prepared for their flight; already Ellida spreads her shadowy eagle-wings; but Ingeborg refuses to escape. King Bele's daughter will not deign to steal her happiness. In a beautiful and passionate appeal, she soothes her lover's wounded pride, and at length he resolves to undertake the expedition to Jarl Angantyr. He gives her the golden arm-ring of Vaulunder, and they part, she with mournful forebodings, and he with ardent hope of ultimate success. This part of the poem is a dramatic sketch in blank verse. It is highly wrought, and full of poetic beauties.

IX.

Ingeborg's Lament is the subject of the ninth canto. She sits by the seaside, and watches the westward-moving sail, and speaks to the billows blue, and the stars, and to Frithiof's falcon, that sits upon her shoulder, — the gallant bird whose image she has worked into her embroidery, with wings of silver and golden claws. She tells him to greet again and again her Frithiof, when he returns and weeps by her grave.

X.

And now follows the ballad of Frithiof at Sea; one of the most spirited and characteristic cantos of the poem. The versification,

[1] Balder, the god of the Summer Sun.

likewise, is managed with great skill; each strophe consisting of three several parts, each in its respective metre. King Helge stands by the sea-shore and prays to the fiends for a tempest; and soon Frithiof hears the wings of the storm flapping in the distance, and, as wind-cold Ham and snowy Heid beat against the flanks of his ship, he sings: —

"Fairer was the journey,
In the moonbeam's shimmer,
O'er the mirrored waters
Unto Balder's grove;
Warmer than it here is,
Close by Ingeborg's bosom; —
Whiter than the sea-foam
Swelled the maiden's breast."

But the tempest waxes sore; — it screams in the shrouds, and cracks in the keel, and the dragon-ship leaps from wave to wave like a goat from cliff to cliff. Frithiof fears that witchcraft is at work; and calling Björn, he bids him gripe the tiller with his bear-paw while he climbs the mast to look out upon the sea. From aloft he sees the two fiends riding on a whale; Heid with snowy skin, and in shape like a white bear, — Ham with outspread, sounding wings, like the eagle of the storm. A battle with these sea-monsters ensues. Ellida hears the hero's voice, and with her copper keel smites the whale so that he dies; and the whale-riders learn how bitter it is to bite blue steel, being transfixed with Northern spears hurled from a hero's hand. And thus the storm is stilled, and Frithiof reaches at length the shores of Angantyr.

XI.

In the eleventh canto Jarl Angantyr sits in his ancestral hall carousing with his friends. In merry mood he looks forth upon the sea, where the sun is sinking into the waves like a golden swan. At the window the ancient Halvar stands sentinel, watchful alike of things within doors and without; for ever and anon he drains the mead-horn to the bottom, and, uttering never a word, thrusts the empty horn in at the window to be filled anew. At length he announces the arrival of a tempest-tost ship; and Jarl Angantyr looks forth, and recognizes the dragon-ship Ellida, and Frithiof, the son of his friend. No sooner has he made this known to his followers, than the Viking Atle springs up from his seat and screams aloud: "Now will I test the truth of the tale that Frithiof can blunt the edge of hostile sword, and never begs for quarter." Accordingly he and twelve other champions seize their arms, and rush down to the sea-shore to welcome the stranger with warlike sword-play. A single combat ensues between Frithiof and Atle. Both shields are cleft in twain at once; Angurvadel bites full sharp, and Atle's sword is broken. Frithiof, disdaining an unequal contest, throws his own away, and the combatants wrestle together unarmed. Atle falls; and Frithiof, as he plants his knee upon the breast of his foe, says that, if he had his sword, the Viking should feel its sharp edge and die. The haughty Atle bids him go and recover his sword, promising to lie still and await death, which promise he fulfils. Frithiof seizes Angurvadel, and when he returns to smite the prostrate Viking, he is so moved by his courage and magnanimity that he stays the blow, seizes the hand of the fallen, and they return together as friends to the banquet-hall of Angantyr. This hall is adorned with more than wonted splendor. Its walls are not wainscoted with rough-hewn planks, but covered with gold-leather, stamped with flowers and fruits. No hearth glows in the centre of the floor, but a marble fireplace leans against the wall. There is glass in the windows, there are locks on the doors; and instead of torches, silver chandeliers stretch forth their arms with lights over the banquet-table, whereon is a hart roasted whole, with larded haunches, and gilded hoofs lifted as if to leap, and green leaves on its branching antlers. Behind each warrior's seat stands a maiden, like a star behind a stormy cloud. And high on his royal chair of silver, with helmet shining like the sun, and breastplate inwrought with gold, and mantle star-spangled, and trimmed with purple and ermine, sits the Viking Angantyr, Jarl of the Orkneys. With friendly salutations he welcomes the son of Thorsten, and in a goblet of Sicilian wine, foaming like the sea, drinks to the memory of the departed; while Scalds, from the hills of Morven, sing heroic songs. Frithiof relates to him his ad-

ventures at sea, and makes known the object of his mission; whereupon Angantyr declares that he was never tributary to King Bele; that, although he pledged him in the wine-cup, he was not subject to his laws; that his sons he knew not; but that, if they wished to levy tribute, they must do it with the sword, like men. And then he bids his daughter bring from her chamber a richly embroidered purse, which he fills with golden coins of foreign mint, and gives to Frithiof as a pledge of welcome and hospitality. And Frithiof remains his guest till spring.

XII.

In the twelfth canto we have a description of Frithiof's return to his native land. He finds his homestead at Framnäs laid waste by fire; house, fields, and ancestral forests are all burnt over. As he stands amid the ruins, his falcon perches on his shoulder, his dog leaps to welcome him, and his snow-white steed comes with limbs like a hind and neck like a swan. He will have bread from his master's hands. At length old Hilding appears from among the ruins, and tells a mournful tale; how a bloody battle had been fought between King Ring and Helge; how Helge and his host had been routed, and in their flight through Framnäs, from sheer malice, had laid waste the lands of Frithiof; and finally, how, to save their crown and kingdom, the brothers had given Ingeborg to be the bride of King Ring. He describes the bridal, as the train went up to the temple, with virgins in white, and men with swords, and Scalds, and the pale bride seated on a black steed like a spirit on a cloud. At the altar the fierce Helge had torn the bracelet, the gift of Frithiof, from Ingeborg's arm, and adorned with it the image of Balder. And Frithiof remembers that it is now mid-summer, and festival time in Balder's temple. Thither he directs his steps

XIII.

The sun stands, at midnight, blood-red on the mountains of the North. It is not day, it is not night, but something between the two. The fire blazes on the altar in the temple of Balder. Priests with silver beards and knives of flint in their hands stand there, and King Helge with his crown. A sound of arms is heard in the sacred grove without, and a voice commanding Björn to guard the door. Then Frithiof rushes in like a storm in autumn. "Here is your tribute from the Western seas," he cries; "take it, and then be there a battle for life and death between us twain, here by the light of Balder's altar; — shields behind us, and bosoms bare; — and the first blow be thine, as king; but forget not that mine is the second. Look not thus toward the door; I have caught the fox in his den. Think of Framnäs, think of thy sister with golden locks!" With these words he draws from his girdle the purse of Angantyr, and throws it into the face of the king with such force that the blood gushes from his mouth, and he falls senseless at the foot of the altar. Frithiof then seizes the bracelet on Balder's arm, and in trying to draw it off he pulls the wooden statue from its base, and it falls into the flames of the altar. In a moment the whole temple is in a blaze. All attempts to extinguish the conflagration are vain. The fire is victorious. Like a red bird the flame sits upon the roof, and flaps its loosened wings. Mighty was the funeral pyre of Balder!

XIV.

The fourteenth canto is entitled Frithiof in Exile. Frithiof sits at night on the deck of his ship, and chants a song of welcome to the sea, which, as a Viking, he vows to make his home in life and his grave in death. "Thou knowest naught," he sings, "thou Ocean free, of a king who oppresses thee at his own will.

> "Thy king is he
> Among the free,
> Who trembles never,
> How high soever
> Heaves in unrest
> Thy foam-white breast.
> Blue fields like these
> The hero please.
> His keels go thorough
> Like plough in the furrough,
> But steel-bright are
> The seeds sown there."

He turns his prow from shore, and is putting to sea, when King Helge, with ten ships, comes sailing out to attack him. But anon the ships

sink down into the sea, as if drawn downward by invisible hands, and Helge saves himself by swimming ashore. Then Björn laughed aloud, and told how the night before he had bored holes in the bottom of each of Helge's ships. But the king now stood on a cliff, and bent his mighty bow of steel against the rock with such force that it snapped in twain. And Frithiof jeering cried that it was rust that had broken the bow, not Helge's strength; and to show what nerve there was in a hero's arm, he seized two pines, large enough for the masts of ships, but shaped into oars, and rowed with such marvellous strength that the two pines snapped in his hands like reeds. And now uprose the sun, and the land-breeze blew off shore; and bidding his native land farewell, Frithiof the Viking sailed forth to scour the seas.

XV.

The fifteenth canto contains the Viking's Code, the laws of the pirate-ship. No tent upon deck, no slumber in house; but the shield must be the Viking's couch, and his tent the blue sky overhead. The hammer of victorious Thor is short, and the sword of Frey but an ell in length; and the warrior's steel is never too short if he goes near enough to the foe. Hoist high the sail when the wild storm blows; 't is merry in stormy seas; onward and ever onward; he is a coward who strikes; rather sink than strike. There shall be neither maiden nor drunken revelry on board. The freighted merchantman shall be protected, but must not refuse his tribute to the Viking, for the Viking is king of the waves, and the merchant a slave to gain, and the steel of the brave is as good as the gold of the rich. The plunder shall be divided on deck, by lot and the throwing of dice; but in this the sea-king takes no share; glory is his prize; he wants none other. They shall be valiant in fight, and merciful to the conquered; for he who begs for quarter has no longer a sword, is no man's foe; and Prayer is a child of Valhalla, — they must listen to the voice of the pale one. With such laws sailed the Viking over the foaming sea for three weary years, and came at length to the Isles of Greece, which in days of yore his father had so oft described to him, and whither he had wished to flee with Ingeborg. And thus the forms of the absent and the dead rose up before him, and seemed to beckon him to his home in the North. He is weary of sea-fights, and of hewing men in twain, and glory of battle. The flag at the mast-head pointed northward; there lay the beloved land; he resolved to follow the course of the winds of heaven, and steer back again to the North.

XVI.

Canto sixteenth is a dialogue between Frithiof and his friend Björn, in which the latter gentleman exhibits some of the rude and uncivilized tastes of his namesake, Bruin the Bear. They have again reached the shores of their fatherland. Winter is approaching. The sea begins to freeze around their keel. Frithiof is weary of a Viking's life. He wishes to pass the Yule-tide on land, and to visit King Ring and his bride of the golden locks, his beloved Ingeborg. Björn, dreaming all the while of bloody exploits, offers himself as a companion, and talks of firing the king's palace at night, and bearing off the queen by force. Or if his friend deems the old king worthy of a holmgång,[1] or of a battle on the ice, he is ready for either. But Frithiof tells him that only gentle thoughts now fill his bosom. He wishes only to take a last farewell of Ingeborg. These delicate feelings cannot penetrate the hirsute breast of Bruin. He knows not what this love may be; — this sighing and sorrow for a maiden's sake. The world, he says, is full of maidens; and he offers to bring Frithiof a whole ship-load from the glowing South, all red as roses and gentle as lambs. But Frithiof will not stay. He resolves to go to King Ring, but not alone, for his sword goes with him.

XVII.

The seventeenth canto relates how King Ring sat in his banquet-hall at Yule-tide and drank mead. At his side sat Ingeborg his

[1] A duel between the Vikings of the North was called a *holmgång*, because the two combatants met on an island to decide their quarrel. Fierce battles were likewise fought by armies on the ice: the frozen bays and lakes of a mountainous country being oftentimes the only plains large enough for battle-fields.

queen, like Spring by the side of Autumn. And an old man, and unknown, all wrapped in skins, entered the hall, and humbly took his seat near the door. And the courtiers looked at each other with scornful smiles, and pointed with the finger at the hoary bear-skin man. At this the stranger waxed angry, and seizing with one hand a young coxcomb, he "twirled him up and down." The rest grew silent; he would have done the same with them. "Who breaks the peace?" quoth the king. "Tell us who thou art, and whence, old man." And the old man answered,

"In Anguish was I nurtured, Want is my homestead hight,
Now come I from the Wolf's den, I slept with him last night."

But King Ring is not so easily duped, and bids the stranger lay aside his disguise. And straight the shaggy bear-skin fell from the head of the unknown guest, and down from his lofty forehead, over his shoulders broad and full, floated his shining ringlets like a wave of gold. Frithiof stood before them in a rich mantle of blue velvet, with a hand-broad silver belt around his waist; and the color came and went in the cheek of the queen like the Northern light on fields of snow,

"And as two water-lilies, beneath the tempest's might,
Lie heaving on the billow, so heaved her bosom white."

And now a horn blew in the hall, and kneeling on a silver dish, with haunch and shoulder hung "with garlands gay and rosemary," and holding an apple in his mouth, the wild-boar was brought in.[1]

And King Ring rose up in his hoary locks, and, laying his hand upon the boar's head, swore an oath that he would conquer Frithiof, the great champion, so help him Frey and Odin, and the mighty Thor. With a disdainful smile Frithiof threw his sword upon the table so that the hall echoed to the clang, and every warrior sprang up from his seat, and turning to the king he said: "Young Frithiof is my friend; I know him well, and I swear to protect him, were it against the world; so help me Destiny and my good sword." The king was pleased at this great freedom of speech, and invited the stranger to remain their guest till spring; bidding Ingeborg fill a goblet with the choicest wine for the stranger. With downcast eyes and trembling hand she presented Frithiof a goblet, which two men, as men are now, could not have drained; but he, in honor of his lady-love, quaffed it at a single draught. And then the Scald took his harp and sang the song of Hagbart and Fair Signe, the Romeo and Juliet of the North. And thus the Yule-carouse was prolonged far into the night, and the old fellows drank deep, till at length

"They all to sleep departed, withouten pain or care,
But old King Ring, the graybeard, slept with Ingeborg the fair."

XVIII.

The next canto describes a sledge-ride on the ice. It has a cold breath about it. The short, sharp stanzas are like the angry gusts of a northwester.

"King Ring with his queen to the banquet did fare,
On the lake stood the ice so mirror-clear.

"'Fare not o'er the ice,' the stranger cries;
'It will burst, and full deep the cold bath lies.'

"'The king drowns not easily,' Ring outspake;
'He who 's afraid may go round the lake.'

"Threatening and dark looked the stranger round,
His steel shoes with haste on his feet he bound.

"The sledge-horse starts forth strong and free;
He snorteth flames, so glad is he.

"'Strike out,' screamed the king, 'my trotter good,
Let us see if thou art of Sleipner's[2] blood.'

"They go as a storm goes over the lake,
No heed to his queen doth the old man take.

"But the steel-shod champion standeth not still,
He passeth them by as swift as he will.

"He carves many runes in the frozen tide,
Fair Ingeborg o'er her own name doth glide."

Thus they speed away over the ice, but be-

"And he drinketh of his bugle-horn the wine,
Before him standeth the brawne of the tusked swine."

[1] "The old English custom of the boar's head at Christmas dates from a far antiquity. It was in use at the festivals of Yule-tide among the pagan Northmen. The words of Chaucer in the Franklein's Tale will apply to the old hero of the North: —

[2] The steed of Odin.

neath them the treacherous Ran[1] lies in ambush. She breaks a hole in her silver roof, the sledge is sinking, and fair Ingeborg is pale with fear, when the stranger on his skates comes sweeping by like a whirlwind. He seizes the steed by his mane, and at a single pull places the sledge upon firm ice again. They return together to the king's palace, where the stranger, who is none else than Frithiof, remains a guest till spring.

XIX.

The nineteenth canto is entitled Frithiof's Temptation. It is as follows: —

"Spring is coming, birds are twittering, forests leaf, and smiles the sun,
And the loosened torrents downward, singing, to the ocean run;
Glowing like the cheek of Freya, peeping rosebuds 'gin to ope,
And in human hearts awaken love of life, and joy, and hope.

"Now will hunt the ancient monarch, and the queen shall join the sport:
Swarming in its gorgeous splendor, is assembled all the court;
Bows ring loud, and quivers rattle, stallions paw the ground alway,
And, with hoods upon their eyelids, scream the falcons for their prey.

"See, the Queen of the chase advances! Frithiof, gaze not at the sight!
Like a star upon a spring-cloud sits she on her palfrey white.
Half of Freya,[2] half of Rota,[3] yet more beauteous than these two,
And from her light hat of purple wave aloft the feathers blue.

"Gaze not at her eye's blue heaven, gaze not at her golden hair!
Oh beware! her waist is slender, full her bosom is, beware!
Look not at the rose and lily on her cheek that shifting play,
List not to the voice beloved, whispering like the wind of May.

"Now the huntsman's band is ready. Hurrah! over hill and dale!
Horns ring, and the hawks right upward to the hall of Odin sail.
All the dwellers in the forest seek in fear their cavern homes,
But, with spear outstretched before her, after them the Valkyr comes."

The old king cannot keep pace with the chase. Frithiof rides beside him, silent and sad. Gloomy musings rise within him, and he hears continually the mournful voices of his own dark thoughts. Why had he left the ocean, where all care is blown away by the winds of heaven? Here he wanders amid dreams and secret longings. He cannot forget Balder's grove. But the grim gods are no longer friendly. They have taken his rose-bud and placed it on the breast of Winter, whose chill breath covers bud and leaf and stalk with ice. And thus they come to a lonely valley shut in by mountains, and overshadowed by beeches and alders. Here the king alights; the quiet of the place invites to slumber.

"Then threw Frithiof down his mantle, and upon the greensward spread,
And the ancient king so trustful laid on Frithiof's knee his head,
Slept as calmly as the hero sleepeth, after war's alarm,
On his shield, or as an infant sleeps upon its mother's arm.

"As he slumbers, hark! there sings a coal-black bird upon the bough:
'Hasten, Frithiof, slay the old man, end your quarrel at a blow;
Take his queen, for she is thine, and once the bridal kiss she gave,
Now no human eye beholds thee, deep and silent is the grave.'

"Frithiof listens; hark! there sings a snow-white bird upon the bough:
'Though no human eye beholds thee, Odin's eye beholds thee now.
Coward! wilt thou murder sleep, and a defenceless old man slay!
Whatsoe'er thou winn'st, thou canst not win a hero's fame this way.'

"Thus the two wood-birds did warble: Frithiof took his war-sword good,

[1] A giantess holding dominion over the waters.

[2] The goddess of Love and Beauty; the Venus of the North.

[3] One of the Valkyrs, or celestial virgins, who bear off the souls of the slain in battle.

ARTIST: J. C. BECKWITH.

"AND THE QUEEN SHALL JOIN THE SPORT."

Frithiof's Saga.

With a shudder hurled it from him, far into the gloomy wood.
Coal-black bird flies down to Nastrand,[1] but on light, unfolded wings,
Like the tone of harps, the other, sounding towards the sun, upsprings.

"Straight the ancient king awakens. 'Sweet has been my sleep,' he said;
'Pleasantly sleeps one in the shadow, guarded by a brave man's blade.
But where is thy sword, O stranger? Lightning's brother, where is he?
Who thus parts you, who should never from each other parted be!'

"'It avails not,' Frithiof answered; 'in the North are other swords:
Sharp, O monarch! is the sword's tongue, and it speaks not peaceful words;
Murky spirits dwell in steel blades, spirits from the Niffelhem;
Slumber is not safe before them, silver locks but anger them.'"

To this the old king replies, that he has not been asleep, but has feigned sleep, merely to put Frithiof — for he has long recognized the hero in his guest — to the trial. He then upbraids him for having come to his palace in disguise, to steal his queen away; he had expected the coming of a warrior with an army; he beheld only a beggar in tatters. But now he has proved him, and forgiven; has pitied, and forgotten. He is soon to be gathered to his fathers. Frithiof shall take his queen and kingdom after him. Till then he shall remain his guest, and thus their feud shall have an end. But Frithiof answers, that he came not as a thief to steal away the queen, but only to gaze upon her face once more. He will remain no longer. The vengeance of the offended gods hangs over him. He is an outlaw. On the green earth he seeks no more for peace; for the earth burns beneath his feet, and the trees lend him no shadow. "Therefore," he cries, "away to sea again! Away, my dragon brave, to bathe again thy pitch-black breast in the briny wave! Flap thy white wings in the clouds, and cut the billow with a whistling sound; fly, fly, as far as the bright stars guide thee, and the subject billows bear. Let me hear the lightning's voice again; and on the open sea, in battle, amid clang of shields and arrowy rain, let me die, and go up to the dwelling of the gods!"

XX.

In the twentieth canto the death of King Ring is described. The sunshine of a pleasant spring morning plays into the palace-hall, when Frithiof enters to bid his royal friends a last farewell. With them he bids his native land good-night.

"No more shall I see
In its upward motion
The smoke of the Northland. Man is a slave:
The fates decree.
On the waste of the ocean
There is my fatherland, there is my grave.

"Go not to the strand,
Ring, with thy bride,
After the stars spread their light through the sky.
Perhaps in the sand,
Washed up by the tide,
The bones of the outlawed Viking may lie:

"Then, quoth the king,
'T is mournful to hear
A man like a whimpering maiden cry.
The death-song they sing
Even now in mine ear.
What avails it? He who is born must die.'"

He then says that he himself is about to depart for Valhalla; that a death on the straw becomes not a King of the Northmen. He would fain die the death of a hero; and he cuts on his arms and breasts the runes of death, — runes to Odin. And while the blood drops from among the silvery hairs of his naked bosom, he calls for a flowing goblet, and drinks a health to the glorious North; and in spirit hears the Gjallar Horn,[2] and goes to Valhalla, where glory, like a golden helmet, crowns the coming guest.

XXI.

The next canto is the Drapa, or Dirge of

[1] The Strand of Corpses; a region in the Niffelhem, or Scandinavian hell.

[2] The Gjallar Horn was blown by Heimdal, the watchman of the gods. He was the son of nine virgins, and was called "the God with the Golden Teeth." His watch-tower was upon the rainbow, and he blew his horn whenever a fallen hero rode over the Bridge of Heaven to Valhalla.

King Ring, in the unrhymed alliterative stanzas of the old Icelandic poetry. The Scald sings how the high-descended monarch sits in his tomb, with his shield on his arm and his battle-sword by his side. His gallant steed, too, neighs in the tomb, and paws the ground with his golden hoofs.[1] But the spirit of the departed rides over the rainbow, which bends beneath its burden, up to the open gates of Valhalla. Here the gods receive him, and garlands are woven for him of golden grain with blue flowers intermingled, and Brage sings a song of praise and welcome to the wise old Ring.

"Now rideth royal
Ring over Bifrost,[2]
Sways with the burden
The bending bridge.
Open spring Valhall's
Vaulted doors widely;
Asanar's [3] hands are
Hanging in his.

. . . . .

"Brage, the graybeard,
Gripeth the gold string,
Stiller now soundeth
Song than before.
Listning leaneth
Vanadi's [4] lovely
Breast at the banquet,
Burning to hear.

. . . . .

"'High sings the sword-blade
Steady on helmet;
Boisterous the billows, and
Bloody alway.
Strength, of the gracious
Gods is the gift, and
Bitter as Berserk
Biteth in shield.

. . . . .

"'Welcome, thou wise one,
Heir of Valhalla!
Long learn the Northland
Laud to thy name.
Brage doth hail thee,
Honored with horn-drink,
Nornorna's herald
Now from the North.'"

XXII.

The twenty-second canto describes, in a very spirited and beautiful style the election of a new king. The yeoman takes his sword from the wall, and, with clang of shields and sound of arms, the people gather together in a public assembly, or Ting, whose roof is the sky of heaven. Here Frithiof harangues them, bearing aloft on his shield the little son of Ring, who sits there like a king on his throne, or a young eagle on the cliff, gazing upward at the sun. Frithiof hails him as King of the Northmen, and swears to protect his kingdom; and when the little boy, tired of sitting on the shield, leaps fearlessly to the ground, the people raise a shout, and acknowledge him for their monarch and Jarl Frithiof as regent, till the boy grows older. But Frithiof has other thoughts than these. He must away to meet the Fates at Balder's ruined temple, and make atonement to the offended god. And thus he departs.

XXIII.

Canto twenty-third is entitled Frithiof at his Father's Grave. The sun is sinking like a golden shield in the ocean, and the hills and vales around him, and the fragrant flowers, and song of birds, and sound of the sea, and shadow of trees, awaken in his softened heart the memory of other days. And he calls aloud to the gods for pardon of his crime, and to the spirit of his father that he should come from his grave and bring him peace and forgiveness from the city of the gods. And lo! amid the evening shadows, from the western wave uprising, landward floats the Fata Morgana, and, sinking down upon the spot where Balder's temple once stood, assumes itself the form of a temple, with columns of dark blue steel, and an altar of precious stone. At the door, leaning upon their shields, stand the Destinies. And the Destiny of the Past points to the solitude around, and the Destiny of the Future to a beautiful temple newly risen from the sea. While Frithiof gazes in wonder at the sight, all vanishes away, like a vision of the night. But the vision is interpreted by the hero without the aid of prophet or of soothsayer.

[1] It was a Scandinavian, as well as a Scythian custom, to bury the favorite steed of a warrior in the same tomb with him.

[2] The rainbow.

[3] The great gods.

[4] Freya.

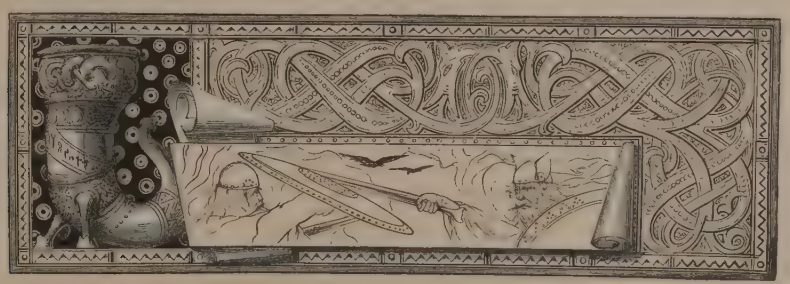
XXIV.

Canto twenty-fourth is the Atonement. The temple of Balder has been rebuilt, and with such magnificence that the North beholds in it the image of Valhalla. And two by two, in solemn procession, walk therein the twelve virgins, clad in garments of silver tissue, with roses upon their cheeks, and roses in their innocent hearts. They sing a solemn song of Balder, how much beloved he was by all that lived, and how he fell, by Höder's arrow slain, and earth and sea and heaven wept. And the sound of the song is not like the sound of a human voice, but like the tones which come from the halls of the gods; like the thoughts of a maiden dreaming of her lover, when the nightingale is singing in the midnight stillness, and the moon shines over the beech-trees of the North. Frithiof listens to the song; and as he listens, all thoughts of vengeance and of human hate melt within him, as the icy breastplate melts from the bosom of the fields when the sun shines in spring. At this moment the high-priest of Balder enters, venerable with his long, silver beard; and, welcoming the Viking to the temple he has built, he delivers for his special edification a long homily on things human and divine, with a short catechism of Northern mythology. He tells him, likewise, very truly, that more acceptable to the gods than the smoke of burnt-offerings is the sacrifice of one's own vindictive spirit, the hate of a human soul; and then speaks of the Virgin's Son, —

> Sent by All-father to declare aright the runes
> On Destiny's black shield-rim, unexplained till now.
> Peace was his battle-cry, and his white sword was love,
> And innocence sat dove-like on his silver helm.
> Holy he lived and taught, he died and he forgave,
> And under distant palm-trees stands his grave in light.
> His doctrine, it is said, wanders from dale to dale,
> Melting the hard of heart, and laying hand in hand,
> And builds the realm of Peace on the atonèd earth.
> I do not know his lore aright, but darkly still
> In better hours I have presentiment thereof,
> And every human heart feeleth alike with mine.
> One day, that know I, shall it come, and lightly wave
> Its white and dove-like wings over the Northern hills.
> But there shall be no more a North for us that day,
> "And oaks shall whisper soft o'er the graves of the forgotten."

He then speaks of Frithiof's hatred to Bele's sons; and tells him that Helge is dead, and that Halfdan sits alone on Bele's throne, urging him at the same time to sacrifice to the gods his desire of vengeance, and proffer the hand of friendship to the young king. This is done straightway, Halfdan opportunely coming in at that moment; and the priest removes forthwith the ban from the Varg-i-Veum, the sacrilegious and outlawed man. And then Ingeborg enters the vaulted temple, followed by maidens, as the moon is followed by stars in the vaulted sky; and from the hand of her brother Frithiof receives the bride of his youth, and they are married in Balder's temple.

And here endeth the Legend of Frithiof the Valiant, the noblest poetic contribution which Sweden has yet made to the literary history of the world.



TWICE-TOLD TALES.

1837.

WHEN a new star rises in the heavens, people gaze after it for a season with the naked eye, and with such telescopes as they can find. In the stream of thought which flows so peacefully deep and clear through the pages of this book, we see the bright reflection of a spiritual star, after which men will be fain to gaze "with the naked eye, and with the spy-glasses of criticism." This star is but newly risen; and erelong the observations of numerous star-gazers, perched upon arm-chairs and editors' tables, will inform the world of its magnitude and its place in the heaven of poetry, whether it be in the paw of the Great Bear, or on the forehead of Pegasus, or on the strings of the Lyre, or in the wing of the Eagle. My own observations are as follows.

To this little work let us say, as was said to Sidney's "Arcadia": "Live ever, sweet, sweet book! the simple image of his gentle wit, and the golden pillar of his noble courage; and ever notify unto the world that thy writer was the secretary of eloquence, the breath of the Muses, the honey-bee of the daintiest flowers of wit and art." It comes from the hand of a man of genius. Everything about it has the freshness of morning and of May. These flowers and green leaves of poetry have not the dust of the highway upon them. They have been gathered fresh from the secret places of a peaceful and gentle heart. There flow deep waters, silent, calm, and cool; and the green trees look into them and "God's blue heaven."

This book, though in prose, is written nevertheless by a poet. He looks upon all things in the spirit of love, and with lively sympathies; for to him external form is but the representation of internal being, all things having a life, an end and aim. The true poet is a friendly man. He takes to his arms even cold and inanimate things, and rejoices in his heart, as did St. Francis of old, when he kissed his bride of snow. To his eye all things are beautiful and holy; all are objects of feeling and of song, from the great hierarchy of the silent, saint-like stars, that rule the night, down to the little flowers which are "stars in the firmament of the earth."

It is one of the attributes of the poetic mind to feel a universal sympathy with Nature, both in the material world and in the soul of man. It identifies itself likewise with every object of its sympathy, giving it new sensation and poetic life, whatever that object may be, whether man, bird, beast, flower, or star. As to the pure mind all things are pure, so to the poetic mind all things are poetical. To such souls no age and no country can be utterly dull and prosaic. They make unto themselves their age and country; dwelling in the universal mind of man, and in the universal forms of things. Of such is the author of this book.

There are many who think that the ages of poetry and romance are gone by. They look upon the Present as a dull, unrhymed, and prosaic translation of a brilliant and poetic Past. Their dreams are of the days of eld; of the Dark Ages, the ages of Chivalry, and Bards, and Troubadours, and Minnesingers; and the times of which Milton says: "The villages also must have their visitors to inquire what lectures the bagpipe, and the rebbec reads even to the ballatry, and the gammuth of every municipal fiddler, for these are the countryman's Arcadia and his Monte Mayors."

We all love ancient ballads. Pleasantly to

all ears sounds the voice of the people in song, swelling fitfully through the desolate chambers of the Past like the wind of evening among ruins. And yet this voice does not persuade us that the days of balladry were more poetic than our own. The spirit of the Past pleads for itself, and the spirit of the Present likewise. If poetry be an element of the human mind, and consequently in accordance with nature and truth, it would be strange indeed if, as the human mind advances, poetry should recede. The truth is, that, when we look back upon the Past, we see only its bright and poetic features. All that is dull, prosaic, and commonplace is lost in the shadowy distance. We see the moated castle on the hill, and,

> "Golden and red, above it
> The clouds float gorgeously;

but we see not the valley below, where the patient bondman toils like a beast of burden. We see the tree-tops waving in the wind, and hear the merry birds singing under their green roofs; but we forget that at their roots there are swine feeding upon acorns. With the Present it is not so. We stand too near to see objects in a picturesque light. What to others, at a distance, is a bright and folded summer cloud, is to us, who are in it, a dismal, drizzling rain. Thus has it been since the world began. Ours is not the only Present which has seemed dull, commonplace, and prosaic.

The truth is, the heaven of poetry and romance still lies around us and within us. So long as truth is stranger than fiction, the elements of poetry and romance will not be wanting in common life. If, invisible ourselves, we could follow a single human being through a single day of his life, and know all his secret thoughts and hopes and anxieties, his prayers and tears and good resolves, his passionate delights and struggles against temptation, — all that excites, and all that soothes the heart of man, — we should have poetry enough to fill a volume. Nay, set the imagination free, like another bottle-imp, and bid it lift for you the roofs of the city, street by street, and after a single night's observation you may sit down and write poetry and romance for the rest of your life.

The Twice-Told Tales are so called from having been first published in various annuals and magazines, and now collected together and told a second time in a volume. And a very delightful volume they make; — one of those which excite in you a feeling of personal interest for the author. A calm, thoughtful face seems to be looking at you from every page, with now a pleasant smile, and now a shade of sadness stealing over its features. Sometimes, though not often, it glares wildly at you, with a strange and painful expression, as, in the German romance, the bronze knocker of the Archivarius Lindhorst makes up faces at the Student Anselmus.

One of the prominent characteristics of these tales is, that they are national in their character. The author has chosen his themes among the traditions of New England; the dusty legends of "the good old Colony times, when we lived under a king." This is the right material for story. It seems as natural to make tales out of old, tumble-down traditions, as canes and snuff-boxes out of old steeples, or trees planted by great men. The dreary, old Puritanical times begin to look romantic in the distance. Who would not like to have strolled through the city of Agamenticus, where a market was held every week, on Wednesday, and there were two annual fairs at St. James's and St. Paul's? Who would not like to have been present at the court of the worshipful Thomas Gorges, in those palmy days of the law when Tom Heard was fined five shillings for being drunk, and John Payne the same, "for swearing one oath"? Who would not like to have seen Thomas Taylor presented to the grand jury "for abusing Captain Raynes, being in authority, by thee-ing and thou-ing him"; and John Wardell likewise, for denying Cambridge College to be an ordinance of God; and people fined for winking at comely damsels in church; and others for being common sleepers there on the Lord's day? Truly, many quaint and quiet customs, many comic scenes and strange adventures, many wild and wondrous things, fit for humorous tale and soft, pathetic story, lie all about us here in New England. There is no tradition of the Rhine nor of the Black Forest which surpasses in

beauty that of the Phantom Ship of New Haven. The Flying Dutchman of the Cape, and the Klabotermann of the Baltic, are nowise superior. The story of Peter Rugg, the man who could not find Boston, is as good as that told by Gervase of Tilbury, of a man who gave himself to the devils by an unfortunate imprecation, and was used by them as a wheelbarrow; and the Great Carbuncle of the White Mountains shines with no less splendor than that which illuminated the subterranean palace in Rome, as related by William of Malmesbury.

Another characteristic of this writer is the exceeding beauty of his style. It is as clear as running waters. Indeed he uses words as mere stepping-stones, upon which, with a free and youthful bound, his spirit crosses and recrosses the bright and rushing stream of thought. Some writers of the present day have introduced a kind of Gothic architecture into their style. All is fantastic, vast, and wondrous in the outward form, and within is mysterious twilight, and the swelling sound of an organ, and a voice chanting hymns in Latin, which need a translation for many of the crowd. To this I do not object. Let the priest chant in what language he will, so long as he understands his own Mass-book. But if he wishes the world to listen and be edified, he will do well to choose a language that is generally understood.

THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

1837.

I HAVE an affection for a great city. I feel safe in the neighborhood of man, and enjoy "the sweet security of streets." The excitement of the crowd is pleasant to me. I find sermons in the stones of the pavement, and in the continuous sound of voices and wheels and footsteps hear the "sad music of humanity." I feel that life is not a dream, but a reality; — that the beings around me are not the insects of an hour, but the pilgrims of an eternity; each with its history of thousand-fold occurrences, insignificant it may be to others, but all-important to himself; each with a human heart, whose fibres are woven into the great web of human sympathies; and none so small that, when he dies, some of the mysterious meshes are not broken. The green earth, and the air, and the sea, all living and all lifeless things, preach the gospel of a good providence; but most of all does man, in his crowded cities, and in his manifold powers and wants and passions and deeds, preach this same gospel. The greatest works of his handicraft delight me hardly less than the greatest works of Nature. They are "the masterpieces of her own masterpiece." Architecture, and painting, and sculpture, and music, and epic poems, and all the forms of art, wherein the hand of genius is visible, please me evermore, for they conduct me into the fellowship of great minds. And thus my sympathies are with men, and streets, and city gates, and towers from which the great bells sound solemnly and slow, and cathedral doors, where venerable statues, holding books in their hands, look down like sentinels upon the church-going multitude, and the birds of the air come and build their nests in the arms of saints and apostles.

And more than all this, in great cities we learn to look the world in the face. We shake hands with stern realities. We see ourselves in others. We become acquainted with the motley, many-sided life of man; and finally learn, like Jean Paul, to "look upon a metropolis as a collection of villages; a village as some blind alley in a metropolis; fame as the talk of neighbors at the street door; a library as a learned conversation; joy as a second; sorrow as a minute; life as a day; and three things as all in all, God, Creation, Virtue."

Forty-five miles westward from the North Sea, in the lap of a broad and pleasant valley watered by the Thames, stands the Great Metropolis. It comprises the City of London and its Liberties, with the City and Liberties of Westminster, the Borough of Southwark, and upwards of thirty of the contiguous villages of Middlesex and Surrey. East and west, its greatest length is about eight miles; north and south, its greatest breadth about five; its circumference, from twenty to thirty. Its population is estimated at two millions. The vast living tide goes thundering through its ten thousand streets in one unbroken roar. The noise of the great thoroughfares is deafening. But you step aside into a by-lane, and anon you emerge into little green squares half filled with sunshine, half with shade, where no sound of living thing is heard, save the voice of a bird or a child, and amid solitude and silence you gaze in wonder at the great trees "growing in the heart of a brick-and-mortar wilderness." Then there are the three parks, Hyde, Regent's, and St. James's, where you may lose yourself in green alleys, and dream you are in the country; Westminster Abbey,

with its tombs and solemn cloisters, where, with George Herbert, you may think that, "when the bells do chime, 't is angels' music"; and high above all, half hidden in smoke and vapor, rises the dome of St. Paul's.

These are a few of the more striking features of London. More striking still is the Thames. Above the town, by Kingston and Twickenham, it winds through groves and meadows green, a rural, silver stream. The traveller who sees it here for the first time can hardly believe that this is the mighty river which bathes the feet of London. He asks, perhaps, the coachman what stream it is; and the coachman answers, with a stare of wonder and pity, "The Thames, sir." Pleasure-boats are gliding back and forth, and stately swans float, like water-lilies on its bosom. On its banks are villages and church towers, beneath which, among the patriarchs of the hamlet, lie many gifted sons of song, "in sepulchres unhearsed and green."

In and below London the whole scene is changed. Let us view it by night. Lamps are gleaming along shore and on the bridges, and a full moon rising over the Borough of Southwark. The moonbeams silver the rippling, yellow tide, wherein also flare the shore lamps with a lambent, flickering gleam. Barges and wherries move to and fro; and heavy-laden luggers are sweeping up stream with the rising tide, swinging sideways, with loose, flapping sails. Both sides of the river are crowded with sea and river craft, whose black hulks lie in shadow, and whose tapering masts rise up into the moonlight. A distant sound of music floats on the air; a harp, and a flute, and a horn. It has an unearthly sound; and lo! like a shooting star, a light comes gliding on. It is a signal-lamp at the mast-head of a steam-vessel, that flits by, cloud-like and indistinct. And from all this scene goes up a sound of human voices, — curses, laughter, and singing, — mingled with the monotonous roar of the city, "the clashing and careering streams of life, hurrying to lose themselves in the impervious gloom of eternity."

And now the midnight is past, and amid the general silence the clock strikes, — one, two. Far distant, from some belfry in the suburbs, comes the first sound, so indistinct as hardly to be distinguished from the crowing of a cock. Then, close at hand, the great bell of St. Paul's, with a heavy, solemn sound, — one, two. It is answered from Southwark; then at a distance like an echo; and then all around you, with various and intermingling clang, like a chime of bells, the clocks from a hundred belfries strike the hour. But the moon is already sinking, large and fiery, through the vapors of morning. It is just in the range of the chimneys and house-tops, and seems to follow you with speed as you float down the river between unbroken ranks of ships. Day is dawning in the east, not with a pale streak in the horizon, but with a silver light spread through the sky almost to the zenith. It is the mingling of moonlight and daylight. The water is tinged with a green hue, melting into purple and gold, like the brilliant scales of a fish. The air grows cool. It comes fresh from the eastern sea, toward which we are swiftly gliding; and, dimly seen in the uncertain twilight, behind us rises

"A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
Can reach; with here and there a sail just skipping
In sight, then lost amid the forestry
Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping,
On tiptoe, through their sea-coal canopy;
A huge dun cupola, like a fool's-cap crown
On a fool's head; — and there is London town."

ANGLO-SAXON LITERATURE.

1838.

We read in history, that the beauty of an ancient manuscript tempted King Alfred, when a boy at his mother's knee, to learn the letters of the Saxon tongue. A volume which that monarch minstrel wrote in after years now lies before me, so beautifully printed that it might tempt any one to learn not only the letters of the Saxon language, but the language also. The monarch himself is looking from the ornamented initial letter of the first chapter. He is crowned and care-worn; having a beard, and long flowing locks, and a face of majesty. He seems to have just uttered those remarkable words, with which his Preface closes: "And now he prays, and for God's name implores, every one of those whom it lists to read this book, that he would pray for him, and not blame him, if he more rightly understand it than he could; for every man must, according to the measure of his understanding, and according to his leisure, speak that which he speaketh, and do that which he doeth."

I would fain hope, that the beauty of this and other Anglo-Saxon books may lead many to the study of that venerable language. Through such gateways will they pass, it is true, into no gay palace of song; but among the dark chambers and mouldering walls of an old national literature, weather-stained and in ruins. They will find, however, venerable names recorded on those walls; and inscriptions, worth the trouble of deciphering. To point out the most curious and important of these is my present purpose; and according to the measure of my understanding, and according to my leisure, I speak that which I speak.

The Anglo-Saxon language was the language of our Saxon forefathers in England, though they never gave it that name. They called it English. Thus King Alfred speaks of translating "from book-Latin into English"; Abbot Ælfric was requested by Æthelward "to translate the book of Genesis from Latin into English"; and Bishop Leofric, speaking of the manuscript he gave to the Exeter Cathedral, calls it "a great English book." In other words, it is the old Saxon, a Gothic tongue, as spoken and developed in England. That it was spoken and written uniformly throughout the land is not to be imagined, when we know that Jutes and Angles were in the country as well as Saxons. But that it was essentially the same language everywhere is not to be doubted, when we compare pure West-Saxon texts with Northumbrian glosses and books of Durham. Hickes speaks of a Dano-Saxon period in the history of the language. The Saxon kings reigned six hundred years; the Danish dynasty, twenty only. And neither the Danish boors, who were earthlings in the country, nor the Danish soldiers, who were dandies at the court of King Canute, could, in the brief space of twenty years, have so overlaid or interlarded the pure Anglo-Saxon with their provincialisms as to give it a new character, and thus form a new period in its history, as was afterwards done by the Normans.

The Dano-Saxon is a dialect of the language, not a period which was passed through in its history. Down to the time of the Norman Conquest, it existed in the form of two principal dialects: namely, the Anglo-Saxon in the South; and the Dano-Saxon, or Northumbrian,

in the North. After the Norman Conquest, the language assumed a new form, which has been called, properly enough, Norman-Saxon and Semi-Saxon.

This form of the language, ever flowing and filtering through the roots of national feeling, custom, and prejudice, prevailed about two hundred years; that is, from the middle of the eleventh to the middle of the thirteenth century, when it became English. It is impossible to fix the landmarks of a language with any great precision; but only floating beacons, here and there.

It is oftentimes curious to consider the far-off beginnings of great events, and to study the aspect of the cloud no bigger than one's hand. The British peasant looked seaward from his harvest-field, and saw, with wondering eyes, the piratical schooner of a Saxon Viking making for the mouth of the Thames. A few years — only a few years — afterward, while the same peasant, driven from his homestead north or west, still lives to tell the story to his grandchildren, another race lords it over the land, speaking a different language and living under different laws. This important event in his history is more important in the world's history. Thus began the reign of the Saxons in England; and the downfall of one nation, and the rise of another, seem to us at this distance only the catastrophe of a stage-play.

The Saxons came into England about the middle of the fifth century. They were pagans; they were a wild and warlike people; brave, rejoicing in sea-storms, and beautiful in person, with blue eyes, and long, flowing hair. Their warriors wore their shields suspended from their necks by chains. Their horsemen were armed with iron sledge-hammers. Their priests rode upon mares, and carried into the battle-field an image of the god Irminsula; in figure like an armed man; his helmet crested with a cock; in his right hand a banner, emblazoned with a red rose; a bear carved upon his breast; and, hanging from his shoulders, a shield, on which was a lion in a field of flowers.

Not two centuries elapsed before this whole people was converted to Christianity. Ælfric, in his homily on the birthday of St. Gregory, informs us, that this conversion was accomplished by the holy wishes of that good man, and the holy works of St. Augustine and other monks. St. Gregory, beholding one day certain slaves set for sale in the market-place of Rome, who were "men of fair countenance and noblyhaired," and learning that they were heathens, and called Angles, heaved a long sigh, and said; "Well-away! that men of so fair a hue should be subjected to the swarthy Devil! Rightly they are called Angles, for they have angels' beauty; and therefore it is fit that they in heaven should be companions of angels." As soon, therefore, as he undertook the popehood, the monks were sent to their beloved work. In the Witena Gemot, or Assembly of the Wise, convened by King Edwin of Northumbria to consider the propriety of receiving the Christian faith, a Saxon Ealdorman arose, and spoke these noble words: "Thus seemeth to me, O king, this present life of man upon earth, compared with the time which is unknown to us; even as if you were sitting at a feast, amid your Ealdorman and Thegns in winter-time. And the fire is lighted, and the hall warmed, and it rains and snows and storms without. Then cometh a sparrow, and flieth about the hall. It cometh in at one door, and goeth out at another. While it is within, it is not touched by the winter's storm; but that is only for a moment, only for the least space. Out of the winter it cometh, to return again into the winter eftsoon. So also this life of man endureth for a little space. What goeth before it and what followeth after, we know not. Wherefore, if this new lore bring aught more certain and more advantageous, then is it worthy that we should follow it."

Thus the Anglo-Saxons became Christians. For the good of their souls they built monasteries and went on pilgrimages to Rome. The whole country, to use Malmesbury's phrase, was "glorious and refulgent with relics." The priests sang psalms night and day; and so great was the piety of St. Cuthbert, that, according to Bede, he forgot to take off his shoes for months together, — sometimes the whole year round; — from which Mr. Turner infers, that he had no stockings.[1] They also copied the Evangelists, and illustrated them with illu-

[1] *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, vol. ii. p. 61.

minations; in one of which St. John is represented in a pea-green dress with red stripes. They also drank ale out of buffalo horns and wooden-knobbed goblets. A Mercian king gave to the Monastery of Croyland his great drinking-horn, that the elder monks might drink therefrom at festivals, and "in their benedictions remember sometimes the soul of the donor, Witlaf." They drank his health, with that of Christ, the Virgin Mary, the apostles, and other saints. Malmesbury says that excessive drinking was the common vice of all ranks of people. King Hardicanute died in a revel, and King Edmund in a drunken brawl at Pucklechurch, being, with all his court, much overtaken by liquor, at the festival of St. Augustine. Thus did mankind go reeling through the Dark Ages; quarrelling, drinking, hunting, hawking, singing psalms, wearing breeches,[1] grinding in mills, eating hot bread, rocked in cradles, buried in coffins, — weak, suffering, sublime. Well might King Alfred exclaim, "Maker of all creatures! help now thy miserable mankind."

A national literature is a subject which should always be approached with reverence. It is difficult to comprehend fully the mind of a nation; even when that nation still lives, and we can visit it, and its present history, and the lives of men we know, help us to a comment on the written text. But here the dead alone speak. Voices, half understood; fragments of song, ending abruptly, as if the poet had sung no farther, but died with these last words upon his lips; homilies, preached to congregations that have been asleep for many centuries; lives of saints, who went to their reward long before the world began to scoff at sainthood; and wonderful legends, once believed by men, and now, in this age of wise children, hardly credible enough for a nurse's tale; nothing entire, nothing wholly understood, and no further comment or illustration than may be drawn from an isolated fact found in an old chronicle, or perchance a rude illumination in an old manuscript! Such is the literature we have now to consider. Such fragments, and mutilated remains, has the human mind left of itself, coming down through the times of old, step by step, and every step a century. Old men and venerable accompany us through the Past; and put into our hands, at parting, such written records of themselves as they have. We should receive these things with reverence. We should respect old age.

> "This leaf, is it not blown about by the wind?
> Woe to it for its fate! — Alas! it is old."

What an Anglo-Saxon glee-man was, we know from such commentaries as are mentioned above. King Edgar forbade the monks to be ale-poets; and one of his accusations against the clergy of his day was, that they entertained glee-men in their monasteries, where they had dicing, dancing, and singing, till midnight. The illumination of an old manuscript shows how a glee-man looked. It is a frontispiece to the Psalms of David. The great Psalmist sits upon his throne, with a harp in his hand, and his masters of sacred song around him. Below stands the glee-man, throwing three balls and three knives alternately into the air, and catching them as they fall, like a modern juggler. But all the Anglo-Saxon poets were not glee-men. All the harpers were not dancers. The Sceop, the creator, the poet, rose, at times, to higher themes. He sang the deeds of heroes, victorious odes, death-songs, epic poems; or, sitting in cloisters, and afar from these things, converted holy writ into Saxon chimes.

The first thing which strikes the reader of Anglo-Saxon poetry is the structure of the verse; the short exclamatory lines, whose rhythm depends on alliteration in the emphatic syllables, and to which the general omission of the particles gives great energy and vivacity. Though alliteration predominates in all Anglo-Saxon poetry, rhyme is not wholly wanting. It had line-rhymes and final rhymes; which, being added to the alliteration, and brought so near together in the short, emphatic lines, produce a singular effect upon the ear. They ring like blows of hammers on an anvil. For example: —

> "Flah mah fliteth,
> Flan man hwiteth,

[1] In an old Anglo-Saxon dialogue, a shoemaker says that he makes "slippers, shoes, and leather breeches" (*swyfileras, sceos, and lether-hose*).

Burg sorg biteth,
Bald ald thwiteth,
Wræc-fæc writheth,
Wrath ath smiteth." [1]

Other peculiarities of Anglo-Saxon poetry, which cannot escape the reader's attention, are its frequent inversions, its bold transitions, and abundant metaphors. These are the things which render Anglo-Saxon poetry so much more difficult than Anglo-Saxon prose. But upon these points I need not enlarge. It is enough to allude to them.

One of the oldest and most important remains of Anglo-Saxon literature is the epic poem of Beowulf. Its age is unknown; but it comes from a very distant and hoar antiquity; somewhere between the seventh and tenth centuries. It is like a piece of ancient armor; rusty and battered, and yet strong. From within comes a voice sepulchral, as if the ancient armor spoke, telling a simple, straightforward narrative; with here and there the boastful speech of a rough old Dane, reminding one of those made by the heroes of Homer. The style, likewise, is simple, — perhaps one should say austere. The bold metaphors, which characterize nearly all the Anglo-Saxon poems, are for the most part wanting in this. The author seems mainly bent upon telling us how his Sea-Goth slew the Grendel and the Fire-drake. He is too much in earnest to multiply epithets and gorgeous figures. At times he is tedious, at times obscure; and he who undertakes to read the original will find it no easy task.

The poem begins with a description of King Hrothgar the Scylding, in his great hall of Heort, which reëchoed with the sound of harp and song. But not far off, in the fens and marshes of Jutland, dwelt a grim and monstrous giant, called Grendel, a descendant of Cain. This troublesome individual was in the habit of occasionally visiting the Scylding's palace by night, to see, as the author rather quaintly says, "how the doughty Danes found themselves after their beer-carouse." On his first visit he destroyed some thirty inmates, all asleep, with beer in their brains; and ever afterwards kept the whole land in fear of death. At length the fame of these evil deeds reached the ears of Beowulf, the Thane of Higelac, a famous Viking in those days, who had slain sea-monsters, and wore a wild-boar for his crest. Straightway he sailed with fifteen followers for the court of Heort; unarmed, in the great mead-hall, and at midnight, fought the Grendel, tore off one of his arms, and hung it up on the palace wall as a curiosity; the fiend's fingers being armed with long nails, which the author calls the hand-spurs of the heathen hero. Retreating to his cave, the grim ghost departed this life; whereat there was great carousing at Heort. But at night came the Grendel's mother, and carried away one of the beer-drunken heroes of the ale-was-sail. Beowulf, with a great escort, pursued her to the fenlands of the Grendel; plunged, all armed, into a dark-rolling and dreary river, that flowed from the monster's cavern; slew worms and dragons manifold; was dragged to the bottom by the old-wife; and seizing a magic sword, which lay among the treasures of that realm of wonders, with one fell blow let her heathen soul out of its bone-house. Having thus freed the land from the giants, Beowulf, laden with gifts and treasures, departed homeward, as if nothing special had happened, and, after the death of King Higelac, ascended the throne of the Scyldings. Here the poem should end, and we doubt not, did originally end. But as it has come down to us, eleven more cantos follow, containing a new series of adventures. Beowulf has grown old. He has reigned fifty years; and now, in his gray old age, is troubled by the devastations of a monstrous Fire-drake, so that his metropolis is beleaguered, and he can no longer fly his hawks and merles in the open country. He resolves, at length, to fight with this Fire-drake; and, with the help of his attendant, Wiglaf, overcomes him. The land is made rich by the treasures found in the dragon's cave; but Beowulf dies of his wounds.

Thus departs Beowulf, the Sea-Goth; of the

[1] "Strong dart flitteth,
Spear-man whetteth,
Care the city biteth,
Age the bold quelleth,
Vengeance prevaileth,
Wrath a town smiteth."

world-kings the mildest to men, the strongest of hand, the most clement to his people, the most desirous of glory. And thus closes the oldest epic in any modern language; written in forty-three cantos of some six thousand lines. The outline here given is filled up with abundant episodes and warlike details. We have ale-revels, and giving of bracelets, and presents of mares, and songs of bards. The battles with the Grendel and the Fire-drake are minutely described; as likewise are the dwellings and rich treasure-houses of these monsters. The fire-stream flows with lurid light; the dragon breathes out flame and pestilential breath; the gigantic sword, forged by the Jutes of old, dissolves and thaws like an icicle in the hero's grasp; and the swart raven tells the eagle how he fared with the fell wolf at the death-feast. Such is, in brief, the machinery of the poem. It possesses great epic merit, and in parts is strikingly graphic in its descriptions. As we read, we can almost smell the brine, and hear the sea-breeze blow, and see the mainland stretch out its jutting promontories, those sea-noses as the poet calls them, into the blue waters of the solemn ocean.

The next work to which I would call the attention of my readers is very remarkable, both in a philological and in a poetical point of view; being written in a more ambitious style than Beowulf. It is Cædmon's "Paraphrase of Portions of Holy Writ." Cædmon was a monk in the Minster of Whitby. He lived and died in the seventh century. The only account we have of his life is that given by the Venerable Bede in his "Ecclesiastical History."

By some he is called the Father of Anglo-Saxon Poetry, because his name stands first in the history of Saxon song-craft; by others, the Milton of our Forefathers, because he sang of Lucifer and the Loss of Paradise.

The poem is divided into two books. The first is nearly complete and contains a paraphrase of parts of the Old Testament and the Apocrypha. The second is so mutilated as to be only a series of unconnected fragments. It contains scenes from the New Testament, and is chiefly occupied with Christ's descent into the lower regions; a favorite theme in old times, and well known in the history of miracle-plays, as the Harrowing of Hell. The author is a pious, prayerful monk; "an awful, reverend, and religious man." He has all the simplicity of a child. He calls his Creator the Blithe-heart King; the patriarchs, Earls; and their children, Noblemen. Abraham is a wise-heedy man, a guardian of bracelets, a mighty earl; and his wife Sarah, a woman of elfin beauty. The sons of Reuben are called Sea-Pirates. A laugher is a laughter-smith; the Ethiopians, a people brown with the hot coals of heaven.

Striking poetic epithets and passages are not wanting in his works. They are sprinkled here and there throughout the narrative. The sky is called the roof of nations, the roof adorned with stars. After the overthrow of Pharaoh and his folk, he says, the blue air was with corruption tainted, and the bursting ocean whooped a bloody storm. Nebuchadnezzar is described as a naked, unwilling wanderer, a wondrous wretch and weedless. Horrid ghosts, swart and sinful,

> "Wide through windy halls
> Wail woful."

And, in the sack of Sodom, we are told how many a fearful, pale-faced damsel must trembling go into a stranger's embrace; and how fell the defenders of brides and bracelets, sick with wounds. Indeed, whenever the author has a battle to describe, and hosts of armbearing and warfaring men draw from their sheaths the ring-hilted sword of edges doughty, he enters into the matter with so much spirit, that one almost imagines he sees, looking from under that monkish cowl, the visage of no parish priest, but of a grim war-wolf, as the great fighters were called, in the days when Cædmon wrote.

Such are the two great narrative poems of the Anglo-Saxon tongue. Of a third, a short fragment remains. It is a mutilated thing, a mere *torso*. Judith of the Apocrypha is the heroine. The part preserved describes the death of Holofernes in a fine, brilliant style, delighting the hearts of all Anglo-Saxon scholars. But a more important fragment is that on the Death of Byrhtnoth at the battle of

Maldon. It savors of rust and of antiquity, like "Old Hildebrand" in German. What a fine passage is this, spoken by an aged vassal over the dead body of the hero, in the thickest of the fight!

"Byrhtwold spoke; he was an aged vassal; he raised his shield; he brandished his ashen spear; he full boldly exhorted the warriors. 'Our spirit shall be the hardier, our heart shall be the keener, our soul shall be the greater, the more our forces diminish. Here lieth our chief all mangled; the brave one in the dust; ever may he lament his shame that thinketh to fly from this play of weapons! Old am I in life, yet will I not stir hence; but I think to lie by the side of my lord, by that much-loved man!'"

Shorter than either of these fragments is a third on the Fight of Finsborough. Its chief value seems to be, that it relates to the same action which formed the theme of one of Hrothgar's bards in Beowulf. In addition to these narrative poems and fragments, there are two others, founded on lives of saints. They are the Life and Passion of St. Juliana, and the Visions of the Hermit Guthlac.

There is another narrative poem, which I must mention here on account of its subject, though of a much later date than the foregoing. It is the Chronicle of King Lear and his daughters, in Norman-Saxon; not rhymed throughout, but with rhymes too often recurring to be accidental. As a poem, it has no merit, but shows that the story of Lear is very old: for, in speaking of the old king's death and burial, it refers to a previous account, "as the book telleth." Cordelia is married to Aganippus, king of France; and, after his death, reigns over England, though Maglaudus, king of Scotland, declares, that it is a "muckle shame, that a queen should be king in the land."[1]

Besides these long, elaborate poems, the Anglo-Saxons had their odes and ballads. Thus, when King Canute was sailing by the Abbey of Ely, he heard the voices of the monks chanting their vesper hymn. Whereupon he sang, in the best Anglo-Saxon he was master of, the following rhyme: —

"Merie sungen the muneches binnen Ely,
Tha Cnut ching reuther by;
Roweth, cnihtes, noer the land,
And here we thes muneches sang."[2]

The best, and, properly speaking, perhaps the only, Anglo-Saxon odes, are those preserved in the Saxon Chronicle, in recording the events they celebrate. They are five in number: Æthelstan's Victory at Brunanburh; the Victories of Edmund Ætheling; the Coronation of King Edgar; the Death of King Edgar; and the Death of King Edward. The Battle of Brunanburh is already pretty well known by the numerous English versions, and attempts thereat, which have been given of it.

This ode is one of the most characteristic specimens of Anglo-Saxon poetry. What a striking picture is that of the lad with flaxen hair, mangled with wounds; and of the seven earls of Anlaf, and the five young kings, lying on the battle-field, lulled asleep by the sword! Indeed, the whole ode is striking, bold, graphic. The furious onslaught; the cleaving of the wall of shields; the hewing down of banners; the din of the fight; the hard hand-play; the retreat of the Northmen, in nailed ships, over the stormy sea; and the deserted dead, on the battle-ground, left to the swart raven, the war-hawk, and the wolf; — all these images appeal strongly to the imagination. The bard has nobly described this victory of the illustrious war-smiths, the most signal victory since the coming of the Saxons into England; so say the books of the old wise men.

And here I would make due and honorable mention of the Poetic Calendar, and of King Alfred's Version of the Metres of Boëthius. The Poetic Calendar is a chronicle of great events in the lives of saints, martyrs, and apostles, referred to the days on which they took place. At the end is a strange poem, consisting of a series of aphorisms, not unlike those that adorn a modern almanac.

In addition to these narratives and odes and

[1] For hit was swithe mochel same,
and eke hit was mochel grame,
that a cwene solde
be king in thisse land.

[2] Merry sang the monks in Ely,
As King Canute was steering by;
Row, ye knights, near the land,
And hear we these monks' song.

didactic poems, there are numerous minor poems on various subjects, some of which have been published, though for the most part they still lie buried in manuscripts, — hymns, allegories, doxologies, proverbs, enigmas, paraphrases of the Lord's Prayer, poems on Death and the Day of Judgment, and the like. A large quantity of them is contained in the celebrated Exeter Manuscript, — a folio given by Bishop Leofric to the Cathedral of Exeter in the eleventh century, and called by the donor, "a great English book about everything, composed in verse." Among them is a very singular and striking poem, entitled, "The Soul's Complaint against the Body," in which the departed spirit is described as returning, ghastly and shrieking, to upbraid the body it had left.

"Much it behoveth
Each one of mortals,
That he his soul's journey
In himself ponder,
How deep it may be.
When Death cometh,
The bonds he breaketh
By which were united
The soul and the body.

"Long it is thenceforth
Ere the soul taketh
From God himself
Its woe or its weal;
As in the world erst,
Even in its earth-vessel,
It wrought before.

"The soul shall come
Wailing with loud voice,
After a sennight,
The soul, to find
The body
That it erst dwelt in; —
Three hundred winters,
Unless ere that worketh
The Eternal Lord,
The Almighty God,
The end of the world.

"Crieth then, so care-worn,
With cold utterance,
And speaketh grimly,
The ghost to the dust:
'Dry dust! thou dreary one!
How little didst thou labor for me!
In the foulness of earth
Thou all wearest away
Like to the loam!
Little didst thou think
How thy soul's journey
Would be thereafter,
When from the body
It should be led forth.'"

But perhaps the most curious poem in the Exeter Manuscript is the Rhyming Poem, to which I have before alluded.[1]

Still more spectral is the following Norman-Saxon poem, from a manuscript volume of Homilies in the Bodleian Library. The subject is the grave. It is Death that speaks.

"For thee was a house built
Ere thou wast born;
For thee was a mould meant
Ere thou of mother camest.
But it is not made ready,
Nor its depth measured,
Nor is it seen
How long it shall be.
Now I bring thee
Where thou shalt be.
Now I shall measure thee,
And the mould afterwards.

"Thy house is not
Highly timbered;
It is unhigh and low,
When thou art therein,
The heel-ways are low,
The side-ways unhigh;
The roof is built
Thy breast full nigh.
So thou shalt in mould
Dwell full cold,
Dimly and dark.

"Doorless is that house,
And dark it is within;
There thou art fast detained,
And Death hath the key.
Loathsome is that earth-house,
And grim within to dwell;
There thou shalt dwell,
And worms shall divide thee.

"Thus thou art laid
And leavest thy friends;
Thou hast no friend
Who will come to thee,
Who will ever see
How that house pleaseth thee,
Who will ever open
The door for thee,

[1] Since this paper was written, the Exeter Manuscript has been published, with a translation by Mr. Thorpe.

And descend after thee;
For soon thou art loathsome
And hateful to see."

We now come to Anglo-Saxon Prose. At the very boundary stand two great works, like landmarks. These are the Saxon Laws, promulgated by the various kings that ruled the land; and the Saxon Chronicle, in which all great historic events, from the middle of the fifth to the middle of the twelfth century, are recorded by contemporary writers, mainly, it would seem, the monks of Winchester, Peterborough, and Canterbury.[1] Setting these aside, doubtless the most important remains of Anglo-Saxon prose are the writings of King Alfred the Great.

What a sublime old character was King Alfred! Alfred, the Truth-teller! Thus the ancient historian surnamed him, as others were surnamed the Unready, Ironside, Harefoot. The principal events of his life are known to all men; — the nine battles fought in the first year of his reign; his flight to the marshes and forests of Somersetshire; his poverty and suffering, wherein was fulfilled the prophecy of St. Neot, that he should "be bruised like the ears of wheat"; his life with the swineherd, whose wife bade him turn the cakes, that they might not be burnt, for she saw daily that he was a great eater; his successful rally; his victories and his future glorious reign; — these things are known to all men. And not only these, which are events in his life, but also many more, which are traits in his character, and controlled events; as, for example, that he was a wise and virtuous man, a religious man, a learned man for that age. Perhaps they know, even, how he measured time with his six horn lanterns; also, that he was an author and wrote many books. But of these books how few persons have read even a single line! And yet it is well worth our while, if we wish to see all the calm dignity of that great man's character, and how in him the scholar and the man outshone the king. For example, do we not know him better, and honor him more, when we hear from his own lips, as it were, such sentiments as these? "God has made all men equally noble in their original nature. True nobility is in the mind, not in the flesh. I wished to live honorably whilst I lived, and, after my life, to leave to the men who were after me my memory in good works!"

The chief writings of this royal author are his translations of Gregory's "Pastoralis," Boëthius's "Consolations of Philosophy," Bede's "Ecclesiastical History," and the "History of Orocius," known in manuscripts by the mysterious title of "Hormesta." Of these works the most remarkable is the Boëthius; so much of his own mind has Alfred infused into it. Properly speaking, it is not so much a translation as a gloss or paraphrase; for the Saxon king, upon his throne, had a soul which was near akin to that of the last of the Roman philosophers in his prison. He had suffered, and could sympathize with suffering humanity. He adorned and carried out still further the reflections of Boëthius. He begins his task, however, with an apology, saying, "Alfred, king, was translator of this book, and turned it from book-Latin into English, as he most plainly and clearly could amid the various and manifold worldly occupations which often busied him in mind and body;" and ends with a prayer, beseeching God, "by the sign of the holy cross, and by the virginity of the blessed Mary, and by the obedience of the blessed Michael, and by the love of all the saints and their merits," that his mind might be made steadfast to the Divine will and his own soul's need.

Other remains of Anglo-Saxon prose exist in the tale of Apollonius of Tyre; the Bible-translations and Colloquies of Abbot Ælfric; Glosses of the Gospels, at the close of one of which the conscientious scribe has written, "Aldred, an unworthy and miserable priest, with the help of God and St. Cuthbert, overglossed it in English;" and, finally, various miscellaneous treatises, among which the most

[1] The style of this Chronicle rises at times far above that of most monkish historians. For instance, in recording the death of William the Conqueror, the writer says: "Sharp Death, that passes by neither rich men nor poor, seized him also. Alas! how false and how uncertain is this world's weal! He that was before a rich king, and lord of many lands, had not then of all his land more than a space of seven feet! and he that was whilom enshrouded in gold and gems lay there covered with mould." A. D. 1087.

curious is a Dialogue between Saturn and Solomon. I cannot refrain from giving a few extracts from this very original and curious document, which bears upon it some of the darkest thumb-marks of the Middle Ages.

"Tell me, what man first spake with a dog?

"I tell thee, Saint Peter.

"Tell me, what man first ploughed the earth with a plough?

"I tell thee, it was Ham, the son of Noah.

"Tell me, wherefore stones are barren?

"I tell thee, because Abel's blood fell upon a stone, when Cain his brother slew him with the jawbone of an ass.

. . . . . .

"Tell me, what made the sea salt?

"I tell thee, the ten commandments that Moses collected in the old law, — the commandments of God. He threw the ten commandments into the sea, and he shed tears into the sea, and the sea became salt.

. . . . . .

"Tell me, what man first built a monastery?

"I tell thee, Elias, and Elisha the prophet, and after baptism, Paul and Anthony, the first anchorites.

"Tell me, what were the streams that watered Paradise?

"I tell thee, they were four. The first was called Pison; the second, Geon; the third, Tigris; the fourth, Euphrates; that is, milk, and honey, and ale, and wine.

"Tell me, why is the sun so red at evening?

"I tell thee, because he looks into Hell.

"Tell me, why shineth he so red in the morning?

"I tell thee, because he doubteth whether he shall or shall not shine upon this earth, as he is commanded.

"Tell me, what four waters feed this earth?

"I tell thee, they are snow, and rain, and hail, and dew.

"Tell me, who first made letters?

"I tell thee, Mercury the Giant."

Hardly less curious, and infinitely more valuable, is a "Colloquy" of Ælfric, composed for the purpose of teaching boys to speak Latin. The Saxon is an interlinear translation of the Latin. In this Colloquy various laborers and handicraftsmen are introduced, — ploughmen, herdsmen, huntsmen, shoemakers, and others; and each has his say, even to the blacksmith, who dwells in his smithy amid iron fire-sparks, and the sound of beating sledge-hammers and blowing bellows. I translate the close of this Colloquy, to show our readers what a poor school-boy had to suffer in the Middle Ages. They will hardly wonder that Erigena Scot should have been put to death with penknives by his scholars.

"*Magister.* Well, boy, what hast thou been doing to-day?

"*Discipulus.* A great many things have I been doing. Last night, when I heard the knell, I got out of my bed and went into the church, and sang the matin-song with the friars; after that we sang the hymn of All Saints, and the morning songs of praise; after these Prime, and the seven Psalms, with the litanies and the first Mass; then the nine-o'clock service, and the mass for the day, and after this we sang the service of mid-day, and ate, and drank, and slept, and got up again, and sang Nones, and now are here before thee, ready to hear what thou hast to say to us.

"*Magister.* When will you sing Vespers or the Compline?

"*Discipulus.* When it is time.

"*Magister.* Hast thou had a whipping to-day?

"*Discipulus.* I have not, because I have behaved very warily.

"*Magister.* And thy playmates?

"*Discipulus.* Why dost thou ask me about them? I dare not tell thee our secrets. Each one of them knows whether he has been whipped or not.

"*Magister.* What dost thou eat every day?

"*Discipulus.* I still eat meat, because I am a child, living under the rod.

"*Magister.* What else dost thou eat?

"*Discipulus.* Greens and eggs, fish and cheese, butter and beans, and all clean things, with much thankfulness.

"*Magister.* Exceedingly voracious art thou; for thou devourest everything that is set before thee.

"*Discipulus.* Not so very voracious either, for I don't eat all kinds of food at one meal.

"*Magister.* How then?

"*Discipulus.* Sometimes I eat one kind, and sometimes another, with soberness, as becomes a monk, and not with voracity; for I am not a glutton.

"*Magister.* And what dost thou drink?

"*Discipulus.* Beer, when I can get it, and water when I cannot get beer.

"*Magister.* Dost thou not drink wine?

"*Discipulus.* I am not rich enough to buy

wine; and wine is not a drink for boys and ignorant people, but for old men and wise.

"*Magister.* Where dost thou sleep?

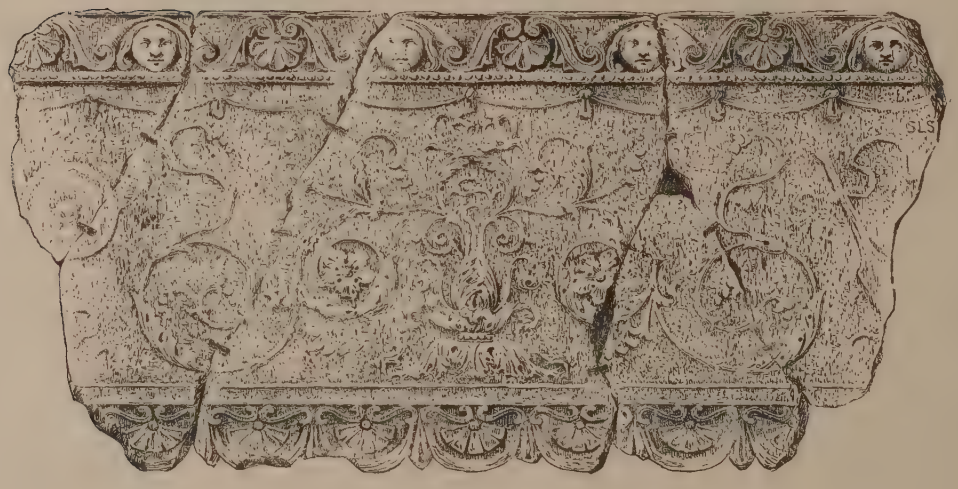
"*Discipulus.* In the dormitory, with the friars.

"*Magister.* Who wakes thee for matins?

"*Discipulus.* Sometimes I hear the knell and get up; sometimes my master wakes me sternly with a rod.

"*Magister.* O ye good children, and winsome learners. Your teacher admonishes you to follow godly lore, and to behave yourselves decently everywhere. Go obediently, when you hear the chapel bell, enter into the chapel, and bow suppliantly at the holy altars, and stand submissive, and sing with one accord, and pray for your sins, and then depart to the cloister or the school-room without levity."

I cannot close this sketch of Anglo-Saxon Literature without expressing the hope, that what I have written may "stir up riper wits than mine to the perfection of this rough-hewn work." The history of this literature still remains to be written. How strange it is that so interesting a subject should wait so long for its historian!



PARIS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

1838.

The age of Louis the Fourteenth is one of the most brilliant in history; illustrious by its reign of seventy-two years and its hundred authors known to fame. The government of this monarch has been called "a satire upon despotism." His vanity was boundless: his magnificence equally so. The palaces of Marly and Versailles are monuments of his royal pride: equestrian statues, and his figure on one of the gates of Paris, represented as a naked Hercules, with a club in his hand and a flowing wig on his head, are monuments of his vanity and self-esteem.

His court was the home of etiquette and the model of all courts. "It seemed," says Voltaire, "that Nature at that time took delight in producing in France the greatest men in all the arts; and of assembling at court the most beautiful men and women that had ever existed. But the king bore the palm away from all his courtiers by the grace of his figure and the majestic beauty of his countenance; the noble and winning sound of his voice gained over the hearts that his presence intimidated. His carriage was such as became him and his rank only, and would have been ridiculous in any other. The embarrassment he inspired in those who spoke with him flattered in secret the self-complacency with which he recognized his own superiority. The old officer, who became agitated and stammered in asking a favor from him, and not being able to finish his discourse, exclaimed, 'Sire, I do not tremble so before your enemies!' had no difficulty in obtaining the favor he asked."

All about him was pomp and theatrical show. He invented a kind of livery, which it was held the greatest honor to wear; a blue waistcoat embroidered with gold and silver; — a mark of royal favor. To all around him he was courteous; towards women chivalrous. He never passed even a chambermaid without touching his hat; and always stood uncovered in the presence of a lady. When the disappointed Duke of Lauzun insulted him by breaking his sword in his presence, he raised the window, and threw his cane into the court-yard, saying, "I never should have forgiven myself if I had struck a gentleman."

He seems, indeed, to have been a strange mixture of magnanimity and littleness; — his gallantries veiled always in a show of decency; severe; capricious; fond of pleasure; hardly less fond of labor. One day we find him dashing from Vincennes to Paris in his hunting-dress, and standing in his great boots, with a whip in his hand, dismissing his Parliament as he would a pack of hounds. The next he is dancing in the ballet of his private theatre, in the character of a gypsy, and whistling or singing scraps of opera-songs; and then parading at a military review, or galloping at full speed through the park of Fontainebleau, hunting the deer, in a calash drawn by four ponies. Towards the close of his life he became a devotee. "It is a very remarkable thing," says Voltaire, "that the public, who forgave him all his mistresses, could not forgive him his father confessor." He outlived the respect of his subjects. When he lay on his death-bed, — those godlike eyes that had overawed the world now grown dim and lustreless, — all his courtiers left him to die alone, and thronged about his successor, the Duke of Orleans. An empiric gave him an elixir, which suddenly revived him. He ate once more, and it was said he could recover. The crowd about the Duke of Orleans diminished very fast. "If the king eats a second time, I shall be left all alone," said he. But the king ate no more. He die

like a philosopher. To Madame de Maintenon he said, "I thought it was more difficult to die!" and to his domestics, "Why do you weep? Did you think I was immortal?"

Of course the character of the monarch stamped itself upon the society about him. The licentious court made a licentious city. Yet everywhere external decency and decorum prevailed. The courtesy of the old school held sway. Society, moreover, was pompous and artificial. There were pedantic scholars about town; and learned women; and *Précieuses Ridicules*, and Euphuism. With all its greatness, it was an effeminate age.

The old city of Paris, which lies in the Marais, was once the court end of the town. It is now entirely deserted by wealth and fashion. Travellers even seldom find their way into its broad and silent streets. But sightly mansions and garden walls, over which tall, shadowy trees wave to and fro, speak of a more splendid age, when proud and courtly ladies dwelt there, and the frequent wheels of gay equipages chafed the now grass-grown pavements.

In the centre of this part of Paris, within pistol-shot of the Boulevard St. Antoine, stands the Place Royale. Old palaces of a quaint and uniform style, with a low arcade in front, run quite round the square. In its centre is a public walk, with trees, an iron railing, and an equestrian statue of Louis the Thirteenth. It was here that monarch held his court. But there is no sign of a court now. Under the arcade are shops and fruit-stalls; and in one corner sits a cobbler, seemingly as old and deaf as the walls around him. Occasionally you get a glimpse through a grated gate into spacious gardens; and a large flight of steps leads up into what was once a royal palace, and is now a tavern. In the public walk, old gentlemen sit under the trees on benches, and enjoy the evening air. Others walk up and down, buttoned in long frock-coats. They have all a provincial look. Indeed, for a time you imagine yourself in a small French town, not in Paris; so different is everything there from the Paris you live in. You are in a quarter where people retire to live genteelly on small incomes. The gentlemen in long frock-coats are no courtiers, but retired tradesmen.

Not far off is the Rue des Tournelles; and the house is still standing in which lived and loved that Aspasia of the seventeenth century, — the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos. From the Boulevard you look down into the garden, where her illegal and ill-fated son, on discovering that the object of his passion was his own mother, put an end to his miserable life. Not very remote from this is the house once occupied by Madame de Sévigné. You are shown the very cabinet where she composed those letters which beautified her native tongue, and "make us love the very ink that wrote them." In a word, you are here in the centre of the Paris of the seventeenth century; the gay, the witty, the licentious city, which in Louis the Fourteenth's time was like Athens in the age of Pericles. And now all is changed to solitude and silence. The witty age, with its brightness and licentious heat, all burnt out, — puffed into darkness by the breath of time. Thus passes an age of libertinism and sedition, and bloody, frivolous wars, and fighting bishops, and devout prostitutes, and "factious *beaux esprits* improvising epigrams in the midst of seditions, and madrigals on the field of battle."

Westward from this quarter, near the Seine and the Louvre, stood the ever famous Hôtel de Rambouillet, the court of Euphuism and false taste. Here Catherine de Vivonne, Marchioness of Rambouillet, gave her æsthetical soirées in her bedchamber, and she herself in bed, among the curtains and mirrors of a gay alcove. The master of ceremonies bore the title of the *Alcoviste*. He did the honors of the house and directed the conversation, and such was the fashion of the day, that, impossible as it may seem to us, no evil tongue soiled with malignant whisper the fair fame of the Précieuses, as the ladies of the society were called. Into this bedchamber came all the most noted literary personages of the day; — Corneille, Malherbe, Bossuet, Fléchier, La Rochefoucault, Balzac, Bussy-Rabutin, Madame de Sévigné, Mademoiselle de Scudéri, and others of less note, though hardly less pretension. They paid their homage to the Marchioness, under the title of Arthénice, Éracinthe, and Corinthée, anagrams of the name of Catherine. There, as in the Courts of Love of a still ear-

lier age, were held grave dissertations on frivolous themes: and all the metaphysics of love, and the subtilties of exaggerated passion, were discussed with most puerile conceits and a vapid sentimentality. "We saw, not long since," says La Bruyère, "a circle of persons of the two sexes, united by conversation and mental sympathy. They left to the vulgar the art of speaking intelligibly. One obscure expression brought on another still more obscure, which in turn was capped by something truly enigmatical, attended with vast applause. With all this so-called delicacy, feeling, and refinement of expression, they at length went so far that they were neither understood by others nor could understand themselves. For these conversations one needed neither good sense, nor memory, nor the least capacity; only *esprit*, and that not of the best, but a counterfeit kind, made up chiefly of imagination."

Looking back from the present age, how very absurd all these things seem to us! Nevertheless, the minds of some excellent men were seriously impressed with their worth; and the pulpit-orator, Fléchier, in his funeral oration upon the death of Madame de Montausier, exclaimed, in pious enthusiasm: "Remember, my brethren, those cabinets which are still regarded with so much veneration, where the mind was purified, where virtue was revered under the name of the incomparable Arthénice, where were gathered together so many personages of quality and merit, forming a select court, numerous without confusion, modest without constraint, learned without pride, polished without affectation."

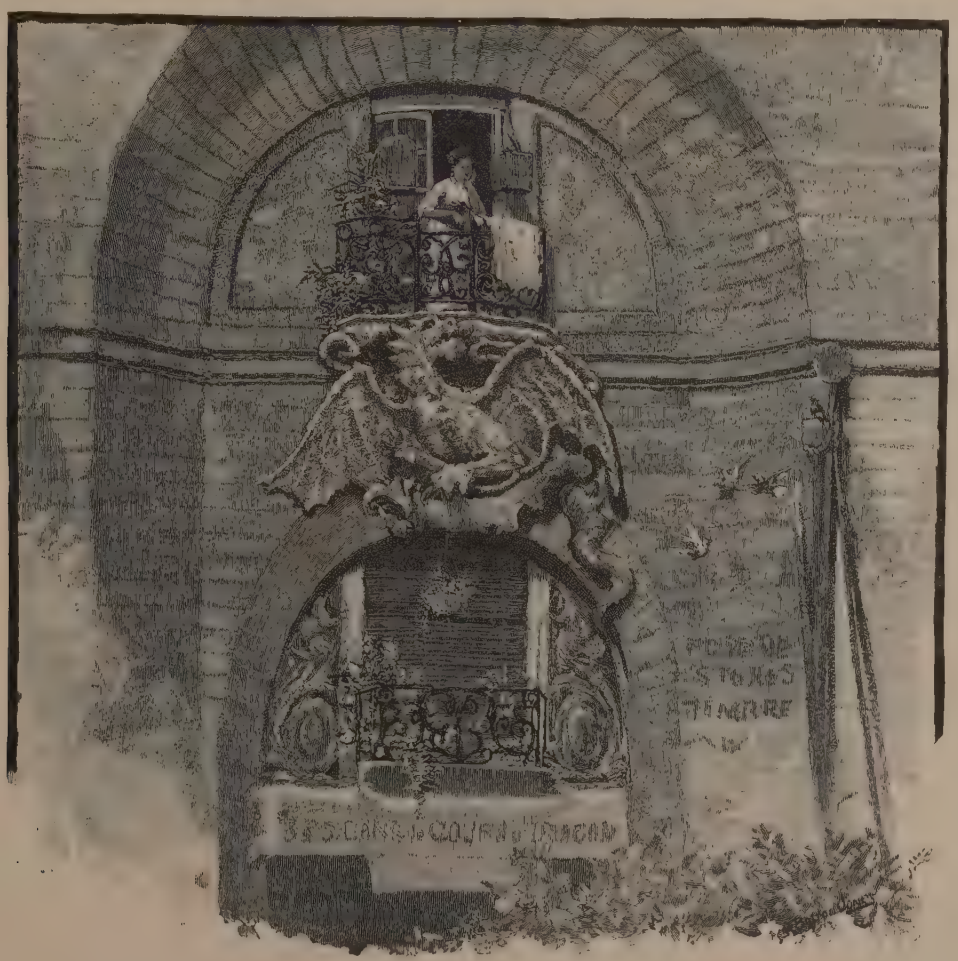


TABLE-TALK.

If you borrow my books. do not mark them; for I shall not be able to distinguish your marks from my own, and the pages will become, like the doors in Bagdad, marked by Morgiana's chalk.

Don Quixote thought he could have made beautiful bird-cages and toothpicks if his brain had not been so full of ideas of chivalry. Most people would succeed in small things, if they were not troubled with great ambitions.

A torn jacket is soon mended; but hard words bruise the heart of a child.

Authors, in their Prefaces, generally speak in a conciliatory, deprecating tone of the critics, whom they hate and fear; as of old the Greeks spake of the Furies as the Eumenides, the benign Goddesses.

Doubtless criticism was originally benignant, pointing out the beauties of a work, rather than its defects. The passions of men have made it malignant, as the bad heart of Procrustes turned the bed, the symbol of repose, into an instrument of torture.

Popularity is only, in legal phrase, the "instantaneous seisin" of fame.

The Mormons make the marriage ring, like the ring of Saturn, fluid, not solid, and keep it in its place by numerous satellites.

In the mouths of many men soft words are like roses that soldiers put into the muzzles of their muskets on holidays.

We often excuse our own want of philanthropy by giving the name of fanaticism to the more ardent zeal of others.

Every great poem is in itself limited by necessity, — but in its suggestions unlimited and infinite.

If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.

As turning the logs will make a dull fire burn, so change of studies a dull brain.

The Laws of Nature are just, but terrible. There is no weak mercy in them. Cause and consequence are inseparable and inevitable. The elements have no forbearance. The fire burns, the water drowns, the air consumes, the earth buries. And perhaps it would be well for our race if the punishment of crimes against the Laws of Man were as inevitable as the punishment of crimes against the Laws of Nature, — were Man as unerring in his judgments as Nature.

Round about what is, lies a whole mysterious world of might be, — a psychological romance of possibilities and things that do not happen. By going out a few minutes sooner or later, by stopping to speak with a friend at a corner, by meeting this man or that, or by turning down this street instead of the other, we may let slip some great occasion of good, or avoid some impending evil, by which the whole current of our lives would have been changed. There is no possible solution to the dark enigma but the one word, "Providence."

The Helicon of too many poets is not a hill crowned with sunshine and visited by the Muses and the Graces, but an old, mouldering house, full of gloom and haunted by ghosts.

"Let us build such a church, that those who come after us shall take us for madmen," said the old canon of Seville, when the great cathedral was planned. Perhaps through every mind passes some such thought, when it first entertains the design of a great and seemingly impossible action, the end of which it dimly foresees. This divine madness enters more or less into all our noblest undertakings.

I feel a kind of reverence for the first books of young authors. There is so much aspiration in them, so much audacious hope and trembling fear, so much of the heart's history, that all errors and short-comings are for a while lost sight of in the amiable self-assertion of youth.

Authors have a greater right than any copyright, though it is generally unacknowledged or disregarded. They have a right to the reader's civility. There are favorable hours for reading a book, as for writing it, and to these the author has a claim. Yet many people think that when they buy a book they buy with it the right to abuse the author.

A thought often makes us hotter than a fire.

Black seals upon letters, like the black sails of the Greeks, are signs of bad tidings and ill success.

Love makes its record in deeper colors as we grow out of childhood into manhood; as the Emperors signed their names in green ink when under age, but when of age, in purple.

Some critics are like chimney-sweepers; they put out the fire below, or frighten the swallows from their nests above; they scrape a long time in the chimney, cover themselves with soot, and bring nothing away but a bag of cinders, and then sing from the top of the house as if they had built it.

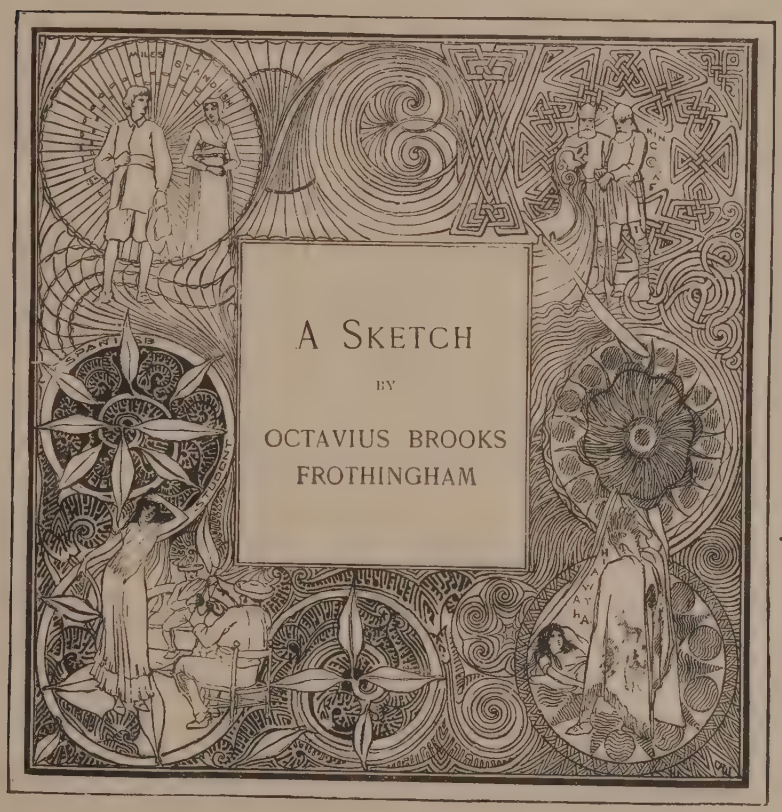
When we reflect that all the aspects of Nature, all the emotions of the soul, and all the events of life, have been the subjects of poetry for hundreds and thousands of years, we can hardly wonder that there should be so many resemblances and coincidences of expression among poets, but rather that they are not more numerous and more striking.

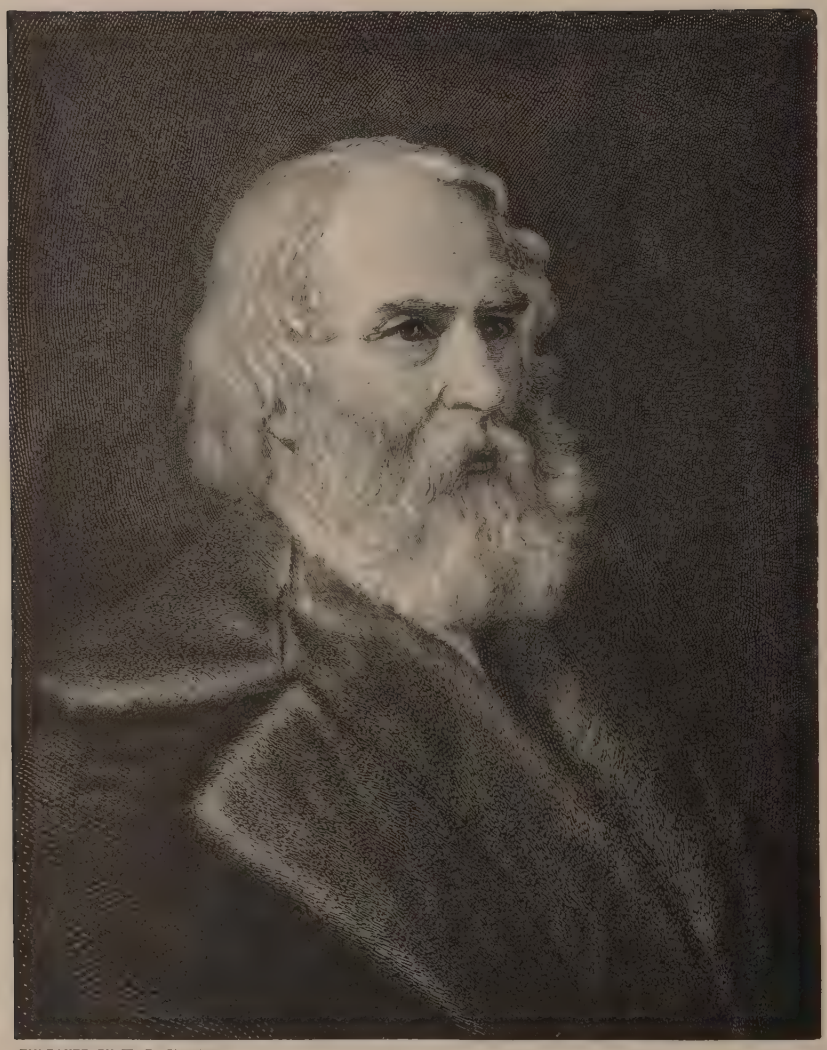
The first pressure of sorrow crushes out from our hearts the best wine; afterwards the constant weight of it brings forth bitterness, — the taste and stain from the lees of the vat.

The tragic element in poetry is like Saturn in alchemy, — the Malevolent, the Destroyer of Nature; but without it no true Aurum Potabile, or Elixir of Life, can be made.

FINIS

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW





ENGRAVED BY W. B. CLOSSON.

FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY HIS SON, ERNEST W. LONGFELLOW.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A SKETCH.

By OCTAVIUS BROOKS FROTHINGHAM.

ANCESTRY.

THE pedigree of the Longfellow family in England is obscure. Rev. D. Collyer, who has taken pains to search it out, thinks that the original home was Ilkley, in Yorkshire. No Longfellow appears before 1510, and then only within ten miles of Ilkley town. They were "sons of the soil," day laborers. One of them contributed four pence to the war of Henry VIII. against the French, that sum representing hard earnings and a good deal of English feeling. One became a free-holder, and one, six years only before the emigration to America, is on the books of the parish as a recipient of charity. The low estate of the family may have had something to do with their expatriation. But afterwards they rose, became church wardens, overseers of the highways, trusted for probity. They were independent, self-asserting, a trifle radical, it seems. They held game-laws in derision, took dead wood as they wanted it, and live wood, too, if they required it for their bows. They outwitted the armed supervisors of preserves, cut down yew-trees, were always ready to fight against oppression. One of them, named John, was repeatedly fined because he "would not put away his dog." They were sturdy yeomen, all, rough and turbulent, with a feeling of honest self-will, views of their own in regard to personal rights, and their own method of asserting them, — Englishmen of the rude plebeian stamp, the raw material of worthy men.

The first Longfellow, William, came to Newbury, Mass., in early life. There, in 1678, he married Anne, daughter of Henry Sewall, the founder of Newbury, and sister of Samuel Sewall, afterwards chief justice of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, and judge of probate for Suffolk County. He was a merchant, but he showed the old family antipathy towards the French by joining, as ensign of the Newbury company, the unfortunate expedition of Sir William Phips against Quebec. The attempt, though well considered and made in force (the fleet consisted of thirty-two vessels with a complement of twenty-two hundred soldiers), failed. A violent storm struck the returning fleet, scattered the vessels, and drove one of them, containing the Newbury company, upon the coast of Anticosti, a desolate island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where Longfellow, with nine others, was drowned. This was on October 31, 1690.

One of his six children, Stephen (so-called after Stephen Dummer, Mrs. Longfellow's grandfather), was an honest blacksmith of whom his distinguished descendant was not, and had no cause to be, ashamed. Something more than ordinary he must have been to marry Abigail Tompson, daughter of Rev. Edward Tompson of Marshfield, the social position of a minister in the colony of Massachusetts Bay being of the highest.

His fifth son, Stephen, born February 7,

1723, was sent to Harvard College, where he was graduated in 1742. He became a schoolmaster, a calling, then, of intellectual prominence, and which he practised so successfully at York that he was invited to Portland in the following "unbusinesslike" but not inhospitable way: —

FALMOUTH, *November* 15, 1744.

SIR, — We need a schoolmaster. Mr. Plaisted advises of your being at liberty. If you will undertake the service in this place, you may depend upon our being generous and your being satisfied. I wish you 'd come as soon as possible, and doubt not but you 'll find things much to your content.

Your humble ser't, THOS. SMITH.

P. S. I write in the name and with the power of the selectmen of the town. If you can't serve us, pray advise us of it per first opportunity.

Mr. Smith's notion of generosity may be surmised from the circumstance that the town appropriated fifty pounds towards the salary of a grammar teacher, the people of the "Neck," as Portland was then called, to contribute the rest, thus securing his exclusive services. Mr. Longfellow opened his school April 17, 1745. In the second year there were fifty scholars; among them children of the first families. The salary was fixed that year at two hundred pounds, each scholar to pay in addition, eighteen shillings eight pence per year, and per quarter eight shillings.[1] In any currency this was not a princely salary. In a currency depreciated seven per cent., it certainly was not exorbitant. Possibly, as in some other professions, the esteem in which the occupation was held made amends for the smallness of the remuneration.

This Stephen married (October 19, 1749) Tabitha Bragdon, daughter of Samuel Bragdon of York. He taught school until 1760, from which time to the beginning of the Revolution, in 1775, he held the office of register of probate and clerk of the Judicial Court. When the town was burned by Captain Mowatt, October 18, 1775, Mr. Longfellow removed to Gorham, where he resided until his death in 1790. "His handwriting, in beautiful characters, symbolical of the purity and excellence of his own moral character, is impressed on all the records of the town and county through many successive years." Thus writes William Willis in his book entitled, "The Law, The Courts, and The Lawyers of Maine."

Stephen, the oldest of his three sons, — of whom Samuel, the second, left no children, and William, the youngest, died early, — was born August 3, 1750. He lived and died in Gorham greatly respected, an important man in fact, a surveyor by profession, honored by several official trusts. For eight years he represented Gorham in the General Court of Massachusetts. For several years he was senator from Cumberland County. From 1797 to 1811 he was judge of the Court of Common Pleas. He was a fine looking man, tall, straight, portly, with a strong face and a dignified bearing, his hair tied behind, after the fashion of the day. "To the close of his life he wore the old-style dress, — knee-breeches, a long waistcoat, and white top boots. He was a man of sterling qualities of mind and heart, and sound common sense." He drove into Portland in an old square-top chaise, and was escorted by the sheriff into the court-house. He seems to have been a less jocular person than his father, who, even when accompanying Parson Smith to an ordination, was so lively that he almost transgressed the rules of decorum proper to so solemn an occasion. He died May 28, 1824.

His second child, Stephen, father of the poet, was born in Gorham, March 23, 1776. He entered Harvard College in 1794, the class of Dr. Channing, Judge Story, Sidney Willard, and Dr. Tuckerman, and was graduated with honor. He was popular with his classmates, a good scholar, a youth of strong intellectual proclivities. Several descriptions of him remain. Daniel Appleton White of Salem, Mass., his senior by only two years, said of him: "He was evidently a well-bred gentleman when he left the paternal mansion for the University. He seemed to breathe an atmosphere of purity as his natural element, while his bright intelligence, buoyant spirits, and social warmth diffused a sunshine of joy that made his presence always gladsome." [2]

[1] Rev. H. S. Burrage, *Portland Advertiser*, February 28, 1882.

[2] *The Law, The Courts, and The Lawyers of Maine*, by William Willis.

Humphrey Devereux of Salem, a classmate of Stephen Longfellow, wrote: "On entering college, Longfellow was in advance in years of many of us, and his mind and judgment, of course, were more matured. He had a well-balanced mind, no part so prominent as to overshadow the rest. . . . He did not soar into the regions of fancy and abstraction, but kept on the *terra firma* of practical common sense. In his temperament he was bright and cheerful, and engaged freely in the social pleasures of friendly meetings and literary associations. His manners then, as in later life, were courteous, polished, and simple, springing from a native politeness, or a generous, manly feeling. He was born a gentleman, and was a general favorite of his class."

Judge White quotes Dr. Channing as praising his great energy of character; and Sidney Willard, in his "Memoirs of Youth and Manhood," pays him a glowing tribute. All accounts run in the same strain of eulogium, and these are from austere rather than partial or indulgent judges. Dr. Channing was an enthusiastic admirer of moral beauty, and as equitable as he was enthusiastic. Judge White was an incorruptible censor, calm as he was clear. Mr. Devereux was a man of singular courtesy himself, a true gentleman of the old school.

On leaving Cambridge, Mr. Longfellow studied law in the office of Salmon Chase, uncle of the late Chief Justice of the United States, and in 1801 was admitted to the bar. The population of Portland was 3,800. There were seven lawyers. His practice, from the start, was large and profitable. In three years he arrived at sufficient distinction to be the chosen orator for the Fourth of July. In 1814 he was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature. The same year found him sitting in the Hartford Convention, at which eminent Federalists of New England uttered their protest against the apparent imbecility of the administration. In 1816 he was named one of the presidential electors. In 1822 he sat as long as he would in the Congress of the United States as a representative of the State of Maine. This was the end of his political career. At the close of the session the "honest lawyer," as he was called, withdrew from political life, preferring to devote his energies wholly to his profession. When Lafayette visited Portland in 1825, Mr. Longfellow was deputed to welcome him in behalf of the citizens; a service which he must have rendered to the satisfaction of the eminent guest, who spoke a hearty word of thanks to "the member of Congress who shared in the flattering invitation which has been to me a source of inexpressible honor and delight." From 1817 to 1836 Mr. Longfellow was a trustee of Bowdoin College, which, in 1828, bestowed on him the degree of LL. D. From 1828 to 1830 he was recording secretary of the Maine Historical Society. From 1834 till 1849, the year of his death, he was its president.

The private life of this man was altogether in unison with his public career; simple, pure, affectionate, truthful, dignified, refined. In 1804, on the 1st of January, he married Zilpah, eldest daughter of General Peleg Wadsworth, whose son Henry, a lieutenant in the United States navy, lost his life in the harbor of Tripoli, through the explosion of a fire-ship, by which he hoped to destroy the enemy's flotilla. This heroic enterprise miscarried in the night of September 4, 1804. The name of the gallant officer was bestowed on their second son, the poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

General Peleg Wadsworth, the grandfather on the mother's side, of Henry W. Longfellow, was a remarkable man, the fifth in descent from Christopher Wadsworth, who came from England and settled in Duxbury about 1632. The general was a graduate of Harvard College, in the class of 1769; but in addition to this was a soldier, an engineer, a senator from Massachusetts, a representative in the national Congress from 1792 to 1806, a land surveyor, proprietor, draughtsman, selectman, town treasurer, lumber merchant, farmer, store-keeper, magistrate, and general protector of public interests. He was an active friend of education, a communicant of the Congregational Church, benevolent, kind to the poor, an excellent neighbor, a high-toned citizen. He was a handsome man, with a fine military bearing, a presence which made him look taller than he was, an erect mien, firm step, unexceptionable apparel. His

home was a centre of hospitality, intelligence, and refinement. His eleven children, of whom Zilpah was the third, and Henry, the young hero of Tripoli, was the seventh (born June 21, 1785, died September 4, 1804), were well nurtured. A few months before Henry's glorious death, Zilpah married Stephen Longfellow. She was twenty-six years old, and no ordinary woman. On the 25th of June, 1799, she, as representing the ladies of Portland, presented a standard to the "Federal Volunteers," and made the speech of the occasion. She was, by all accounts, a superior person, brave and honorable in her place, as much so as her noble father in his, with gracious manners as became the wife of her husband.

It so befell that Abigail, a sister of Stephen Longfellow, had married Samuel Stephenson, a rich merchant of Portland, and lived in the large wooden house at the corner of Fore and Hancock Streets. Mr. Stephenson having been called to the West Indies on business, his wife invited her brother to spend the winter of 1806–7 with her. The invitation was accepted, and in the Stephenson house, still standing, the poet was born, the second son, on the 27th of February, 1807. In the spring, General Wadsworth, having left his brick house on Congress Street,[1] and removed with his family to Hiram, on the Saco River, to improve lands granted him for his military services, Mr. and Mrs. Longfellow moved into his mansion, and there lived. In this house, slightly altered to suit the purposes of a law office, and raised by the addition of a third story, the poet spent his childhood.

On looking back over this reach of history, one feels the truth of the remark that Henry Wadsworth Longfellow inherited the virtues and graces of a long line: was, in fact, the

[1] For an account of this building see *Portland Advertiser* for February 28, 1882.

bright, consummate flower of a singularly noble race. The family had a deep, strong root of character. The tree grew rapidly and spread from the start. Each generation made an advance on the generation that went before. Leaf and flower and fruit came in due time. Gifts and graces multiplied, while the substance of force was undiminished. Strength of individuality, independence of will, steadfastness of purpose, soberness of judgment, clearness of vision, directness of aim, dignity, serenity, courtesy, grace, affability, goodness of heart, buoyancy of temper, even elegance in dress, succeeded one another in natural order. The Pilgrims of Plymouth, Elder Brewster and John Alden included, contributed their fine strain of piety. The lovely Priscilla, heroine of "The Courtship of Miles Standish," added the charm of her wit. Nothing was wanting apparently except the burst of poetic expression. The spirit of adventure may have softened into romance, as brass cannon become bronze ornaments for mantels and parlors; the impulse to progress may have been transmuted into love of travel; but the gift of rhythmical language can nowhere be detected, even in germ, among these worthy progenitors, unless "Wadsworth" be the same name as "Wordsworth," as it may prove to be. Samuel Longfellow, the poet's brother, is a gentle idealist, a man of genius, a graceful writer, a poet of no small consideration. But the flow of melody gushes out in this one spot. Where it came from none can tell. Possibly it may be the last fine product of the Pilgrim genius. Possibly the union of Pilgrim with Puritan gave rise to it. At this point our analysis is at fault. The peculiar quality of the poet's endowment, its character, including its limitations, induce one to regard it rather as an inheritance than as an inspiration, yet the human origin of it is hidden from view, at least as far as our scientific analysis has been carried. The accomplished physiologist fails to put his finger on the fine cord which transmits this subtle essence of song. Even Mr. Francis Galton will be at fault here.

II.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

WHOEVER would know about Portland as it was at the time of the poet's birth should read the account of it that was read at the meeting of the Maine Historical Society, on occasion of Mr. Longfellow's seventy-fifth birthday, by Edward H. Elwell, Esq., of Portland, in connection with the poem "My Lost Youth" in "Birds of Passage," in which the poet recalls his reminiscences. Some passages from Mr. Elwell's paper, copied from the Portland "Transcript," are here given: —

THE PORTLAND OF LONGFELLOW'S YOUTH.

"It lay on the narrow peninsula, or 'Neck,' in the depression between the two hills which mark its extremities, Munjoy and Bramhall. It had been first settled nearly two centuries before on the seashore at its eastern end, and in all this long period of time it had advanced scarcely half way towards the western end. The early settlers clustered around the fort which stood at the foot of what is now India Street, and the shore road extending eastward from India Street, forming now the easternmost part of Fore Street, was long the court end of the town. Here Major Samuel Moody, coming here in 1716, built his house, and here in process of time sprang up a number of large, square mansions, some with gambrel roofs, several of which yet remain. In one of these, standing, on the one hand, within a stone's throw of the spot where the first settler landed and built his cabin, in 1632, and on the other not much farther from the site of old Fort Loyal, our poet was born, seventy-five years ago to-day. He was thus cradled on historic ground, and sprang from amidst the earliest scenes of civilization on this peninsula. It was a pleasant site; not then, as now, hemmed in by new-made land encroaching on the sea. It looked out on the waters of our beautiful bay, commanding a view of those

> 'Islands that were the Hesperides
> Of all my boyish dreams.'

"Immediately opposite, skirting the road on the seaward side, lay the beach, the scene of many a baptism on a Sabbath day. It was not here, however,

that our poet spent his boyhood. His parents moved on with the progress of the town, and we shall find him at a later period established in what is now the heart of the city.

"Let us now take a comprehensive view of the town as it existed in the decade between 1810 and 1820. As we have said, it nestled in the hollow between the two hills. On the south lay the harbor, with its wharves and its shipping; on the north the quiet waters of Back Cove, its shores nearly vacant, and its waters as yet undisturbed by commerce.

"On Munjoy's Hill there were but three houses, save those in old Fort Sumner. It was a pasture ground for cows in part, and in part was given up to a dense growth of alder bushes. On Indian Point, where the Grand Trunk bridge leaves the hill, stood seven or eight lofty, ancient pine-trees, and in the high branches the fish-hawks were wont to build their nests. The boys went a-gunning 'back of the Neck,' and shot plovers and curlews and sand-birds, which visited the shore in great numbers. At Fish Point, on the harbor side of the Hill, the ledgy cliff, now blasted away to make room for the track of the Grand Trunk Railway, was cut deep with the names of boys who spent many a long summer afternoon in wandering around the solitary shore. The cliff terminated in a cove called 'Abigail's Hole,' after an aged Indian squaw who resided there, the last of the race that lived and died in Portland.

"On the slope of the hill towards the town stood a tall signal spar with a tar-barrel suspended from its summit, which was to be set on fire should the enemy approach the town, or assistance be needed from the country. Washington Street, overlooking the Cove, commanding a view of the fine scenery beyond, and with its long alternating lines of Lombardy poplars and balm of gileads, was thought to be the prettiest street in town. Standing on the western slope of the hill, one commanded the town below at a single glance. All north of Cumberland Street was vacant land known as the 'Back Fields.' Nearly all west of High Street was sunburnt pasture, where swamp alternated with huckleberry bushes. State Street had been laid out through the waste, and here and there along its line a stately mansion rose with the huckleberry and bayberry bushes growing close up to its fences. Bramhall's Hill was a far-away wilderness. At the quiet hour of sunset one standing where the jail now stands, below Munjoy, could hear the sound of Caleb Young's fife on Bramhall's Hill, two miles away, no building to obstruct sight or sound intervening.

"With the revival of commerce, after the war, trade with the West India Islands sprang up, and low-decked brigs carried out cargoes of lumber and dried fish, bringing back sugar, rum, and molasses. This trade made lively scenes on Long Wharf and Portland Pier. From lack of system, and the appliances of steam, everything was then done with great noise and bustle, and by main strength. The discharging of a cargo of molasses set the town in an uproar. The wharves resounded with the songs of the negro stevedores hoisting the hogsheads from the hold without the aid of a winch; the long trucks, with heavy loads, were tugged by straining horses, under the whips and loud cries of the truckmen. Liquor was lavishly supplied to laboring men, and it made them turbulent and uproarious. Adding to the busy tumult were the teams coming into town by the two principal avenues, over Deering's bridge and up Green Street, or over Bramhall's Hill by way of Horse Tavern, bringing charcoal from Waterborough, shooks from Fryeburg, Hiram, and Baldwin, hoop-poles, heading, cord-wood, and screwed hay; and the Vermonters in their blue woollen frocks, bringing in their red pungs round hogs, butter, and cheese. Rev. Elijah Kellogg, Jr., gives a lively picture of Portland, at this period, on a winter morning: —

'Then you might have seen lively times. A string of board teams from George Libby's to Portland Pier; sleds growling; surveyors running about like madmen, a shingle in one hand and a rule-staff in the other; cattle white with frost, and their nostrils hung with icicles; teamsters screaming and halloing. Herrick's Tavern, and all the shops in Huckler's Row, lighted up, and the loggerheads hot to give customers their morning dram.'

"It is with such scenes as these rising in his memory that Longfellow sings, —

'I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And the Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.'

"Portland was a lumber port, driving a brisk little trade with more tumult and hurrah than now accompanies the transaction of ten times the amount of business then done. In addition to its lumber trade, it had its distilleries, its tanneries, its rope-walks, and its pottery, the latter two of which so impressed themselves upon the memory of the boy Longfellow that in after years they suggested his poems, 'The Ropewalk' and 'Kéramos,' the song of the potter. Men now living, going back in memory to those bustling days, will tell you those were the times when business was lively, and think it but a dull town now, though with five times the population and many times the amount of business."

The beautiful town has altered in aspect since that distant time. It was incorporated as a town in 1786, as a city in 1832. Originally a part of Falmouth, its position soon drew importance to it, and it rapidly increased in size, the population in 1875 being between thirty-four and thirty-five thousand. The name "Forest City" is still deserved from the number of trees in the streets, and from the verdure of the surrounding hills, but in 1807 the streets hardly encroached on the meadows and the hill-sides. The sparkling waters of Casco Bay brought the ocean to its feet. Green islands in the distance suggested the famed Hesperides of classic fable. The romantic curving shore picturesquely edged with rock the line of coast. The better class of dwellings commanded an uninterrupted view of the sea. The hills around afforded pleasant walks and retreats. The distance from any considerable centre was favorable to it. When the poet was a boy everything that went on in the town was in full view, wharves, ships, batteries, naval engagements, the rope-walk, the pottery, the woods, and each thing made an impression on the impressible mind of the child.

He was a thoughtful, meditative lad, not morbid nor especially retiring; cheerful enough, but quiet; gentle, disinclined to rough sports, playful but never boisterous. He went to school of course. Rev. Henry S. Burrage of Portland told the Maine Historical Society where. He was a good scholar at the Portland Academy, but his knowledge of books was supplemented by rambles along the shore or under the trees. It is significant that the town school was on Love Lane, now Centre Street. Amusements were neither many nor choice in Portland. There was no theatre. The old-time fashions were passing away, but the old time conscience remained. Cocked hats, wigs, knee-breeches, queues, spencers, and silk stockings disappear; open fires give place to stoves; old men cease to be called "daddies," old ladies are no more called "marms," but the moral sense holds its own. The mind was well cared for. The soul was abundantly looked after. The teacher and the clergyman were both held in honor. There were no skeptics in Portland, no rationalists, no come-outers of any degree, but a large spirit of intelligence was encouraged. There were no daily newspapers yet, but powerful intellects diffused light. Portland was a point of illumination. Mr. Elwell records the fact that Edward Payson, the celebrated divine, began his pastorate here the same year in which Longfellow was born; that in 1807 the Observatory on Munjoy's Hill was erected, to meet the growing needs of the town. Thus the boy had a good start. He was well born, well trained, well educated; his pedigree was honorable, his social position high, his father eminent, and opulent after the standard of the day, every moral influence wholesome, his native place romantic, his way of life simple and elegant; he was neither warped nor fettered nor misdirected, but had only to build on assured foundations. How he builded we shall see, that he cared to build at all is evidence in him of surprising talent; that he builded as he did is evidence of an absorbing purpose. The religious traditions of the town were orthodox. But men had their own thoughts, and provided they kept them to themselves or made no public noise about them, there was no attempt at persecution. So far as we know, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was a reverent disciple of that "religion of the heart" which has its root in human nature. He made no secret of his opinions among the young men who came in contact with him, but was never molested by the authorities, either secular or religious, then or at any other period of his life.

III.

COLLEGIAN AND PROFESSOR.

THE "District of Maine," set off from Massachusetts as a state in 1820, must have a college of its own, in order that its sons should not be compelled to go to Harvard. The long-talked of institution was put in working order at Brunswick, only five years before Longfellow was born, by the choice of Dr. McKeen as president, and John Abbott as professor of languages. There were eight students. Mr. James Bowdoin, son of the second governor of Massachusetts, gave a thousand acres of land, more than a thousand pounds sterling in money, a valuable library, and a costly collection of paintings. Beside this munificent donation, the college was liberally endowed by the state. It increased rapidly in resources and reputation. One department was added after another, so that in half a century it became a flourishing institution. In September, 1821, young Longfellow, then in his fifteenth year, with his elder brother Stephen was entered as freshman, though for some reason he did not actually begin his course until the sophomore year. He was then a handsome boy with bright eyes, thick chestnut locks, a fresh, blooming complexion, winning manners, the bearing of a well-bred young gentleman. Beyond this there seems to have been little to distinguish him from others, a talent for playing the flute probably did not. He was a good scholar, particularly in the classical languages; a great admirer of Horace; not fond of mathematics, philosophy, or abstruse topics of any kind; a diligent reader, and painstaking proficient in class studies; in no respect showy, but faithful, quiet, modest, industrious, of decided intellectual tastes. At his graduation he was second in a class of thirty-seven, outranking Nathaniel Hawthorne, George B. Cheever, J. S. C. Abbott, Jonathan Cilley, and James W. Bradbury, his classmates. Poetry did not then command the place it does now, and Longfellow was assigned an English oration: "Chatterton," a subject which the orator changed for the more comprehensive and congenial title, "Our Native Writers," at the last moment, the former theme having been announced in the printed order of exercises. Longfellow's reputation as a poet was already established, not only by several poetic translations from Horace among others, but by fugitive pieces printed in the newspapers. Some of them were inserted in the "United States Literary Gazette," conducted by Theophilus Parsons and James C. Carter. Young Longfellow was certainly not actuated by mercenary motives in writing these early pieces. The remuneration was absurdly small. Fortunate he who received any pay whatever for either prose or verse. It is said that Longfellow owed his appointment to the professorship of modern languages, first proposed by Madame Boylston, and provided for, in the beginning, by a gift of one thousand dollars from her, to the spirited version of a Horatian Ode which attracted the attention of Hon. Benjamin Orr, an influential member of the examining committee, as far back as the lad's sophomore year.

The following extract from a letter written by Hon. James W. Bradbury, President of the Maine Historical Society, for the meeting of May 25, 1882, is of interest in this connection.

"I have been requested to give some account of my early recollections of Longfellow. I can add very little to what I communicated to the society on a former occasion.

"I met him for the first time in the autumn of 1822, when I entered as sophomore the class of which he was a member. As we both had our rooms out of college and in the same vicinity, we were often together in passing to and from the recitation room, and became well acquainted. He was genial, sociable, and agreeable, and always a gentleman in his deportment. Not meditative and shy, like his subsequently distinguished classmate Hawthorne; he was uniformly cheerful. He had a happy temperament, free from all envy and every corroding passion or vice.

"In personal appearance, according to my present recollection of him as I recall the scenes of those early days, his figure was slight and erect; his complexion light and delicate as a maiden's, with a slight bloom upon the cheek; his nose rather prominent; his eyes clear and blue; and his well-formed head covered with a profusion of light brown hair, waving loosely in the same manner as the gray locks of age. I have seen a portrait in his parlor in Cambridge that gives a good idea of him in his early life as I remember him.

"While he was understood in college to be a general reader, and more especially devoted to the Muses, he never allowed himself to come to the recitation room without thorough preparation. I have some knowledge that he found more difficulty in mastering the hard problems in the higher branches of mathematics than he did in any of his other studies; but his purpose was never to fail. His class was one in which there was a large amount of ambition and an intense struggle for rank in scholarship. In this class, Longfellow stood justly amongst the first. At Commencement he was assigned one of the three English orations; the valedictory, being the highest in rank, was received by his older and able scholarly classmate, Little. Gorham Deane, a young man of the most remarkable metaphysical powers I have ever known for one of his age, died before the Commencement. I have recently seen a letter from President Allen to his father, written after his death, saying that he ranked second in his class.

"In that small recitation room we had Longfellow and Hawthorne and Cilley and Little and Abbott and Cheever sitting side by side.

"The curriculum of studies in Bowdoin College was at that time much more restricted than is found in our colleges at the present day. But the instruction was directed and calculated to teach the student to use his own mental powers rather than to crowd the memory with the learning of others, — to teach him to think, and think upon his feet, rather than to store up what other men had thought. We had, too, such instructors as Cleaveland, Upham, Newman, and Packard, and the classes were brought into immediate contact with such minds, instead of being turned over to young tutors for that which is most essential in college training. Our most distinguished citizens were intensely loyal to the state and its literary institutions, and gave such encouragement to our colleges as to command for them the confidence of the public within and beyond our borders. We had in our class the sons of Judge Bridge, Simon Greenleaf, Stephen Longfellow, Jeremiah Mason, Chief Justice Mellen, and Commodore Preble; and in the preceding class were Franklin Pierce, William Pitt Fessenden, and Calvin E. Stowe.

"The year following his graduation, Longfellow accepted a professorship of modern languages, in which, by his careful and thorough preparation at home and abroad, he sustained the high character of which his early life gave assurance.

"It was with reluctance that Longfellow consented to deliver his 'Morituri Salutamus' address before the Alumni, on the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation. I had applied to him personally, two or three years previous, to meet the survivors of his class at Commencement; but he told me there had been so many changes since his residence at Brunswick that he feared the effect upon him of revisiting those scenes. We renewed the effort in 1875, and obtained the assurance, through the persistent efforts of Mr. Benson, that all the survivors would be present, and Longfellow finally consented to come and deliver a poem. I called upon him in May. His health was impaired; but he told me he had prepared his poem, and hoped that he should be able to be present and read it at the time appointed.

"The announcement that Longfellow was to be present and deliver a poem before the Alumni the day preceding Commencement, brought together at Brunswick a large audience from all parts of the state. When the day arrived, as soon as the doors of the large church were opened, the house was literally jammed, and every space for sitting and standing was filled. The survivors of the class, eleven in number (two having been accidentally prevented from being present), who had been graduated fifty years before, with their venerable instructor at their head, were seated upon the stage to the left of the speaker, when Longfellow, after the impressive introductory services, arose, and in his modest and graceful manner read that poetic address of which Virgil might have been proud — 'Morituri Salutamus.'

"His feeling allusion to his old instructors and to Professor Packard touched the deepest sensibilities of his hearers: —

> 'They are no longer here; they are all gone
> Into the land of shadows, — all save one.
> Honor and reverence, and the good repute
> That follows faithful service as its fruit,
> Be unto him, whom living we salute.'

"When the great poet turned and gracefully bowed his salutation to his aged and venerable, yet fresh and elegant instructor, the whole audience was moved with emotion.

"As soon as the applause that followed the conclusion of the address would permit, it devolved upon

me to offer a vote of thanks, and I proposed that the thanks of the Alumni be tendered to Mr. Longfellow for his eloquent poetic address, and the thanks of the college and its friends that the most illustrious American poet had brought the laurels nobly won in the Old World and the New, and gracefully placed them upon the brow of his Alma Mater. The president of the Alumni, on putting the vote, said to the audience that in the republic of letters the ladies can vote, and those in favor of the resolution would manifest it by rising. Instantly the whole audience were upon their feet, and the poet received such an ovation of applause as can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

"In the evening a large company, embracing many distinguished persons, met Longfellow at the hospitable mansion of Professor Packard, when he received cordial greetings from friends from every part of the State. On the following morning we assembled around the historic tree, and repaired thence to a room in the college, and after a most impressive prayer by the good Dr. Shepley we parted. In letters subsequently received from Longfellow he spoke of his visit to Brunswick and meeting so many of his old college friends. I saw him in 1877, when he alluded to this visit with evident satisfaction."

On leaving college, the youth of eighteen entered his father's office, but remained in that to him unattractive place but a short time, being drawn away by the offer of the new position, with the opportunity of preparing himself by travel in Europe. He sailed in 1826 and returned in 1829, having been absent three years and a half, studying and journeying in England, France, Italy, Spain, Germany, and Holland. He was a hard worker and a joyous traveller, as any one may see who will turn over the leaves of "Outre-Mer," a fresh, breezy romantic book, written in choice English and saturated with the spirit of foreign lands. The journey was in truth a "pilgrimage," as of one going for the first time to the Holy Land, and lingering at shrines by the way. Some have said that this experience gave to the author's works and whole after-life the tinge of romance which distinguished them; but whoever will read the "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns at Bethlehem," one of his early pieces, will be satisfied that his temper was always romantic, and found in Europe an issue, not a source. His nature was rich, mellow, and impressible. His soul was at home in Italy, Spain, Germany, the lands of song and story. His going there was no accident; his genius led him thither; he found what he carried. In this little book, with its "Epistle Dedicatory" written in 1833, nothing is more interesting than its jocund air, its tone of glad exhilaration, the absence of home-sickness or restraint, the freedom from affectation or effect. The pages are fraught with naturalness like that of a boy out of school. He is in his element at Venice and on the Rhine. In Spain his chief disappointment is that he has met no robbers. Yet it is evident that the young traveller made the most of his opportunities for study, bore in mind his vocation, and wasted no time in pleasure that did not advance his end. Immediately on his return from Europe Mr. Longfellow assumed the duties of his new office with such success that it drew attention. The classes increased in numbers. The winning manners of the professor, his dignity, frankness, and affability, his learning, his grace of speech, his sympathy with the young men, made him universally popular. To supply a lack of text-books he published a translation of L'Homond's "Elements of French Grammar," which passed through several editions, an Italian Grammar, a course of readings in French, consisting of "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "Dramatic Proverbs," and a collection of tales from the Italian, with biographical notices of the writers. Besides this labor connected with his professorship, he wrote articles for the "North American Review" on Spanish Devotional and Moral Poetry, Spanish Language and Literature, old English Romances; translated from the Spanish the "Coplas" of Jorge Manrique, together with sonnets from Lope de Vega and others; and in "The New England Magazine," published and conducted by J. T. Buckingham, began a series of papers, the first of which, entitled "The Schoolmaster," appeared in July, 1831. The second chapter duly followed in September of the same year. Others came, to the number of six, the last in February, 1833. The series then closed, the reason apparently being the issue of "Outre-Mer," for which the author wanted his material. A portion of "The Schoolmaster" was actually incorporated in the

volume. In addition to all this, he performed the duties of librarian in the college. One can easily believe him to have been "a teacher who never wearied of his work."

In September, 1831, the young professor was married to Mary Storer Potter, second daughter of Barrett Potter of Portland, a judge of probate, an eminent lawyer, a man of decided character and views. An excellent classical scholar himself, he did not think that Greek and Latin were suitable to the female mind. But he was plainly of opinion that women had minds, and did not object to Miss Mary's taste for mathematics, her interest in astronomy, her ability to calculate eclipses, her fondness for the modern languages, or her love of literature. If half that is told of her may be taken as being true, she was singularly accomplished and attractive. If she dabbled in metaphysics she was not girlish even for that day; and if she was, as is more than likely the "Being Beauteous" celebrated in the "Footsteps of Angels," she was lovely beyond the common lot of women. For when full allowance is made for poetic sentiment and tenderness of recollection, enough remains to attest extraordinary charms. Socially she was a favorite at Brunswick, her grace of manner and conversation according well with her husband's brightness and gentle cordiality of address.

For his part, he had every reason for being happy. He was bringing distinction to the college; his fame as a man of letters was growing; he was engaged in the pursuits for which he was best fitted; he was conscious of budding genius; he was respected and popular; his home was intellectual and refined. His house, for thirty years occupied by Hon. W. G. Barrows, may have been one of those "haunted houses" through the open door whereof

> "The harmless phantoms on their errands glide."

The phantoms that he saw were all harmless; the errands were all gracious. Though some thought him over-fastidious in dress, this too helped his influence with young men, who thus found elegance of mind and person united in the same character. He was, in the best sense, a gentleman of the world, a cultivated man, of intellectual tastes, charming address, frank conversation, a youth in appearance, but in attainments a scholar, enthusiastic himself, and inspiring enthusiasm in all who were brought into relations with him.

IV.

THE HARVARD PROFESSOR.

Mr. Longfellow's conspicuous success at Bowdoin, his reputation for learning and literary enthusiasm, drew to him the attention of the friends of "elegant letters" at Harvard, then on the lookout for a successor to Mr. George Ticknor, the accomplished "Smith" Professor. Bowdoin reluctantly let its beloved teacher go, but the invitation was too flattering to be declined. The call was not, however, one to be lightly accepted; the new incumbent did not consider himself in all respects qualified for so exalted a place, and another visit to Europe was made in the spring of 1835, for the purpose, especially, of studying the languages and literature of the North. The first summer was spent in Denmark and Sweden, the autumn in Holland, the winter in Germany. At Rotterdam, on November 29th, his wife died in child-birth. The depression caused by this melancholy event lasted a long time, and deepened the natural pensiveness of his mind, but it did not interfere with his purpose in going abroad. In November, 1836, he returned to America, passed a few days with his old friends in Portland, and then, without further delay, began his career at Cambridge. The following letter to Mr. George W. Greene is in place here.

Cambridge, *September* 28, 1880.

My dear Greene, — I never received any letter of questions, till yours just brought by the evening mail of to-day.

When my stay in Paris was drawing to a close, I debated with myself which country I should visit next, — Germany, Italy, or Spain.

Pierre Irving and David Berdan, with whom I was intimate, had just come from Spain, and their conversation I think determined me to go there first.

The "Journey into Spain," and my impressions of the country and people, you will find in "Outre-Mer."

Irving, Everett, and Rich were all in Madrid during my stay there. Also Slidell, with whom I made a visit to Segovia and the Escorial, which has been described in his "Year in Spain."

From Madrid I went to Cordova, Seville, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malaga, and Granada; and returning to Malaga, sailed in a Swedish ship to Marseilles, where I first met my life-long friend, yourself.

Italy and the life there you know as well as I do.

From Italy to Germany by way of Venice and Vienna; then through Prague and Dresden to Göttingen, where I cast anchor for six months.

Returned home in August, 1829, and in September began my work at Brunswick.

Married September 14, 1831.

In the spring of 1835 went again to Europe, visiting England, Denmark, and Sweden. Then to Germany by way of Holland.

Mary died at Rotterdam, November 29, 1835. I passed the next winter at Heidelberg, where I met Bryant and his family, and returned home, after a tour in Switzerland, in the autumn of 1836, going at once to Cambridge.

But enough of this. Ever thine, H. W. L.

From first to last he lived in the so-called "Craigie house," a large, square, dignified mansion, standing then in the country, a little removed from the street, with broad fields around it, elm-trees and shrubbery on the lawn, syringas and lilacs bordering the path from the gate, a porch with a flight of steps, a piazza on either side, and a front view of the river Charles, winding through the meadows, altogether a proper dwelling for a poet. The house was built "in good old colony times, when we lived under the king," by John Vassall, in 1759, as a home for himself and his bride, a sister of the last royal lieutenant-governor of the province. When the Revolution made life at Cambridge unpleasant for royalists, Vassall fled to London to enjoy his wealth in peace, and his mansion became the property of the new government. After the battles of Lexington and Concord a regiment of Marblehead fishermen, soldiers under command of Colonel John Glover, occupied it for a short time, but soon after General Washington's arrival in Cambridge it was prepared for his headquarters. Here, during the siege of Boston, the general lived with his military family, he using as a chamber the southeast corner room of the second story. On the transfer of military operations to the more southerly states the estate was bought by Nathaniel Tracy of Newburyport, who had become rich by privateering; but he did not hold it many years, for his wealth took the wings of extravagance and flew away. In 1786 Thomas Russell, president of the United States Branch Bank, purchased the place, but sold it in 1792 to Andrew Craigie, who had amassed a fortune as apothecary-general to the continental army. It was his widow who lived there when Mr. Longfellow came to Cambridge. Her husband's affairs having been embarrassed by expenses before he died, she eked out her income by letting the rooms. Edward Everett had been her tenant, and Jared Sparks worked on the "Life and Writings of Washington" in the very room occupied by the general. Here, too, Joseph E. Worcester, the maker of the dictionary, had an abiding place. That Mr. Longfellow should have been attracted to such a house was quite natural. It was the most romantic spot near the college buildings, and though somewhat shorn of its ancient glory, — for of the original two hundred acres only eight remained, — an air of lordliness still lingered around it. The mansion was associated with opulence and stateliness, with historic times and celebrated people. The environment was rural, the suggestions were peaceful and scholastic. As he lifted the heavy brass knocker which decorated the front door, he may have thought of the old *régime*, and General Washington, and the gayly-dressed people who had in times past gone in and out, or sat in the banqueting room. Probably he did not think of Prince Talleyrand, who was once entertained there; or the two hundred guests who are said to have sat at meat, on one occasion, in the grand dining hall; or the toasts in honor of King George; or the bumpers of wine; or the equipages from the neighboring city, not then as accessible as it is now that Mr. Craigie's fine bridge has been made free.

Mrs. Craigie, still a handsome woman, with

an imposing turban about her head, taking the slender, scholarly-looking man for a student, declined at first, to show her rooms, but on learning that he was a "professor," that he was Professor Longfellow, the author of "Outre-Mer," which everybody was reading, she relented, and with proud pleasure showed her best apartments. "You cannot have this," "You cannot have that," she said, as she opened one noble chamber after another, like a millionaire displaying his treasures. "But here is one you *can* have," she exclaimed at length as she threw open General Washington's chamber. It was all that the lodger wanted, and here he set up his establishment.

Mrs. Craigie must have been a character. It is told of her, that one morning her lodger, entering her parlor, found the old lady sitting by an open window quite festooned by canker-worms that had crawled in from the outside. They had fastened themselves to her dress, and hung in clusters from her white turban. Shocked, in his good feeling and his good breeding the kindly poet offered to relieve her from her persecutors. The stately dame calmly raised her eyes from the book she was reading, and in a tone slightly exacerbated with rebuke remarked: "Young man, have not our fellow-worms as good a right to live as we?" Even Mr. Longfellow's politeness was daunted by such an admonition.

The duties of the professor were by no means light. Mr. Ticknor, systematic man that he was, had arranged the department in a manner highly beneficial to the college, but for a conscientious teacher somewhat arduous. There were four foreign tutors, for Spanish, Italian, German, and French, the general oversight of whom was committed to the chief. The old division into classes was broken up; a rule of advancement according to individual proficiency was established; a system of voluntary studies, embracing for several years from one hundred and forty to one hundred and sixty students, was instituted; and the entire course was made, as far as possible, independent of the college curriculum. The professor superintended the whole, and did as much beside in the way of instruction as a keen sense of duty suggested. The new incumbent did a great deal. He lectured on the great authors, — Dante, Cervantes, Molière, Goethe, — corrected exercises, explained difficult passages, stimulated inquiry, threw out hints for study, looked in on the lower recitation rooms to see that all went well there between teachers and pupils, and animated all by his fine intellectual enthusiasm. Even more influential than this fidelity was the invariable courtesy which made every lad feel that he was a gentleman; a courtesy that was not soft or sentimental, but was tempered with dignity and the reserve that is becoming in a man of mind. So wide was the sway which he exerted in this way that on one occasion, when incipient rebellion was afoot, and other professors, older and more experienced men, failed to make an impression on the excited collegians, the aspect of Mr. Longfellow pacified the angry crowd; when he spoke there was silence, "for," said the lads, "he always treats us like gentlemen." A higher tribute than that could not be paid, for college boys are a proud, sensitive set, as he knows well who was once a college boy himself. The writer gratefully adds his word to the heartiest that has been said about the accomplished and charming professor. As he was from 1839 to 1843, he was to the end, competent, willing, and urbane, the friend of every youth who wished to learn, the quiet prompter of those who did not, a helper without patronage, a judge without austerity.

Between six and seven years he thus labored. In 1842 he visited Europe for the third time, passing a summer only; on his journey home in October, he wrote the "Poems on Slavery" which, beside attesting his strong personal interest in a subject which was then agitating our community, called the attention of a new class of people to the national mischief, gave poetic dignity to a struggling cause, and raised it to consideration in the regards of refined, conservative people, who were deaf to Mr. Garrison, and who attributed fanaticism to the moral zeal of Dr. Channing. To appreciate what it cost to write and publish such pieces at such a time one must take into account the state of public opinion in Massachusetts, the prevailing tone of the society in which the poet moved, and the effort required

to overcome the vulgar associations of the reform itself. Longfellow was a man of letters, of "elegant" letters, a poet, sensitive, fastidious, secluded; not a preacher, journalist, lecturer, or politician of any degree. He took the only part in the controversy he could. That he took the part he did proves that he had conscience as well as taste. In fact his feeling on this subject must have been very strong to have prompted the lines to Dr. Channing and "The Warning." To cry to the people of Federal Street Meeting-house

> "Go on, until this land revokes
> The old and chartered Lie,
> The feudal curse, whose whips and yokes
> Insult humanity,"

was the act of a deeply convinced man, and to write the ominous words at the end of the series,

> "There is a poor, blind Samson in this land,
> Shorn of his strength and bound in bonds of steel,
> Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,
> And shake the pillars of this Common-weal,
> Till the vast Temple of our liberties
> A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies,"

shows how profound was the apprehension of an outraged and presageful heart. No agitator could utter stronger words. No seer saw more clearly into the mysteries of the future. Only a deeply agitated soul could have given voice to such expressions of horror and foreboding. The words were few but they were weighty.

They who were already convinced, the outspoken anti-slavery people of the community, the abolitionists, in other words, made small account of them. If I remember aright, there were disagreeable things said of the poet because he did not follow up his blow, because he allowed his brave verses to be forgotten, or seemed to be unfaithful to them. But their immediate effect was very great; the sensation they produced among the heedless and unpersuaded was marked; the conversions were neither few nor inconspicuous. There is no evidence that his own feeling ever changed; it seems to have satisfied Charles Sumner, who to the last was his intimate friend, and who certainly cannot be accused of lukewarmness. Of Mr. Sumner he wrote the noble lines: —

> "Garlands upon his grave,
> And flowers upon his hearse,
> And to the tender heart and brave
> The tribute of this verse.
>
> "His was the troubled life,
> The conflict and the pain,
> The grief, the bitterness of strife,
> The honor without stain.
>
> . . . . .
>
> "Alike are life and death,
> When life in death survives,
> And the uninterrupted breath
> Inspires a thousand lives.
>
> "Were a star quenched on high,
> For ages would its light,
> Still travelling downward from the sky,
> Shine on our mortal sight.
>
> "So when a great man dies,
> For years beyond our ken,
> The light he leaves behind him lies
> Upon the paths of men."

The genuineness of Longfellow's interest in humanity is indicated in one of the stanzas of his poem, "Robert Burns."

> "But still the music of his song
> Rises o'er all elate and strong;
> Its master-chords
> Are Manhood, Freedom, Brotherhood,
> Its discords but an interlude
> Between the words.

In July, 1843, he married Miss Frances Appleton, daughter of Nathan Appleton of Boston, and sister of Mr. T. G. Appleton of that city. He had met the lady several years before in Europe; in fact she was "Mary Ashburton," the heroine of "Hyperion," a romance of travel, published in 1839, and understood to embody some of the experiences of his second tour abroad. She was a woman of distinguished presence and remarkable beauty, tall and stately, with a graceful manner and "cordial eyes." Her womanly delicacy shrank, perhaps, from the notoriety conferred on her by the romance, which was on all tables; her social position may have made her pause before listening to a "professor's" suit, but the marriage brought unmixed happiness to herself and the poet for many years, and was terminated only by her tragic death by fire, in July, 1861. The stricken husband slowly recovered

ARTIST: C. H. WALKER.

MR. LONGFELLOW'S RESIDENCE IN CAMBRIDGE.

from the awful shock. From that day he began to grow old. But duty was his preserver, as it is to so many; he turned to his work with scarcely intermitted energy, lived in his children and friends, and so "sanctified" the grief he could not "conceal." Occasionally a cry seems to betray the presence of a nameless agony, as in the seventh stanza of "Palingenesis."

> "Then said I, 'From its consecrated cerements
> I will not drag this sacred dust again,
> Only to give me pain;
> But, still remembering all the lost endearments,
> Go on my way, like one who looks before,
> And turns to weep no more.'"

Or this verse from "The Bridge of Cloud."

> "Naught avails the imploring gesture,
> Naught avails the cry of pain!
> When I touch the flying vesture,
> 'T is the gray robe of the rain."

But otherwise than this his mouth was shut. To his nearest friends he said nothing. The sorrow was too deep for words. It was an element in his life. It made a large part of that background of reserve which those closest to him noticed.

On his marriage with Miss Appleton, Mr. Longfellow was able to buy the Craigie house of Dr. Worcester, who through Mrs. Craigie's death had become sole possessor. The front room to the right of the door on entering was made the library. There were his treasures and relics and knick-knacks. There were the precious books, and manuscripts. There was the children's chair, and the inkstand of Coleridge, presented to him along with that of Crabbe by Mr. S. C. Hall of London, and the iron pen made from the fetters of Bonnivard, the "Prisoner of Chillon," the handle of wood from the frigate Constitution, encircled with a gold band, studded with three crystals, one from Siberia, one from Ceylon, one from Maine, and the old Danish song-book, and the crayon likenesses of his friends, Emerson, Hawthorne, Sumner. The inkstand was the envy of the poet Dana, the chair and the pen were subjects of touching verses from his own hand. This old chamber became a special study; the reception-room of Mrs. Washington was retained as a parlor.

There was now room enough for all his purposes. The meadows on the opposite side of the street, which gave an uninterrupted view of the river Charles and of the Brighton hills beyond, were purchased. The marsh beyond Charles river was later purchased by subscription and given to Harvard College. The view was thus kept open. Farther along, but not far off, near Mount Auburn Cemetery, was "Elmwood," the residence of his friend and successor, J. R. Lowell. The buff-colored mansion, painted pale yellow after the fashion of former days, was peaceful and delightful. There was no revelling there, as in past years. There were no great banquets, with scores of guests, princes, and diplomats, flowing bumpers of champagne, songs and toasts, and post-prandial inebriety, but there was cordial hospitality, gayety, friendship, an easy, open, sympathetic conversation, a free, simple, unostentatious display of intellectual treasures. Buoyant steps often crossed the bridge to Boston which the ambitious and extravagant Mr. Craigie built. One is constrained to think that never since Washington's day had the old home been so honorably used. The people who came there were respected and loved by all who knew them. Some were known all over the world, some in their academical, professional, or literary circles only, but all were men of character and distinction in their several departments of work. The stranger received courtesy, the friend an unreserved affection.

Mr. Longfellow passed a little more than seventeen years at Cambridge as professor, but the title was bestowed on him always by those who had so long connected it with him. His assiduity in discharging the duties of his office, his interest in the affairs of the college, his intimacy with men of letters living in Cambridge, his residence in the Craigie house, his devotion to pursuits purely literary, his presence in Cambridge as a citizen and gentleman, no doubt contributed largely to this impression, especially among those who were not familiar with academical matters. On his part nothing was done to break the popular association. Why should there have been?

In May, 1868, Mr. Longfellow again visited Europe, this time not for study but for recre-

ation. His family went with him. No record of his wandering remains except in the memory of his companions, who, of course, look back with pleasure on the travels, which terminated in his return during the autumn of 1869. On this tour he was welcomed everywhere with distinction, particularly in England, where he was regarded as a household poet. The University of Cambridge conferred on him the title of Doctor of Laws. The next year the University of Oxford bestowed on him the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. The following account of him, as he appeared at this time, may be received as authentic.

"In the latter part of May, 1868, Professor Longfellow revisited Europe, where he was received with marked honors, which naturally reached their climax in England, where it was said by the 'Westminster Review' that not one of his contemporaries had had a wider or longer supremacy. The London 'Times' published a poetical welcome signed 'C. K.,' generally attributed to Charles Kingsley, [really written by Charles Kent.]

'Welcome to England thou whose strains prolong
The glorious bede-roll of our Saxon song;
Ambassador and Pilgrim-bard in one,
Fresh from thy home — the home of WASHINGTON.
On hearths as sacred as thine own, here stands
The loving welcome that thy name commands;
Hearths swept for thee and garnished as a shrine
By trailing garments of thy Muse divine.
Poet of Nature and of Nations, know
Thy fair fame spans the ocean like a bow,
Born from the rain that falls into each life,
Kindled by dreams with loveliest fancies rife;
A radiant arch that with prismatic dyes
Links the two worlds, its keystone in the skies.'

"Among the numerous festive occasions that were made in his honor was one at which Mr. Gladstone was present. Although it had been decided that no speeches should be delivered, Mr. Gladstone was compelled to respond to the inexorable demands of the company, saying among other graceful things, that, 'after all, it was impossible to sit at the social board with a man of Mr. Longfellow's world-wide fame without offering him some tribute of their admiration. Let them, therefore, simply but cordially assure him that they were conscious of the honor which they did themselves in receiving this great poet among them.' The degree of LL. D., which the University of Cambridge conferred upon him, he had previously received at Harvard in 1859. An English reporter thus describes him as he then appeared, arrayed in the scarlet robes of an academic dignitary: 'The face was one which, I think, would have caught the spectator's glance, even if his attention had not been called to it by the cheers which greeted Longfellow's appearance in the robes of an LL. D. Long, white, silken hair, and a beard of patriarchal length and whiteness, inclosed a young, fresh-colored countenance, with fine-cut features and deep-sunken eyes, overshadowed by massive black eyebrows. Looking at him, you had the feeling that the white head of hair and beard were a mask put on to conceal a young man's face; and that if the poet chose he could throw off the disguise and appear as a man in the prime and bloom of life.' This was the patriarchal appearance of the poet; of what he was in his early prime we have the following mere glimpse furnished by one who met him on his first trip to Europe. He was just from college, says this gentleman, and 'full of the ardor excited by classical pursuits. He had sunny locks, a fresh complexion, and clear blue eyes, with all the indications of a joyous temperament.

"In 1868, also, Mr. Longfellow was elected a member of the Reform Club. In July, 1869, he received the degree of D. C. L. at Oxford, and he returned to this country in the China on the 31st of August, 1869. In 1874 Mr. Longfellow was nominated lord rector of the University of Edinburgh and received a large complimentary vote. He was a member of the Brazil Historical and Geographical Society, of the Scientific Academy of St. Petersburg, and of the Royal Academy of Spain, and received other like honors from foreign bodies and associations of a literary and historical character, which thus expressed their appreciation of his literary work and his broad scholarship."

In 1874 Mr. Longfellow received the degree of LL. D. from Bowdoin. The Academy of Russia, founded by Catherine II., chose him a member in 1873. In 1874 he was the rival of Mr. Disraeli, the successful Conservative candidate for the lord rectorship of Edinburgh University. In 1875 the Emperor of Germany bestowed on him the order of Civil Merit. It was simply as a tribute that the Spanish Academy elected him an honorary member. That he was a member of the Historical and Geographical Society of Brazil; of the Historical Societies of Massachusetts, and of Maine; of the American Antiquarian Society, was a thing of course. To tell the truth, he was the recipient of nearly every kind of literary honor by which men show their appreciation of genius.

For the rest, his life was uneventful, quiet, industrious, unassuming. He read constantly, and wrote constantly. No one would suspect from anything in his appearance or manner, that the world held him in such esteem. The civil war, with its terrible excitements, in which he shared, and by which his patriotic emotions were stirred to their depths, as is evident by his thrilling verses on the sinking of the Cumberland in Hampton Roads, and by the closing lines of the "Building of the Ship," by which Abraham Lincoln was moved to tears, was ended; but it is fair to presume that it left the poet, already more than sixty years old, somewhat exhausted by its agitations. Some of his dearest friends were dead. Felton, "heartiest of Greek professors," was gone. The bright-hearted Agassiz was no more. Charles Sumner still remained; the poet had not written the touching lines in the fourth of the five sonnets, "Three Friends of Mine,"

> "I stay a little longer, as one stays
> To cover up the embers that still burn,"

but it is plain that the shadows were beginning to gather about him. Bodily he was growing old.

The Craigie house continued to be an object of historical curiosity to visitors in Cambridge, as once, for a few months, the headquarters of General Washington, and he always did the honors of it with perfect urbanity, whether the caller knew anything about Washington or himself, and he did not forbear his jest when some remarkably obtuse specimen appeared, — as when one to whom he had shown the rooms asked in parting, "And who be you?" and another, not knowing what else to say, patronized the trees. Still his humor was less radiant than it used to be. To us, who were students at Cambridge and his old pupils, the house was simply the residence of Professor Longfellow. The forty-five years that he lived there more than counterbalanced the comparatively short time of Washington's residence, while to the literary mind the associations with his living presence are more than a match for any tradition, however sacred; to say nothing of the identification of the ancient mansion with elegant letters, the charm of friendship and the glory of genius conferring an immortality dear to the heart. It is seldom indeed that one house is ennobled by two such names, — Washington and Longfellow, — seldom that two such different classes of pilgrims knock at one and the same door. The times had changed. General Washington assumed a stately bearing toward Governor Hancock. Professor Longfellow met everybody more than half-way; but the innate courtesy was the same in both.

V.

THE AUTHOR.

Mr. Longfellow was purely a man of letters. From early youth he was interested in books, a student and a writer from the love of it, without aim or purpose beyond literary excellence. He was never an editor, a journalist, a lecturer, a professional man. He had the literary impulse strong and undiluted. It is true that circumstances aided his ambition. Social position and pecuniary competence were given him, but it is probable that his genius would have asserted itself under all circumstances of outward condition, and it is certain that he owed his position of professor at Bowdoin college to his skill as a translator and his reputation as a young man of decided intellectual taste.

In his childhood, American literature was just beginning to raise its head. There were no popular magazines. There was no reading public. The guild of authors had not seen the light. Literary men had little or no intercourse one with another. "The Monthly Magazine and American Review" ended in the autumn of 1800, having lived a little more than two years. "The Literary Magazine and American Register" was begun at Philadelphia in 1803. None of our popular magazines were extant so early. The "North American

Review" was not established till many years later. The weeklies were given up in large measure to theological disputation, narrow in range and polemical in tone; the daily papers were occupied with local and partisan politics. Such literary productions as these were had, for the most part, a crude or foreign quality. Mr. Charles Brockden Brown of Philadelphia had written his ghostly romances, "Wieland," "Ormond," "Arthur Mervyn," "Edgar Huntley," "Clara Howard," from six to eight years before Longfellow was born; Irving issued his "Salmagundi" about the same time (1806–7), and the "History of New York" when the future poet was two years old. He was nine years old when Bryant produced "Thanatopsis." Cooper's novels had not appeared. Hawthorne was his classmate. Whittier was unknown. To all practical intents Longfellow stood alone when he began to write. There is no evidence that he was at all influenced by contemporaneous writers. The cast of his genius was peculiar. He was fresh and spontaneous. He drew on his own mind. His contribution was therefore of independent value; for although he was not the first in time to bring in the era of American development, he was alone in the cast of his mind and the direction of his gifts.

Of Longfellow as a poet some account will be given in another section. Here something must be said of him as a writer of prose. Washington Irving returned from Europe in 1832 to find American literature in a very different state from that in which he had left it. The year before, Longfellow, then professor at Bowdoin College, printed his first article in the "North American Review," on the "Origin and Progress of the French Language." The next year, in the same review, appeared a "Defence of Poetry" from his pen. Nine months later (October, 1832), an article on the "History of the Italian Language and Dialects," in the "North American Review," came from his diligent hand. In April of the same year, for the same periodical, he wrote a paper on "Spanish Devotional and Moral Poetry." April of the next year brought his article on "Spanish Language and Literature." October, only three months later, saw in print, in the same review, a contribution on "Old English Romances," making six articles in less than three years, besides much other professional and academical work, some of it of a very arduous description, done from day to day with great care. This shows remarkable versatility as well as remarkable industry. It shows ability, too, for the articles were learned, precise, elaborate, and the "North American Review" was exacting in its demands on contributors. The manuals which Mr. Longfellow prepared for use at Bowdoin evinced an intimate knowledge of the French, Italian, and Spanish languages, as well as a close and extensive acquaintance with similar books in foreign dialects, while his translation into French of "The Vicar of Wakefield" exhibits an extraordinary familiarity with the terms of expression of that difficult tongue.

His removal to Cambridge did not interrupt his labors for the "North American." From 1837 till 1840, five papers are attributed to him, — "The Great Metropolis," "Hawthorne's Twice-Told Tales," "Tegnér's Frithiof's Saga," "Anglo-Saxon Literature," "The French Language in England." The notice of Hawthorne's book was appreciated by his old classmate, who wrote a characteristic note of thanks. Apart from the hearty spirit which prompted the article, the piece itself attests the perceptive talent of a genuine man of letters. "This book, though in prose, is written nevertheless by a poet. He looks upon all things in the spirit of love, and with lively sympathies; for to him external form is but the representation of internal being, all things having a life, an end and aim. The true poet is a friendly man. He takes to his arms even cold and inanimate things, and rejoices in his heart, as did St. Francis of old, when he kissed his bride of snow. To his eye all things are beautiful and holy; all are objects of feeling and song, from the great hierarchy of the silent, saint-like stars that rule the night, down to the little flowers which are 'stars in the firmament of the earth.'" "It comes from the hand of a man of genius. Everything about it has the freshness of morning and of May. These flowers and green leaves of poetry have not the dust of the highway upon them."

"Another characteristic of this writer is the exceeding beauty of his style. It is as clear as running waters. Indeed he uses words as mere stepping-stones upon which, with a free and youthful bound, his spirit crosses and recrosses the bright and rushing stream of thought." He can write thus after having twice visited Europe, where the bracing simplicities of New England thought might have been tempered or even forgotten. But Mr. Longfellow was ever a child of New England. His own endeavor, both as a writer of prose and of poetry, was to express thought in the most lucid phrase possible. There was no Gothic architecture, no painted glass, no mysterious twilight in his style. Often he preferred to seem commonplace rather than to be obscure, to the unlettered reader. His early manner was more florid than his later, but there was never a time when he sacrificed sense to sound. The impression, fixed in some quarters, that his thoughts were shallow, is commonly due, it may be said, to his resolution to be, at all events, intelligible to the common understanding.

A portion of "Outre-Mer," as has been said, was published first in "The New England Magazine" (July, 1831) under the title of "The Schoolmaster." The whole work was issued in 1833. It was the record of foreign travel, continuous so far as historical continuity goes, but an account of impressions rather than of incidents, romantic, exuberant, picturesque, buoyant and suggestive, admirably calculated to stimulate the relish for foreign adventure in the young, or to recall its delights to the old. The chapters are overflowing with animal spirits. Eye and ear are open. But the style is simple and chaste, betraying the taste of a sensitive mind which was attracted to none but intellectual scenes, and interested in none but poetical associations.

"Hyperion" was written later, in the Craigie house, and reviewed in the "North American" by his friend C. C. Felton (2 vols., New York, 1839). This was a more definitely purposed work than "Outre-Mer;" more distinctly a romance with plot, incident, interplay of characters; more direct connection of causes and effects. There is much admirable criticism of men, books, manners; there are subtle glances into personal and national characteristics; there are songs, delightfully translated, most of them printed afterwards among the author's reproductions from the German; charming stories; bits of sentiment; flashes of humor, and all suffused with an atmosphere of delicate literary art. The style is exquisite in its purity. It is said that Barry Cornwall, no mean judge of such things, was in the habit of reading the book once a year for the sake of the English. The judgments on Goethe and Jean Paul were well considered and gently expressed. The pictures of scenery are vivid; so correct are they, too, that the visitor to Heidelberg, Interlachen, Lauterbrunnen may still with profit use them. Though more than forty years have elapsed since the volumes were published, they are not out of date. If Mr. Longfellow's prose had not been outshone by his verse, these works should cause him to be ranked with writers of the foremost class.

The last of his prose idyls, "Kavanagh," published in Boston ten years later (1849), is of slighter construction. The scenery of Pittsfield, the summer residence of Miss Appleton, appears in it, and reminiscences of the *schoolmaster*, perhaps, crop out, otherwise the story is not remarkable. Gentle, sweet, charming in tone it certainly is, but sparkling, suggestive, or original in motive as certainly it is not. Perhaps the established fame of the author as a poet interfered with its success. However this may have been, the little novel added nothing to his reputation except as a pleasing writer of prose.

Mr. Hubbard Winslow Bryant, librarian and secretary of the Maine Historical Society, in a short speech at the spring meeting of the society (May 25, 1882), said: —

"I desire to lay a wreath on the tomb of our beloved poet, and to testify with others to his endearing qualities. I have had the honor of his friendship for several years, and it was my privilege to be useful to him occasionally as a book-hunter. I first called his attention to the little pamphlet, the Fourth of July oration delivered by his honored father, Esquire Longfellow, in 1804, which he had never before seen. I procured for him, also, at different times, some of the early writings of our American authors.

"Mr. Longfellow liked much to examine collections of odds and ends in literature. It was a pleasure to him to chance upon some little book of poems or fiction that had been printed, forgotten, and finally brought to the light again. After the removal of our library to this city he wrote, congratulating us upon it, and expressing his best wishes for our prosperity. When visiting here in August last he passed an hour or two in our library, examining the shelves and cabinet with evident satisfaction. He presented us with the moccasins worn by the Sioux warrior, Rain-in-the-Face, who killed General Custer. They were sent to him by General Miles in acknowledgment of Longfellow's poem, 'The Revenge of Rain-in-the Face:' —

> 'In that desolate land and lone,
> Where the Big Horn and Yellowstone
> Roar down their mountain path,
> By their fires the Sioux Chiefs
> Muttered their woes and griefs
> And the menace of their wrath.'

They are accompanied by the photograph of the Indian chief, who has rather an amiable countenance. His name was evidently given him on account of a line of dots or raindrops on his left cheek.

"Mr. Longfellow's taste in the printing and illustration of books was superlative. The early numbers of "Outre-Mer," printed under his personal supervision at Brunswick, are very handsome; he loved to see 'a rivulet of text running through a meadow of margin.'"

The influence of Mr. Longfellow's prose writings on American literature was probably greater than is commonly acknowledged. It was powerful because peculiar. He introduced the Old World into America without ceasing to be an American, and hereby rendered a service which was not in the line or according to the genius of Irving or Hawthorne. Irving turned to excellent use the material he gathered abroad; Hawthorne's best work was done before he went abroad at all. Bryant availed himself of the fruits of his travels. But Longfellow was cosmopolitan. This view of nationality is given in "Kavanagh"; nationality is a good thing "if not carried too far; still, I confess, it rather limits one's views of truth. I prefer what is natural. Mere nationality is often ridiculous. Every one smiles when he hears the Icelandic proverb, 'Iceland is the best land the sun shines upon.' Let us be natural, and we shall be national enough." "As the blood of all nations is mingling with our own, so will their thoughts and feelings finally mingle in our literature. We shall draw from the Germans, tenderness; from the Spaniards, passion; from the French, vivacity, — to mingle more and more with our English solid sense. And this will give us universality, so much to be desired."

Longfellow himself practised the doctrine he preached in "Hyperion," "O thou poor authorling! Reach a little deeper into the human heart! Touch those strings, — touch those deeper strings, and more boldly, or the notes will die away like whispers, and no ear shall hear them, save thine own! And, to cheer thy solitary labor, remember that the secret studies of an author are the sunken piers upon which is to rest the bridge of his fame, spanning the dark waters of Oblivion. They are out of sight; but without them no superstructure can stand secure!" The writer of these words was himself a connecting bond between two worlds, the old and the new. The bridge he built united the hemispheres, and people could pass and repass from either side. He was a mediator, and on that account universal; national, of course, for the human heart embraces all lands; national, because every land furnishes themes to which the human heart responds; national, because his own land supplied material of thinking interest; but universal, because other lands had their interest also, and, being older, had longer and larger experiences; universal, because the race covers the planet, and the heart is coextensive with it.

Wonderful is the universality of Longfellow's reach. The Jews quoted and circulated his "Sandalphon," "Azrael," "The Jewish Cemetery at Newport," "The Legend of Rabbi Ben Levi," "Judas Maccabæus." The missionary in Africa found a volume of his the surest means of communicating with his hosts, a veritable bond of sympathy. Mr. James T. Fields said, "I have heard him quoted by an Armenian monk with a cowl, and sung at camp-meetings on the hills of New Hampshire." No doubt it was as a poet that his influence was so widely felt, but his prose writings convey the same impression, and give the philosophy of it. He was a writer for all mankind, not for the

deep-thinking few, not for the keen students of the divine economies in human life, not for the speculating or analytical, but for the feeling multitude, to whatever faith they might be long, to whatever country they might be attached.

This is saying a great deal. It was a supreme and memorable achievement, at that time, to break through the barrier of provincial ideas, and introduce, so heartily, Europe to America, — the best of it, its romance, its beauty, its history, its store of legend and poetry, its cultivation and wealth of sentiment. It was a vast service to detect and produce the fine elements in modes of belief and observance which were held in small esteem on both sides of the water, but especially at home, in New England. The man who did this deserves all our praise, and to have done it so naturally and heartily enhances the merit.

Mr. Longfellow's constitutional healthiness of feeling gives a great charm to his writing. He is exuberant, spontaneous, overflowing, but never windy, gushing, or affected. There is nothing strained, either in his sentiment or his language. His facility of acquiring foreign tongues, his elasticity of disposition, his charm of manner, his readiness to adapt himself to circumstances, his frankness and freedom of social intercourse, all helped to make him feel at home in strange lands. It seems to have cost him no effort to become a citizen of the world. It is clear from his books that he had his reverses, but they were not limitations, nor did they arise from any want of sympathy with the moods of those about him. He was always cordial, yet always himself. His pages suggest a large-minded as well as a warm-hearted man, with more to say, if he was moved to say it, yet so copious of resource that he must pour himself out. Even "Kavanagh," slight in construction as it is, shows this hospitable spirit, this broad comprehensiveness of appreciation. The touches of criticism are kindly; the estimate of character is large. The book is defective, as all his books are defective, in sharpness of delineation, but the virtue of liberality is the rarer, and more than makes amends for the keenness of discrimination, the lack of which is so often complained of in his pages. Our literature, when he wrote, and long afterwards, needed amplitude of genius. Of late years catholicity has become suspected from its commonness. It springs, in some instances at least, from want of conviction. Mr. Longfellow had convictions, and deep ones, yet was catholic.

When it was the fashion to depreciate Thomas Carlyle, he said, "It is hardly worth while to lose our presence of mind. Let us rather profit as we may, even from this spectacle, and recognize the monarch in his masquerade. For, hooded and wrapped about with that strange and antique garb, there walks a kingly, a most royal soul, even as the Emperor Charles walked amid solemn cloisters, in a monk's cowl, a monarch still in soul."

The following verses express this feeling of catholicity. They are entitled "The Singers."

"God sent his Singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

"The first, a youth, with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre;
Through groves he wandered, and by streams,
Playing the music of our dreams.

"The second, with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market-place,
And stirred with accents deep and loud
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

"A gray old man, the third and last,
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,
While the majestic organ rolled
Contrition from its mouths of gold.

"And those who heard the Singers three
Disputed which the best might be;
For still their music seemed to start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

"But the great Master said, 'I see
No best in kind, but in degree;
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

"These are the three great cords of might,
And he whose ear is tuned aright
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony.'"

So much has been said on this subject here

because criticism of Mr. Longfellow bears on this point, as if he were a marsh instead of a sea. No discerning reader of his prose, considering the date of its production and the circumstances under which it was composed, can fail to recognize its remarkable force, or to perceive its significance as an element in American literature. Had he never been distinguished as a poet it would still be a mistake to pass by these remarkable volumes, "Outre-Mer," "Hyperion," and, it may be added, "Kavanagh." They would never have made him immortal, but they should not be forgotten, and will not be by those who are desirous of knowing the sources by which fine influences come into the American mind.

VI.

THE POET.

Mr. Longfellow's poetical career may be said to have begun with his boyhood. He has himself told us of the trepidation with which he sent his first piece to a local paper, of his anxious waiting for its appearance, of his sending the same verses to another paper, of his ecstacy when they at last could be read in print. So he passed through the experience of other less eminent aspirants to poetic honors. Mr. Bryant, the capable librarian of the Maine Historical Society, who has been quoted already, said at the spring meeting of the association in 1882: —

> Longfellow's first printed poem is believed to be a ballad on the subject of Lovewell's Fight. This we have searched for, but as yet in vain. . . . It was probably printed between the years 1823 and 1825, and perhaps in some weekly paper that had a short life.
>
> A friend has kindly called my attention to an ode by Longfellow on the same subject, which appeared in the "Gazette of Maine" for May 24, 1825: —
>
> THE COMMEMORATION AT FRYEBURG.
>
> The following ode was written for the occasion by Mr. H. W. Longfellow, of Bowdoin College.
>
> ODE.
>
> *Air — Bruce's Address.*
>
> I.
>
> Many a day and wasted year
> Bright has left its footsteps here,
> Since was broken the warrior's spear,
> And our fathers bled.
> Still the tall trees, arching, shake
> Where the fleet deer by the lake,
> As he dash'd through birch and brake,
> From the hunter fled.
>
> II.
>
> In these ancient woods so bright,
> That are full of life and light,
> Many a dark, mysterious rite
> The stern warriors kept.
> But their altars are bereft,
> Fall'n to earth, and strewn and cleft,
> And a holier faith is left
> Where their fathers slept.
>
> III.
>
> From their ancient sepulchres,
> Where amid the giant firs,
> Moaning loud, the high wind stirs,
> Have the red men gone.
> Tow'rd the setting sun that makes
> Bright our western hills and lakes,
> Faint and few, the remnant takes
> Its sad journey on.
>
> IV.
>
> Where the Indian hamlet stood,
> In the interminable wood,
> Battle broke the solitude,
> And the war-cry rose;
> Sudden came the straggling shot
> Where the sun looked on the spot
> That the trace of war would blot
> Ere the day's faint close.
>
> V.
>
> Low the smoke of battle hung;
> Heavy down the lake it swung,
> Till the death wail loud was sung
> When the night shades fell;
> And the green pine, waving dark,
> Held within its shattered bark
> Many a lasting scathe and mark,
> That a tale could tell.

VI.

And the story of that day
Shall not pass from earth away,
Nor the blighting of decay
Waste our liberty;
But within the river's sweep
Long in peace our vale shall sleep,
And free hearts the record keep
Of this jubilee.

These lines are quoted at length as a pretty fair specimen of the poetry that he wrote at this period. Of the early poems, written for the most part during the author's college life, all of them before he was nineteen years old, some of which "found their way into schools and seem to have been successful," while others led "a vagabond and precarious existence in the corners of newspapers, or changed their names, and ran away to seek their fortunes beyond the sea," he afterwards collected seven of the best, at all events of the best known, and published them among his acknowledged works with such slight alterations as seemed to be called for. The rest were gathered by Mr. Richard Herne Shepherd and published by Pickering and Company of London. They may be found at length in the New York "Independent" for April 6, 1882, and in the appendix to Underwood's "Life of Longfellow." They appeared, for the most part, in the "United States Literary Gazette." The titles and dates are given here.

Thanksgiving. "When first in ancient time from Jubal's tongue." November 15, 1824.

Autumnal Nightfall. "Round autumn's mouldering urn." December 1, 1824.

Italian Scenery. "Night rests in beauty on Mont Alto." December 15, 1824.

The Lunatic Girl. "Most beautiful, most gentle." January 1, 1825.

The Venetian Gondolier. "Here rest the weary oar." January 15, 1825.

Dirge over a Nameless Grave. "By yon still river, where the wave." March 15, 1825.

A Song of Savoy. "As the dim twilight shrouds." March 15, 1825.

The Indian Hunter. "When the summer harvest was gathered in." May 15, 1825.

Jeckoyva. "They made the warrior's grave beside." August 1, 1825.

The Sea Diver. "My way is on the bright blue sea." August 15, 1825.

Musings. "I sat by my window one night." November 15, 1825.

Song. "Where from the eye of day." April 1, 1826.

These verses were received with favor when they first appeared. In 1831 his classmate, George B. Cheever, in "The American Commonplace Book of Poetry, with Occasional Notes," gave Mr. Longfellow high and just praise for simplicity, sweetness, and refinement of feeling, as well as for "quiet accuracy of observation."

These early poems are remarkable as displaying the same pensiveness of sentiment that characterized his later productions. Take for example the last stanza of "An April Day" as printed in all the editions, —

"Sweet April! many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed."

Or these lines from the poem of "Autumn," —

"O what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear."

Or these from "Sunrise on the Hills," —

"If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears."

To the same effect one might cite "The Spirit of Poetry." The sadness so common to youth of both sexes will not account for this habit of musing melancholy, this mood of smiling through tears which was characteristic of the poet all his life. There was a pensive strain in his genius which, from first to last, ran through his works. He could be cheerful, at times gay, but merriment was not natural to him.

The first translated sonnets were printed at the end of the volume called "Voices of the

Night." The first original sonnets were the three at the end of the "Belfry of Bruges," "The Evening Star," "Autumn," "Dante." Edgar A. Poe pitched upon the lines quoted above from "Autumn" and "Sunrise on the Hills" as proof positive that Longfellow stole from Bryant's "Thanatopsis," but the sentiment is familiar and the expression so far unlike as to force one to conclude that the later poet had made the thought his own. For the benefit of those who may wish to compare the poems which Mr. Longfellow never claimed when he collected his progeny with those he afterwards published himself, a few examples are given.

DIRGE OVER A NAMELESS GRAVE.

By yon still river, where the wave
  Is winding slow at evening's close,
The beech, upon a nameless grave,
  Its sadly-moving shadow throws.

O'er the fair woods the sun looks down
  Upon the many-twinkling leaves,
And twilight's mellow shades are brown,
  Where darkly the green turf upheaves.

The river glides in silence there,
  And hardly waves the sapling tree:
Sweet flowers are springing, and the air
  Is full of balm — but where is she!

They bade her wed a son of pride,
  And leave the hopes she cherish'd long:
She loved but one — and would not hide
  A love which never knew a wrong.

And months went sadly on — and years:
  And she was wasting day by day:
At length she died — and many tears
  Were shed, that she should pass away.

Then came a gray old man, and knelt
  With bitter weeping by her tomb:
And others mourn'd for him, who felt
  That he had seal'd a daughter's doom.

The funeral train has long past on,
  And time wiped dry the father's tear!
Farewell — lost maiden! — there is one
  That mourns thee yet — and he is here.

A SONG OF SAVOY.

As the dim twilight shrouds
  The mountain's purple crest,
And Summer's white and folded clouds
  Are glowing in the west,
Loud shouts come up the rocky dell,
  And voices hail the evening-bell.

Faint is the goatherd's song,
  And sighing comes the breeze:
The silent river sweeps along
  Amid its bending trees —
And the full moon shines faintly there,
And music fills the evening air.

Beneath the waving firs
  The tinkling cymbals sound;
And as the wind the foliage stirs,
  I feel the dancers bound
Where the green branches, arch'd above,
Bend over this fair scene of love.

And he is there, that sought
  My young heart long ago!
But he has left me — though I thought
  He ne'er could leave me so.
Ah! lovers' vows — how frail are they!
And his — were made but yesterday.

Why comes he not? I call
  In tears upon him yet;
'T were better ne'er to love at all,
  Than love, and then forget!
Why comes he not? Alas! I should
Reclaim him still, if weeping could.

But see — he leaves the glade,
  And beckons me away:
He comes to seek his mountain maid!
  I cannot chide his stay.
Glad sounds along the valley swell,
And voices hail the evening-bell.

THE INDIAN HUNTER.

When the summer harvest was gather'd in,
And the sheaf of the gleaner grew white and thin,
And the ploughshare was in its furrow left,
Where the stubble land had been lately cleft,
An Indian hunter, with unstrung bow,
Look'd down where the valley lay stretched below.

He was a stranger there, and all that day
Had been out on the hills, a perilous way,
But the foot of the deer was far and fleet,
And the wolf kept aloof from the hunter's feet.
And bitter feelings pass'd o'er him then,
As he stood by the populous haunts of men.

The winds of autumn came over the woods
As the sun stole out from their solitudes,
The moss was white on the maple's trunk,
And dead from its arms the pale vine shrunk,

And ripen'd the mellow fruit hung, and red
Were the wither'd leaves around it shed.

The foot of the reaper moved slow on the lawn,
And the sickle cut down the yellow corn —
The mower sung loud by the meadow-side,
Where the mists of evening were spreading wide,
And the voice of the herdsmen came up the lea,
And the dance went round by the greenwood tree.

Then the hunter turn'd away from that scene,
Where the home of his fathers once had been,
And heard by the distant and measured stroke,
That the woodman hew'd down the giant oak,
And burning thoughts flashed over his mind
Of the white man's faith, and love unkind.

The moon of the harvest grew high and bright,
As her golden horn pierced the cloud of white —
A footstep was heard in the rustling brake,
Where the beech overshadow'd the misty lake,
And a mourning voice, and a plunge from shore;
And the hunter was seen on the hills no more.

When years had pass'd on, by that still lakeside
The fisher look'd down through the silver tide,
And there on the smooth yellow sand display'd,
A skeleton wasted and white was laid,
And 't was seen, as the waters moved deep and slow,
That the hand was still grasping a hunter's bow.

JECKOYVA.

The Indian chief, Jeckoyva, as tradition says, perished alone on the mountain which now bears his name. Night overtook him whilst hunting among the cliffs, and he was not heard of till after a long time, when his half-decayed corpse was found at the foot of a high rock, over which he must have fallen. Mount Jeckoyva is near the White Hills.

They made the warrior's grave beside
The dashing of his native tide:
And there was mourning in the glen —
The strong wail of a thousand men —
O'er him thus fallen in his pride,
Ere mist of age — or blight or blast
Had o'er his mighty spirit past.

They made the warrior's grave beneath
The bending of the wild elm's wreath,
When the dark hunter's piercing eye
Had found that mountain rest on high,
Where, scatter'd by the sharp wind's breath,
Beneath the rugged cliff were thrown
The strong belt and the mouldering bone.

Where was the warrior's foot, when first
The red sun on the mountain burst?
Where — when the sultry noon-time came
On the green vales with scorching flame,
And made the woodlands faint with thirst?
'T was where the wind is keen and loud,
And the gray eagle breasts the cloud.

Where was the warrior's foot when night
Veil'd in thick cloud the mountain-height?
None heard the loud and sudden crash —
None saw the fallen warrior dash
Down the bare rock so high and white!
But he that droop'd not in the chase
Made on the hills his burial-place.

They found him there, when the long day
Of cold desertion pass'd away,
And traces on that barren cleft
Of struggling hard with death were left —
Deep marks and footprints in the clay!
And they have laid this feathery helm
By the dark river and green elm.

THE SEA-DIVER.

My way is on the bright blue sea,
My sleep upon its rocking tide;
And many an eye has follow'd me
Where billows clasp the worn seaside.

My plumage bears the crimson blush,
When ocean by the sea is kiss'd!
When fades the evening's purple flush,
My dark wing cleaves the silver mist.

Full many a fathom down beneath
The bright arch of the splendid deep
My ear has heard the sea-shell breathe
O'er living myriads in their sleep.

They rested by the coral throne,
And by the pearly diadem;
Where the pale sea-grape had o'ergrown
The glorious dwellings made for them.

At night upon my storm-drench'd wing,
I poised above a helmless bark,
And soon I saw the shatter'd thing
Had pass'd away and left no mark.

And when the wind and storm were done,
A ship, that had rode out the gale,
Sunk down — without a signal-gun,
And none was left to tell the tale.

I saw the pomp of day depart —
The cloud resign its golden crown,
When to the ocean's beating heart
The sailor's wasted course went down.

Peace be to those whose graves are made
Beneath the bright and silver sea!
Peace — that their relics there were laid
With no vain pride and pageantry.

MUSINGS.

I sat by my window one night,
And watch'd how the stars grew high;
And the earth and skies were a splendid sight
To a sober and musing eye.

From heaven the silver moon shone down
With gentle and mellow ray,
And beneath the crowded roofs of the town
In broad light and shadow lay.

A glory was on the silent sea,
And mainland and island too,
Till a haze came over the lowland lea,
And shrouded that beautiful blue.

Bright in the moon the autumn wood
Its crimson scarf unroll'd,
And the trees like a splendid army stood
In a panoply of gold!

I saw them waving their banners high,
As their crest to the night wind bow'd,
And a distant sound on the air went by,
Like the whispering of a crowd.

Then I watch'd from my window how fast
The lights all around me fled,
As the wearied man to his slumber pass'd
And the sick one to his bed.

All faded save one, that burn'd
With distant and steady light;
But that, too, went out — and I turn'd
Where my own lamp within shone bright!

Thus, thought I, our joys must die,
Yes — the brightest from earth we win:
Till each turns away, with a sigh,
To the lamp that burns brightly within.

SONG.

Where, from the eye of day,
The dark and silent river
Pursues through tangled woods a way
O'er which the tall trees quiver;

The silver mist, that breaks
From out that woodland cover,
Betrays the hidden path it takes,
And hangs the current over!

So oft the thoughts that burst
From hidden springs of feeling,
Like silent streams, unseen at first,
From our cold hearts are stealing:

But soon the clouds that veil
The eye of Love, when glowing,
Betray the long unwhispered tale
Of thoughts in darkness flowing!

In November, 1824, Mr. Longfellow delivered the poem before the Peucinian Society, one of the two literary clubs, the other being the "Athenæan," which divided Bowdoin College. The selection was an honor, and attested the estimation in which he was already held as a poet. In 1833 — this information I derive from an admirable sketch of Longfellow prefixed to the "Household" edition of his works — the young professor at Bowdoin was invited to deliver the poem at the Phi Beta Kappa celebration in Cambridge. The oration was by Edward Everett, on Education, and this was also the subject of the poem. It was never printed, the author probably not thinking it worthy of a place in his published volumes. The Boston "Advertiser" of the next day gave the following notice of it, which sufficiently indicates its general character: —

"The poem was delivered by Professor Longfellow of Bowdoin, and was distinguished by a judicious mixture of the lively and serious. Its measure was somewhat less adapted than the heroic for the purposes of declamation, — it is, in fact, difficult for an audience, on such an occasion, to follow any other; but notwithstanding this disadvantage, the poet was eminently successful in fixing the attention of those who heard him, as well as in conveying a strong impression of his power. After giving a rapid and brilliant sketch of the intellectual character of what are called the Dark Ages, he entered upon a still more interesting one of the peculiarities of our own. The prevailing modes of education afforded him opportunities for satire which were not lost, and he concluded with a fine poetical display of the great moral objects which all intellectual education is intended to subserve. The performance was, throughout, calculated to raise the reputation which had been previously acquired by its author; and if it should be put before the public in a permanent form, will be read with pleasure as combining a strain of good-humored satire with passages of unusual power and beauty."

This notice is important on several accounts. It shows that at this period, on a public occasion, with critical eyes on him, even at Harvard College, Mr. Longfellow ventured to depart from accustomed models; that he was capable of satire; and that the force of his

personality was felt by his audience; that he was, in fact, a man as well as a maker of verses, a true artist in verse.

That he was not a national poet is an old objection which, by this time, ought to be withdrawn. To speak frankly, this is to his credit, in so far as it is true. It proves that he overpassed limits. It was a merit in Bryant, that he wrote "Rizpah," "Marco Bozzaris," "The Ages;" in Whittier, that he wrote "Barclay of Ury," "Burns," "The Mantle of St. John;" in Lowell, that he wrote "The Cathedral," "The Vision of Sir Launfal," "Irene." Much of Longfellow's poetry was of no country, but simply human,—long pieces like "Evangeline," short pieces like "Maidenhood," "The Fire of Drift-Wood," "Resignation." Whenever American experiences afforded material for poetic treatment he used them. "Paul Revere's Ride," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "The New England Tragedies," "The Song of Hiawatha," "The Building of the Ship;" many of the short pieces like "The Skeleton in Armor," "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "The Cumberland," are distinctly American. The "Poems on Slavery" are American enough for anybody. A romantic poet naturally finds more excitement for his Muse in the Old World than in the New; and it is really remarkable, considering Mr. Longfellow's predilection for themes of universal interest, that he should have found so much to interest him in the comparatively arid chronicles of his native land. Books like Mather's "Magnalia" he seems to have ransacked. For the "New England Tragedies," every page of history was consulted. Hawthorne was searchingly introspective; Bryant was minutely observant of natural details; Longfellow noted effects of form and color on the mind. Naturally, therefore, his gaze was wider than either Bryant's or Hawthorne's; but he was as truly American in conviction as either.

Some will have it that Longfellow was not a great poet, only a sweet one. This objection is harder to meet, for the reason that standards of greatness differ extremely. It may be conceded that Longfellow was not great as Dante was, of whom he himself says: —

"Ne'er walked the earth a greater man than he."

He was not great as Goethe was, the consummate master of all forms of metrical art. He was not great like Byron or Shelley or Wordsworth; like Tennyson or Browning. But in his own way he was supreme. His sympathy with human nature was all his own. None of the exalted names I have mentioned appeal to all mankind. With the exception of Tennyson, who is a poet laureate, and on that account his poetry is read by English-speaking people, the audience of these writers is limited. Some of them need interpretation. Universality, is after all, in the long run a test of greatness. The popularity of years and nationalities certainly is. Whittier is probably the favorite in New England and the West. In old England Tennyson is the oracle. But taking New and Old England together, Longfellow has more readers than either; especially if ranks and classes are considered, Longfellow meets the mood of the greater number of people.

Of what other poet can this be said? A poor washer-woman, taken by the picture accompanying "Excelsior," and touched by the sentiment of the piece, committed it to memory, and did her work more cheerfully for the lesson of endeavor which it taught. A farmer's daughter, fascinated by the plaintive melody of "Resignation," a poem she could not have understood through any experience of her own, the author of which was unknown to her, so received it into her heart that she reproduced it as her own composition. A working-man of London, so we are told, wanted to take Mr. Longfellow's hand, as his carriage was stopped by the crowd. Such a man, if such a man there was, we may be sure was no socialist, except in the humane, Christian sense; no sceptic or doubter of Providence, as so many in these days are; he rather belonged to that large class who have not been agitated by the restlessness which is felt by a large body of his countrymen.

Mr. Longfellow's poetry has more originality and independence than is commonly supposed. For example, the "Psalm of Life," which is now so hackneyed, was, when it first appeared, remarkable as a protest against the hopeless apathy of human endeavor that marks the book of Ecclesiastes. It was at first entitled

"A Psalm of Life; or, What the Heart of the Young Man says to *The Preacher*." The same inspiration that prompted Mr. Charles Sumner's Fourth of July oration, "The True Grandeur of Nations," which drew upon him a storm of obloquy, found voice in "The Arsenal at Springfield," a burning declamation against the moral atrocity of war. This may have been an impulse which came to the poet as an idea, quite apart from any local associations. The "Psalm of Life" must have been a pure thought, born of inward persuasion. It came with a rush from his heart, a young man's earnest feeling that all was not "vanity and vexation of spirit," not even grief, disappointment, and loss. "Excelsior," too, that noble hymn of aspiration and effort, was all but a burst of enthusiastic emotion. Suggested by a word printed in an old newspaper, the lines were hastily flung upon a piece of paper in his pocket, which proved to be a letter from Charles Sumner, and afterwards polished by art. The following letter, originally printed in the London "Telegraph," is interesting as throwing light on the writer's meaning: —

My dear Sir, — I have had the pleasure of receiving your note in regard to the poem "Excelsior," and very willingly give you my intention in writing it. This was no more than to display, in a series of pictures, the life of a man of genius, resisting all temptations, laying aside all fears, heedless of all warnings, and pressing right on to accomplish his purpose. His motto is "Excelsior" — "higher." He passes through the Alpine village, — through the rough, cold paths of the world, — where the peasants cannot understand him, and where his watchword is in an "unknown tongue." He disregards the warning of the old man's wisdom and the fascinations of woman's love. He answers to all, "Higher yet!" The monks of St. Bernard are the representatives of religious forms and ceremonies, and with their oft-repeated prayer mingles the sound of his voice, telling them there is something higher than forms and ceremonies. Filled with these aspirations, he perishes without having reached the perfection he longed for; and the voice heard in the air is the promise of immortality and progress ever upward. You will perceive that "excelsior," an adjective of the comparative degree, is used adverbially; a use justified by the best Latin writers. I remain, very truly yours,

Henry W. Longfellow.

The "Tales of a Wayside Inn" is a reminiscence of Chaucer, and was probably thought of before the accessories were added. These, however, give it a great charm. The "inn" was the well-known Howe Tavern at Sudbury, Mass. The landlord is supposed to be Lyman Howe; the poet is T. W. Parsons; the musician is Ole Bull; the student is Henry Ware Wales; the Sicilian is Luigi Monti; the theologian may have been Professor Treadwell, the physicist, an unprofessional theologian; the original of the Spanish Jew from Alicant, called "Edrehi," was an Oriental dealer in Boston. Probably this personage was introduced in order to bring in the stories from the Talmud.

The "Wreck of the Hesperus" was suggested by a terrible storm which raged in Massachusetts Bay on May 15, 1839. It sang itself. The poet sat in the evening musing and smoking his pipe. He went to bed, but could not sleep. At two o'clock in the morning he got up to write new verses. His brain was on fire with the dream. The stanzas poured from his mind, and convey a great deal more to the imagination than was called for by the incident.

Charles Lanman, in a letter to the "New York Tribune," gives some interesting reminiscences of Longfellow, with a number of his letters, including an extract from his diary.

In 1871, while exhibiting a portfolio of my sketches in oil to a nephew of Mr. Longfellow, we stumbled upon a view of Norman's Woe, near Cape Ann, when he remarked: "My uncle should see that picture, for I know it would greatly interest him." On the next day, accordingly, I packed up the picture, and, with another, — a view on the coast of Nova Scotia, the home of Evangeline, — sent it off by express to Mr. Longfellow, accompanied by a note of explanation, in which I recalled the fact of our meeting many years before at the house of Park Benjamin in New York, who was the first to publish the poem about the Hesperus, and who paid for it the pittance of twenty-five dollars. The letter which Mr. Longfellow sent me in return, worth more than a thousand sketches, was as follows: —

Cambridge, *November* 24, 1871.

My dear Sir, — Last night I had the pleasure of receiving your friendly letter and the beautiful pic-

tures that came with it; and I thank you cordially for the welcome gift, and the kind remembrance that prompted it. They are both very interesting to me; particularly the Reef of Norman's Woe. What you say of the ballad is also very gratifying, and induces me to send you in return a bit of autobiography.

Looking over a journal for 1839, a few days ago, I found the following entries: —

"*December* 17. — News of shipwrecks, horrible, on the coast. Forty bodies washed ashore near Gloucester. One woman lashed to a piece of wreck. There is a reef called Norman's Woe, where many of these took place. Among others the schooner Hesperus. Also, the Sea-Flower, on Black Rock. I will write a ballad on this.

"*December* 30. — Wrote last evening a notice of Allston's Poems, after which sat till one o'clock by the fire smoking; when suddenly it came into my head to write the Ballad of the Schooner Hesperus, which I accordingly did. Then went to bed, but could not sleep. New thoughts were running in my mind, and I got up to add them to the Ballad. It was three by the clock."

All this is of no importance but to myself. However, I like sometimes to recall the circumstances under which a poem was written, and as you express a liking for this one, it may perhaps interest you to know why and when and how it came into existence. I had quite forgotten about its first publication, but I find a letter from Park Benjamin, dated January 7, 1840, beginning (you will recognize his style) as follows: —

"Your ballad, 'The Wreck of the Hesperus,' is grand. Inclosed are twenty-five dollars (the sum you mentioned) for it, paid by the proprietors of 'The New World,' in which glorious paper it will resplendently corruscate on Saturday next."

Pardon this gossip, and believe me, with renewed thanks, yours faithfully,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The "Old Clock on the Stairs" stood on the landing of the front staircase in a mansion at Pittsfield, Mass., and probably started, by its monotonous tick, the solemn verses of the poem. The words of Jacques Bridaine, "Toujours! jamais! Jamais! toujours!" lent their burden to the melancholy refrain of the song.

The "Skeleton in Armor" is associated with the Round Tower at Newport. It was one of the explanations of the old structure that the Northmen erected it as a fortress or watch-tower, but the poem came to the poet as he drove along the beach, and, as it were, saw the spectre rise from the sea. There is a great deal more in the verses, which might easily be divorced from the stones and mortar, than any surmise contains or intimates.

The "Fire of Drift-Wood" may have been kindled on the hearth of a mansion at Marblehead, and so have started the lines; but the fancy of the poet soared far away; the thoughts that came to him were but incidentally connected with the fire-place; they might, and probably would, have linked themselves to some other occasion.

Longfellow was not a mechanical versifier. The sonnet "A Nameless Grave" was first suggested to him by a friend who sent him the touching story of "A Soldier of the Union Mustered Out." Ten years afterward the sonnet appeared, the seed having at length fallen on productive soil. The lines would not flow to order. The artist must wait for his mood. No incident will, of itself, start a song. The author of the "Ring and the Book" was indebted to a musty chronicle; but his work is none the less a creation of genius. "The Two Angels" is a perfect poem, though it would probably never have been written unless his own child had been born at the same time that his friend Lowell's wife died. "The Warden of the Cinque Ports" is a perfect poem irrespective of the allusion to the Duke of Wellington, whose death furnished its motive. Only a genuine poet, a man of genius, could have produced "The Jewish Cemetery at Newport," or "Sandalphon," or "The Phantom Ship."

When we come to the longer pieces like "Evangeline" or "Hiawatha," more explanation is required. In Hawthorne's "American Note-Books," under date of October 24, 1838, may be found the following entry: "H. L. C. heard from a French Canadian a story of a young couple in Acadia. On their marriage day all the men of the province were summoned to assemble in the church to hear a proclamation. When assembled, they were all seized and shipped off to be distributed through New England, among them the new bridegroom. His bride set off in search of him, wandered about New England all her lifetime, and at last, when she was old, she found her

bridegroom on his death-bed. The shock was so great that it killed her likewise."

This same H. L. C., dining with Mr. Longfellow, told him the story and said that he had tried to persuade Mr. Hawthorne to base a romance on the transaction, which he was backward to do. Longfellow at once saw in the incident the material for a poem, asked Hawthorne's permission to use the tale, made him promise not to anticipate him, and "Evangeline" was the result. The success of it was very remarkable. It sold by tens of thousands. Edition after edition was published. The reading of it decided the metre of "The Bothie of Toper-Na-Fuosich," as Mr. Arthur Hugh Clough, the author, acknowledged in a letter to Mr. Emerson, saying: "Will you convey to Mr. Longfellow the fact that it was a reading of his 'Evangeline' aloud to my mother and sister, which, coming after a reperusal of the Iliad, occasioned this outbreak of hexameters?" Hans Christian Andersen gave it his heartiest commendation, and O. W. Holmes has said: "Of the longer poems of our chief singer, I should not hesitate to select 'Evangeline' as the masterpiece. . . . The hexameter has been often criticised, but I do not believe any other measure could have told that lovely story with such effect as we feel when carried along on the tranquil current of these brimming, slow-moving, soul-satisfying lines." The fitness of the verse for its uses disarmed criticism of separate lines. The poem was translated into German, French, Swedish, Danish, Italian, Portuguese, Spanish, Polish, Russian, Hebrew. It may be added that the extension of the description over the West and South, instead of confining the scenery to New England, as well as the closing tragedy in a Philadelphia hospital, was part of the license which the artist allowed himself throughout. On a visit to the Quaker City many years before, he had been attracted by the delightful aspect of the hospital, the open yard in front, the grass and flowers, and by the Catholic Cemetery in the neighborhood, and he remembered them both later when he wrote.

One historian objects to the incorrectness of the representation of facts and to the injustice consequently done to literal truth. There was no "forest primeval," he says. There were no "murmuring pines" or "hemlocks;" the Acadians were not a simple, innocent people; they were not all deported, only seven thousand out of thirteen thousand; families were not designedly parted; the performance of the English was not needlessly cruel, but the result of military necessity. Mr. Longfellow, it is urged, was never in Acadia; he took the story from untrustworthy sources, — the romantic descriptions of the Abbé Raynal, the but partly authentic account of Haliburton. The story itself came from a French Canadian who was prejudiced against the English, and who took the tale from hearsay.

To similar objections it is perhaps enough to reply that the poem is an idyl, the interest of which turns on the fate of the young couple and on the character of Evangeline; that the rest was only background which the poet arranged to suit his purpose; that the historical materials stored up in French archives were not known to him, and would not, in any event, have been serviceable to his end, inasmuch as the main incident actually occurred, and the subordinate incident, on which the narrative turned, might easily have happened. Longfellow was a poet, not a historian. His theory of historical accuracy is probably well enough given in a note to the "Skeleton in Armor." "I will not enter into a discussion of the point" (in regard to the original design of the old Tower). "It is sufficiently well established for the purpose of a ballad; though doubtless many a citizen of Newport, who has passed his days within sight of the Round Tower, will be ready to exclaim with Sancho: 'God bless me!' did I not warn you to have a care of what you were doing, for that it was nothing but a wind-mill; and nobody could mistake it, but one who had the like in his head.'" It was no doubt unfortunate that the work should have been mistaken for history, that the reputation of a great name should have seemed to lend support to a wrong interpretation of events; but this, perhaps, was inevitable. Should the poet be held answerable for what, after all, was the fault of injudicious defenders? The true history of the Acadians is yet to be written. One day it will be; but it may

be doubted whether Mr. Longfellow's touching idyl will be materially affected. There is not enough of prose history in it for the author to be seriously compromised. The historical essayists who have written in his vindication, or who have made statements on insufficient evidence, will suffer more than he.

In fact, the discovery of the precise political relations between France and England would no more compromise the truth of the poem than would the discovery that the word "Acadie" was a French corruption of the Indian word "Aquodie" (a pollock), which the English, after their blunt fashion, transformed into "Quoddy." In either case the local historical romance would be destroyed, but the spiritual lesson would remain; and this was all the poet cared for. That Longfellow was heedless of historical accuracy beyond the usage even of poets, that he stretched the limits of poetical license, must, I think, be conceded. "The Courtship of Miles Standish" is far from correct in point of fact. But, on the other hand, it may be urged that few poets have been so idyllic in their conceptions as he; have so evidently used the historical occasion as a frame-work for the picture. Tennyson's "Idyls of the King" are founded on pure legend, even when the legend has been disproved, making it a vehicle for his moral teaching. Longfellow treads more openly in the paths of investigation, making light of it, and consulting only the exigencies of his story. Still his purpose is so plain that mistake would seem impossible for any who had eyes to read.

The objections to "Hiawatha" came from another quarter. The poet was accused of having borrowed his measure and some of his material from the "Kalevala," a Finnish epic. The dispute raged furiously and assisted greatly in selling the book. The critics exerted their severity to the utmost. The caricaturists had a fine opportunity for doggerel. Through all the uproar the poet was serene, as he might well be. At this distance of time it is hard to believe that so much noise could have been made with so little cause. That Mr. Longfellow was acquainted with the "Kalevala" is a matter of course; that he had it in mind is highly probable; that its peculiar versification and certain of its words haunted his memory is altogether likely. But that any one at all familiar with the Finnish epic and with "Hiawatha" should think the latter in any respect a reproduction of the former is surprising. As to the form, the poet simply used the form that was best adapted to his purpose. As Dr. Holmes well said: "In this most frequently criticised piece of verse-work, the poet has shown a subtle sense of the requirements of his simple story of a primitive race in choosing the most fluid of measures, that lets the thought run through it in easy sing-song, such as oral tradition would be sure to find on the lips of the story-tellers of the wigwams." As to the matter, the poet merely adopted the Indian legends which he found in readily accessible books, such as Heckwelder, and Schoolcraft's "Algic Researches." Parkman pronounces the work of Schoolcraft worthless; and Palfrey, the historian of New England, declares severely: "The results of the 'Algic Researches' are a collection of the most vapid and stupid compositions that ever disappointed a laborious curiosity; but they were the best collection that, under the most favorable circumstances, was to be made in that quarter. Yet even of such poor products as these the mind of the native of New England was barren."

If these judgments are just, and more competent authorities there are not, one cannot but admire the genius that could make so delightful a poem out of such unpromising materials. The author does not give a description of the American Indian, or his impression of their character. The atmosphere of the poem is supernatural. Hiawatha is an ideal personage, a Messiah, come to teach and save his people from the evils that assail them. He is a Hercules, an Apollo, a being of imagination and legend. The account of his fasting, his wooing, his sailing, his fishing, is fabulous, and intended to be so. The language, in places, reminds one of the prophetic anticipations of Isaiah.

It has been said that Longfellow was not a close observer of nature; that his trees and flowers do not always obey the order of the seasons, or consult the laws of growth; that he had no answer when experienced or curious vis-

itors wanted to know the name of plant or bird. This may be all true. Nature was to him a symbol rather than a fact, a succession of phenomena suggestive of thoughts. He took it up into his mind, and transformed it into sentiment. He was observant of Nature's moods, though not a student of her appearances, and moralized about her while others scrutinized. Both offices are necessary; it is hard to say which is most so, or which is most uncommon. They are seldom united in the same person. It is certainly much to be able to "gather a harvest in a song." For the multitude of readers this is the kind of harvest they prefer. One may be an accomplished naturalist and yet not be able to write "Evangeline." We honor the naturalist and rejoice in his discoveries. The heart loves "Evangeline." Longfellow knew enough about nature to be an interpreter of it, and that was all he aspired to. As for an expert's knowledge, his claim was about on a level with his claim to be a historian.

This theory of the poet's office is expressed in language of his own taken from the eighth chapter of the first book of "Hyperion:" —

"Beautiful, no doubt, are all the forms of Nature, when transfigured by the miraculous power of poetry; hamlets and harvest-fields, and nut-brown waters, flowing ever under the forest, vast and shadowy, with all the sights and sounds of rural life. But after all, what are these but the decorations and painted scenery in the great theatre of human life? What are they but the coarse materials of the poet's song? Glorious indeed is the world of God around us, but more glorious the world of God within us. There lies the Land of Song; there lies the poet's native land. The river of life, that flows through streets tumultuous, bearing along so many gallant hearts, so many wrecks of humanity; — the many homes and households, each a little world in itself, revolving round its fireside, as a central sun; all forms of human joy and suffering, brought into that narrow compass; — and to be in this, and be a part of this; acting, thinking, rejoicing, sorrowing, with his fellow-men; — such, such should be the poet's life."

Of one thing we may be certain; his images were exquisitely finished and beautiful.

"Or when the cowled and dusky-sandalled Eve,
In mourning weeds, from out the western gate,
Departs with silent haste."

"Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.
And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar!"

"Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame
Were thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr."

"Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed.
As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it."

"Where into the empty spaces
Sinks the sun, as a flamingo
Drops into her nest at nightfall
In the melancholy marshes."

"The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn and expire
With the song's irresistible stress;
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp-strings are broken asunder
By music they throb to express."

"When on the boughs the purple buds expand,
The banners of the vanguard of the Spring."

"Sun-illumined and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean,
Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard."

"The Past and Present here unite
Beneath Time's flowing tide,
Like footprints hidden by a brook,
But seen on either side."

"Time has laid his hand
Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations."

"'T is the sound
Of their own hearts they hear, half full of tears,
Which are like crystal cups, half filled with water,
Responding to the pressure of a finger
With music sweet and low and melancholy."

"Slowly, slowly up the wall
Steals the sunshine, steals the shade;
Evening damps begin to fall,
Evening shadows are displayed.
Round me, o'er me, everywhere,
All the sky is grand with clouds,
And athwart the evening air
Wheel the swallows home in crowds.
Shafts of sunshine from the west
Paint the dusky windows red;
Darker shadows, deeper rest
Underneath and overhead,
Darker, darker, and more man,
In my breast the shadows fall;
Upward steals the life of wan,
As the sunshine from the wall.
From the wall into the sky,
From the roof along the spire;
Ah, the souls of those that die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher."

"The grave itself is but a covered bridge,
Leading from light to light, through a brief darkness."

Gems of thought and expressions like these are found on almost every page of Longfellow's poems, and the figures of speech, while sometimes fanciful, far-fetched, and artificial, are always apt. In "The Jewish Cemetery at Newport" the illustrations and allusions are all Hebraic; a great deal of learning is cast into the form of imagery, as for example, —

"And thus forever with reverted look
The mystic volume of the world they read,
Spelling it backward, like a Hebrew book,
Till life became a Legend of the Dead."

That Longfellow made a just estimate of his own rank as a poet is evident from many passages. Perhaps the following lines from the Carillon of the "Belfry of Bruges" express as well as any what his aim was as a singer, —

"And I thought how like these chimes
Are the poet's airy rhymes,
All his rhymes and roundelays,
His conceits, and songs, and ditties,
From the belfry of his brain,
Scattered downward, though in vain,
On the roofs and stones of cities!
For by night the drowsy ear
Under its curtains cannot hear,
And by day men go their ways,
Hearing the music as they pass,
But deeming it no more, alas!
Than the hollow sound of brass.

"Yet perchance a sleepless wight,
Lodging at some humble inn
In the narrow lanes of life,
When the dusk and hush of night
Shut out the incessant din
Of daylight and its toil and strife,
May listen with a calm delight
To the poet's melodies,
Till he hears, or dreams he hears,
Intermingled with the song,
Thoughts that he has cherished long;
Hears amid the chime and singing
The bells of his own village ringing,
And wakes and finds his slumberous eyes
Wet with most delicious tears."

Longfellow personally knew but little of his contemporaries, not because he was haughty or exclusive, for no man was ever more modest in his estimate of his own gifts. He was always ready to award the palm of excellence to others. His noble sonnet to Tennyson illustrates his spirit in this respect, —

"Poet! I come to touch thy lance with mine;
Not as a knight, who on the listed field
Of tourney touched his adversary's shield
In token of defiance, but in sign
Of homage to the mastery, which is thine,
In English song; nor will I keep concealed,
And voiceless as a rivulet frost-congealed,
My admiration for thy verse divine.
Not of the howling dervishes of song,
Who craze the brain with their delirious dance,
Art thou, O sweet historian of the heart!
Therefore to thee the laurel-leaves belong,
To thee our love and our allegiance,
For thy allegiance to the poet's art."

A similar feeling he had toward all the great poets, living or dead. If he did not like their influence, as probably he did not like that of Byron, Shelley, Keats, Heine, and even Goethe, he said nothing about them. What he thought of Wordsworth his letters will probably tell. He might have been too speculative or too little of an artist for his taste. Of native writers he was always appreciative. Irving he met once, in Spain. Emerson he heartily admired. Bryant he saw once or twice. Whittier he knew chiefly through his books, which were on his table and with which he was familiarly acquainted. Lowell he called "one of the man-

liest and noblest men that ever lived;" "Hawthorne often came into the room," he said, "and sometimes he would go behind the window curtains and remain in silent reverie the whole evening. He came and went as he liked." The truth is that he was a domestic man, who stayed at home, journeyed very little, and, beyond the circle of his personal friends, sought but little companionship. His poetical life was inward. He obeyed the instinct of his genius. He followed the monitions of his heart.

In this account of him no record is made of his separate volumes, for dates are here of small significance. The poems, whenever written, are much alike in sentiment, and not greatly unlike in art. Elsie in the "Golden Legend," Priscilla in "The Courtship of Miles Standish," and Evangeline in "A Tale of Acadie," tell the same story of woman's meekness and consecration. The same chord is struck each time, as truly as Tennyson struck it in the "Idyls of the King." The themes were such as circumstances suggested, the treatment of them was in the mood of feeling, which did not vary much. He was always writing; in truth he could not stop. There was no reason why he should as long as his feeling continued fresh. But a few days before his death he corrected the proofs of a poem, "Mad River," for the "Atlantic."

Standards of superiority vary in poetry as in prose. Some writers inspire to action, some to aspiration, some to contemplation. Some address the soul, some the conscience, some the intellect. Longfellow addressed the heart. The burden of his Muse is faith, resignation, love, duty, and these he voices in music that enchants the ear, and in melody which will never die. There are few of his pieces that one can read without tears. They have the true pathos that communicates itself to the language, and even burns between the lines. There is more in the stanzas than the words contain. For they are addressed to the feelings as much as to the ear. Passages taken at random from his writings reach the inmost springs of feeling. For example, —

"Wisely the Hebrews admit no Present tense in their language.
While we are speaking the word, it is already the Past."

"Stay at home, my heart, and rest;
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly,
A hawk is hovering in the sky;
To stay at home is best."

"No endeavor is in vain;
Its reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain."

"Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light, — for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care
That crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race."

"O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more."

"Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise."

"The holiest of all holidays are those
Kept by ourselves in silence and apart;
The secret anniversaries of the heart."

"Faith alone can interpret life, and the heart that aches and bleeds with the stigma
Of pain, alone bears the likeness of Christ, and can comprehend its dark enigma."

"I see, but cannot reach, the height
That lies forever in the light. . . .
For Thine own purpose, Thou hast sent
The strife and the discouragement."

"Our Lord and Master
When He departed, left us in His will,
As our best legacy on earth, the poor!
These we have always with us; had we not,
Our hearts would grow as hard as are these stones."

"No action, whether foul or fair,
Is ever done, but it leaves somewhere
A record, written by fingers ghostly
As a blessing or a curse, and mostly
In the greater weakness or greater strength
Of the acts which follow it."

"Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden."

One look of that pale, suffering face
Will make us feel the deep disgrace
Of weakness;

We shall be sifted till the strength
Of self-conceit be changed at length
To meekness."

"This life of ours is a wild æolian harp of many a joyous strain,
But under them all there runs a loud perpetual wail as of souls in pain."

"Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing, . . .
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence."

Those who are curious in such matters will find a full and accurate list of Longfellow's books, in the order of their publication, in "The Literary World" of February 26, 1882. The list should be completed by the addition of the volume which contains his latest poems, "In the Harbor," published after his death, in 1882, and the dramatic poem, "Michael Angelo," issued in 1883. It may look from this showing as if Longfellow was a voluminous writer. Yet in truth he was not, as compared with Goethe, Schiller, Byron (who lived only half as long), Tennyson, or Browning. He wrote many pieces, but most of them are short. If the large print of the titles is omitted, the stanzas will be found not to occupy much space, his many years of life and his incessant industry being taken into account. He was very careful, and he had his moods.

"Alas! not always doth the breath of song
Breathe on us. It is like the wind that bloweth
At its own will, not ours, nor tarries long:
We hear the sound thereof, but no man knoweth
From whence it comes, so sudden and swift and strong,
Nor whither, in its wayward course, it goeth."

VII.

THE MAN.

No account of Mr. Longfellow as a poet would be adequate or even intelligible that did not insist on his character as of primary importance. First of all he was a PERSON, secondarily he was an artist in verse. His poetry was a reflection of himself, both in substance and in form. The very music of it flowed from the rhythmical element in his nature. The limitations of it were his own limitations; the charm of it was his own charm. It was not his case, as it is of so many, that his art was divorced from himself, the work from the workman, the sentiment from the principle; that deductions must be made on account of his daily life; that allowance must be put in for some infirmity of temper, or vice of disposition. He was faultless from the beginning, blameless according to the testimony of all men. What he preached he practised, and as a man of religious conviction. The lessons he inculcated, of patience, submission, hope, he had either inherited or learned. Had his lot been that of pain, want, struggle; had he been thrown with the vicious instead of the virtuous, the sceptical instead of the believing, the destructive instead of the conservative, there is no reason for thinking that his private qualities would have been different from what they were. He might have been less happy, he would not have been less pure, honest, manly, or simple. He was a man to honor and love. Yes, to be respected, even by those who regard felicity as a crime. Integrity, one may say, was his motto. The distinction between genius and character he could not comprehend.

"It is better," he says, "that men should soon make up their minds to be forgotten, and look about them, or within them, for some higher motive, in what they do, than the approbation of men, which is Fame, namely, their duty; that they should be constantly and quietly at work, each in his sphere, regardless of effects, and leaving their fame to take care of itself." Again, "Therefore should every man wait, — should bide his time, — not in listless idleness, — not in useless pastime, — not in querulous dejection; but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavors, always willing and fulfilling, and accomplishing his task, that when the occasion comes he may be equal to the occa-

sion. And if it never comes, what matters it?" And yet again, "You know I am no great admirer of the modern French school of writers. The tales of Paul de Kock seem to me like obscene stories told at dinner-tables. . . . The most prominent trait in the French character is love of amusement and excitement."

Mr. Longfellow was brought up under widening influences, and while the doctrinal portions of the creed were dropped as irreconcileable with the dictates of natural feeling, the spirit of implicit faith which it engendered remained with him to the last. The soul of his religion, which was a very real thing with him, was a hearty trust in divine providence.

> "Build on, and make thy castle high and fair,
> Rising and reaching upward to the skies;
> Listen to voices in the upper air,
> Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries."

And in the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," —

> "For others a diviner creed
> Is living in the life they lead,
> The passing of their beautiful feet
> Blesses the pavement of the street,
> And all their looks and words repeat
> Old Fuller's saying, wise and sweet,
> Not as a vulture, but a dove,
> The Holy Ghost came from above."

The ensuing "Tale" is called "Torquemada" and concludes as follows: —

> "But Torquemada's name, with clouds o'ercast,
> Looms in the distant landscape of the Past,
> Like a burnt tower upon a blackened heath,
> Lit by the fires of burning woods beneath!"

"To-day, to-morrow, every day, to thousands, the end of the world is close at hand. And why should we fear it? We walk here as it were in the crypts of life; at times, from the great cathedral above us, we can hear the organ and the chanting of the choir; we see the light stream through the open door, when some friend goes up before us; and shall we fear to mount the narrow staircase of the grave, that leads us out of this uncertain twilight into the serene mansions of the life eternal?" "Out of his old faith he had brought with him all he had found in it that was holy and pure and of good report. Not its bigotry, and fanaticism, and intolerance; but its zeal, its self-devotion, its heavenly aspirations, its human sympathies, its endless deeds of charity." This faith was to him genuine, no speculation but an element in his character, a part of his life. Hence his patience, his silent fortitude, his devotion to duty, his overflowing good-will, his forbearance, his uniform cheerfulness. He was unsectarian, and cherished the fair but delusive dream of the union of all sects in one comprehensive church of Christ whose attributes should be faith, hope, and love.

The lovely hymn written to be sung at his brother's ordination in Fall River in 1848 expresses the spirit of his faith. The writing of the verses was the more remarkable, as his brother belonged to the advanced school of thinkers, was a Radical, a believer in the "Sympathy of Religions," as it has been called.

It is almost needless to say that Mr. Longfellow's interest in speculative questions was not keen. The following words, put into Paul Flemming's mouth, declare as much: "I will add no more than this; — there are many speculations in literature, philosophy, and religion, which, though pleasant to walk in, and lying under the shadow of great names, yet lead to no important result. They resemble rather those roads in the Western forests of my native land, which, though broad and pleasant at first, and lying beneath the shadow of great branches, finally dwindle to a squirrel track and run up a tree."

The charity of the man was boundless, not merely in money but in sympathy, helpfulness, and patience. Many a young author blesses him for advice, encouragement, and substantial aid. The following extracts will give some idea of it. They are taken from the New York "Independent" of April 13, 1882.

"Most exquisite was his tender way of doing a kindness to others, as if he were receiving, instead of doing, the favor. It was this which constantly affected me with a sense of his goodness.

"My story is not a solitary one. I had come, a poor girl, to Boston, from a distant part of the country, a young writer and singer, teaching music to defray my expenses in the continuance of my studies, and writing bits for the several papers in the city. One day I visited an editor, with some verses of greater length than usual. He said: 'This is too long for a newspaper or magazine. Finish it, and then I want you to take it to Mr. Longfellow.' I

opened my eyes in wonder. 'I go to Mr. Longfellow!'

"I had never dreamed it possible that Mr. Longfellow would trouble himself about a perfect stranger, and I imagined the editor to be making sport of me and my poem. Three months later I yielded to a sudden impulse, and wrote Mr. Longfellow, and was invited to visit his home. The day was a golden one, for I found in him a calm, wise counsellor. Afterward fortune favored me, so that I drifted to foreign shores, to carry on my ambitious plans; and even then his thoughtful kindness followed me — now a word of encouragement, praise, or comfort, which he found time to give expression to, making its way across the Atlantic; ever suggesting, without seeming to do so, some subject for my pen; begging me at all times to write all about myself; and offering his help in any way that was possible.

"At one time his letters before me show him taking charge of a production of my pen to place it in the hands of the editor; at another, visiting the dusty office of the paper for which I was writing letters, to subscribe for it with his own hand; and the editor, who never expected such an honor to be paid his poor paper, immediately begs me to consider myself engaged to write the following year. Finally, when I chose an operatic career and made my *début* in Italy, where temptations are no longer temptations, but deliberately set nets of the most intricate description to waylay and trip the footsteps of the most clear-headed, he gave his warnings and suggestions very wisely and kindly. This friend of friends taught me to confide my trials to him, until I wrote as freely as if to the pages of my journal.

"Again and again would he give some little commission to do for him, as if it were granting him a great favor, while it is only his delicate way of presenting me to persons who might be interested in my struggles and prove themselves friends.

"Too proud to reply to his oft-repeated question of whether he might aid me, he finally visited some of my friends, to learn my exact needs; and then one New Year's morning I remember myself seated on the side of my bed, where letters have been brought to me, the tears rolling down my cheeks, for I feared I must yield to the inevitable and go home. "Only a little New Year's gift, that will serve to buy gloves," said his letter. Did he know that it was bread, not gloves, I feared I should need, and which his generous gift supplied?

"But I copy from these letters, my choicest treasure, a few paragraphs which will give an idea of his thoughtfulness and kindness. In one of his earlier letters he writes: —

'Your last letter in Italian showed your great progress in the language. But now I think it would be well to come back to English again; for one's pen gallops and gossips more easily in one's native language, and perhaps you would write oftener if you wrote in English. You can keep your Diary in Italian; and do not forget to put down everybody's name whom you care to remember. . . . Do not mind what I say about writing in Italian. Only write; and whether in English or not, your letters will always be welcome.'

"In another letter: —

'How kind of you to write me such a long letter. It has interested me extremely. But the next must be all about yourself. Not so much what you are doing, for I can imagine that; but what you are feeling and fearing, and hoping and desiring. In short, a picture of your inner self.

'Tell me, also, how I can be of aid and comfort to you, being assured of my constant wish and willingness to help you in all ways.'

"The next letter returns to the same point: —

'As I said in my last letter, I want to know more about yourself than about your surroundings, your studies, your voice, your music, and what you are thinking and hoping, and whether you are very ambitious to appear in opera or care more for the less exciting but safer church-choir and concert-room. Tell me of these things.'

"This bit is from another letter: —

'Your tour in Switzerland will be a great refreshment to you. But when one is sad and sorrowful there is a kind of terror in mountain scenery. I have often felt it.'

"His criticisms of a young author's work were tenderness itself and full of appreciating encouragement. When he made a criticism, it was so delicate as to be hardly felt. There was not a bit of severity intended in the following mention of a very immature and perhaps ambitious poetical venture.

'Your poem I read in the ——. It is a little bit mystical, but I had no great difficulty in understanding it. Now that you tell me where it was written it has a double interest for me.

'This brief note is another of my poor returns for your longer and better ones; but, if you saw the pile of unanswered letters heaped up around me, you would pardon and pity me.'

"In another letter he refers to another literary venture with similar delicacy: —

'I have read the first chapters of the story of —— ——. It begins well and makes me curious to have a key to the characters.

'Probably it is my fault; but there seems to be a little entanglement in the incidents. Nevertheless, the story is interesting and excites the reader's curiosity, which is a great point gained.'

"Equally kind and sympathetic is the following request: —

'You can imagine how very eager I am to hear all the particulars of your first appearance, and to know how you felt, and how you looked, and what the opera was, and whether you were frightened, and, in short, all about it. You must at once satisfy my curiosity and keep me informed of your doings.'

"The following was in response to some confidences such as I have referred to above: —

'I feel now, more than ever before, the dangers that surround you; but I am sure you will be strong and valiant. Instead of giving you good advice, I send you a song I wrote the other day. It has already been set to music two or three times; but that is no reason why you should not set it again, if you feel inclined to do so.'

The song is that beginning "Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest," the last verse of which is: —

'Then stay at home, my heart, and rest,
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky;
To stay at home is best.'

"Again he writes, speaking of an attempted injury: —

'Alas! an artist's life is never without its thorns; but it has its roses also. Above all, it has

'"*La procellosa e trepida*
Gioja d'un gran disegno
. . . . . *La gloria*
Maggior dopo il periglio
La fuga e la vittoria."'

"At another time he wrote: —

'I wonder where you are at this moment and what you are doing. You must be sleeping; for here it is nine o'clock at night and in Italy two in the morning.

'But are you still in Italy, or have you gone to Spain, as you hinted you might do? Whether in Italy or Spain, you are certainly at this moment asleep, and this letter is a kind of serenade sung under your window.'

"On one occasion, after giving decided advice against accepting an offer which would take me out of my chosen profession, he concluded, with his unfailing tender consideration: —

'I beg you, dear ——, not to feel wounded at my frank manner of speaking. I cannot speak otherwise and be true to myself and to you. And believe always in my unabated interest in your welfare and your success, and how truly I am your friend. H. W. L.'"

Instances of this kind were numerous. During his days of fame all sorts of people went to him to be furthered in their projects, and it may be safely said that none were ever sent away unheard, if not assisted. Doubtless many imposters thrust upon him their worthless claims. The intruders and bores must have been incessant. Mr. Charles E. Norton one day ventured to remonstrate against this persistent long-suffering, in the case of a shameless persecutor of this class. The poet replied: "Charles, who would be kind to him if I were not?" There is a story that I know to be true, of an unstable and eccentric genius who had worn out all his friends, and suddenly disappeared. "Have you seen him or heard of him lately?" said one of his benefactors to another. "No, nor do I know where he is," was the reply. "Have you any idea who helps him?" said the interrogator. "Not the least, unless it may be Professor Longfellow. Everybody else has got out of patience with him." Even the wretched tramp was not turned away empty. "I say, cap'n, hain't yer got a shirt yer can give a feller?" The good man goes up-stairs, finds a shirt, and brings it down to the applicant. "I say, cap'n, can't yer put a bit of paper round it?" The patient giver ties it up without expostulation or remark. Plainly Mr. Longfellow was not a disciple of the "scientific" doctrine respecting almsgiving and helping only those who are willing to help themselves.

His charity was spiritual as well as eleemosynary. The sweetness he manifested towards his critics, especially towards his persecutor, Edgar A. Poe, whose vituperation he pardoned but could not understand, is in all mouths. The most generous explanations were always on his lips. He was more than forgiving; he was gracious and pitiful, accounting for apparent malignity by some possible misconception or misfortune which the evil-speaker could not help. To well-grounded objection he was ever more than tolerant. He could even thank the man who convicted him of "grave historic crimes and misdemeanors," bearing no rancor in his breast.

This, it may be said, is no merit in one who is assured of his popularity. Such a man can afford to be magnanimous. Charity of all kinds comes easy to a rich and happy and

famous person. Such, perhaps, is the common impression, but it is not correct. Mr. Longfellow was probably never rich as a man of letters. He, from this source alone, it is likely, at no time earned more than a competency. His generosity was quite as great as his ability in all parts of his career, and he was obliged to deny himself something in order to be munificent to others. He was compelled to work that his beneficiaries might be comfortable.

Then reputation brings its penalties, sometimes severe ones. The sufferings of poverty and obscurity are appreciated by all. They are visible. They appeal to the senses. They are pains and deprivations. They suggest the privileges of others who are more fortunate. But the happy, if they are conscientious or sensitive, are open to visitations of trouble which are peculiar to their condition. They are subject to appeals for sympathy and aid, to which they do not always know how to respond. They must consider as well as compassionate, — consider in order to compassionate rightly. They must bear the vexation of being imposed upon, or of doubting whether they are imposed upon or not, or of mastering the tendency to misanthropy which is often so hard to overcome. Theirs is the temptation to disbelieve in many which is but the other side of the unhappy man's disbelief in God. Theirs is the responsibility of life, the responsibility for duty, not less than for charity, the responsibility for faith and hope and love; a fearful responsibility it is. No doubt Mr. Longfellow frequently envied the poor wretch he assisted, thinking an exchange of care might be a relief by throwing upon the body the burden that oppressed the mind.

After all, sorrow is sorrow, and disappointment is disappointment, and trouble is trouble. None are exempt from affliction. At the height of his bliss, Mr. Longfellow was nearly prostrated, and would have been crushed but for his fortitude, courage, and patience; virtues that no mortal can afford to be without, neither the richest nor the poorest. His manner of meeting the terrible calamity of his wife's death by fire makes us regard him as almost a saint. Certainly his submission has never been surpassed. Nothing short of an implicit faith in the heavenly will can quite explain that silence which was so full of God. Unless he poured out his heart in one of the poems written for himself alone, the grief was confined absolutely to his private bosom.

He had a genius for friendship. The death of Agassiz, of Sumner, was agony to him. Allusion has already been made to his feeling for them and for C. C. Felton; but even such expressions as he used in his poem about those friends do but feeble justice to the loyalty and intimacy of his affection. Could his old intimate, George Washington Greene, have told his confidential communications, the substance of numerous talks and letters, an impression of the depth and tenderness of the poet's soul would be given such as nothing else can convey. But alas! knowledge of this kind cannot be imparted. Mr. Greene's bodily and mental powers were sufficient, but here was an inward life which no material medium might impart, and the material medium alone was all that remained. An intimate friend may well have shrunk from such a task.

In his early years at Cambridge, the literary celebrities of the day, Prescott, the historian; George S. Hillard, the critic, essayist, man of elegant taste; George Ticknor, the professor and author; Dr. Howe, the philanthropist, were often in his society. The following letter from Mr. Charles Lanman tells of his interest in later acquaintances.

During the summer of 1873, while spending a few weeks at Indian Hill, in Massachusetts, the delightful residence of Ben: Perley Poore, it was again my privilege to meet Mr. Longfellow. He had come down from Nahant, with his friend Charles Sumner, for the purpose of visiting, for the first time, the Longfellow homestead in Newbury. After that visit he came by invitation, with the senator, to Indian Hill, where they enjoyed an early dinner and a bit of old wine, after which Mr. Poore took us all in his carriage on a visit to the poet John G. Whittier, at Amesbury. The day was charming, the route we followed was down the Merrimack and very lovely, and the conversation of the lions was of course delightful. We found Mr. Whittier at home, and it was not only a great treat to see him there, but a noted event to meet socially and under one roof three such men as Whittier, Sumner, and Longfellow. The deportment

of the two poets was, to me, most captivating. The host, in his simple dress, was as shy as a schoolboy, while Mr. Longfellow, with his white and flowing hair and jolly laughter, reminded me of one of his own vikings; and when Mr. Whittier brought out and exhibited to us an antislavery document which he had signed forty years before, I could not help recalling some of the splendid things which that trio of great men had written on the subject of slavery. The drive to Newburyport, whence Mr. Sumner and Mr. Longfellow were to return to Nahant, was no less delightful than had been the preceding one; and the kindly words which were spoken of Mr. Whittier proved that he was highly honored and loved by his noted friends, as he is by the world at large. Before parting from Mr. Longfellow he took me one side and spoke with great interest of the old homestead he had that morning visited, and expressed a wish that I should make a sketch of it for him, as it was then two hundred years old and rapidly going to decay. On the following morning I went to the spot and complied with his request; a few weeks afterward I sent him a finished picture of the house, not forgetting the well-sweep and the old stone horse-block, in which he felt a special interest; and he acknowledged the receipt of the picture in these words: —

CAMBRIDGE, *October* 18, 1873.

MY DEAR SIR: — I have had the pleasure of receiving your very friendly note, and the picture of the old homestead at Newbury, for both of which I pray you to accept my most cordial thanks. Be assured that I value your gift highly and appreciate the kindness which prompted it and the trouble you took in making the portraits of the old house and tree. They are very exact, and will always remind me of that pleasant summer day and Mr. Poore's château and his charming family, and yours. If things could ever be done twice over in this world, which they cannot, I should like to live that day over again.

With kind regards to Mrs. Lanman, not forgetting a word and a kiss to your little Japanese ward (Ume Tsuda), I am, my dear sir, yours truly,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

When the poem of "Kéramos" was published in November, 1877, I had a translation made into Japanese of that portion of it alluding to Japan, and forwarded it to the poet with an explanation as to how the transformation had taken place; the young gentleman who made the translation having been Mr. Amano Koziro, then of the Japanese legation. The acknowledgment sent me by Mr. Longfellow was as follows: —

CAMBRIDGE, *November* 23, 1877.

MY DEAR SIR: — I have this morning had the pleasure of receiving your letter, and the Japanese version of a portion of "Kéramos" which you were kind enough to send me, and for which I beg you to accept my cordial thanks. I shall put it away with "The Psalm of Life" written in Chinese on a fan. What I should like now is a literal retranslation of the Japanese into English.

In the introduction there is a slight error which is worth correcting. It is the Poet, not the Potter, who takes the aerial flight and in imagination visits far-off lands. Also, Kéramos is rather potter's earth than earthenware. But the difference is slight, and hardly worth noticing unless one wishes to be very particular.

You will rejoice as I do in the complete vindication of Sumner's memory from the imputations so recklessly cast upon it.

With great regard, yours very truly,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

In November, 1881, when my work entitled "Curious Characters and Pleasant Places" was published in Edinburgh, because of the fact that it contained a chapter on Anticosti, where Mr. Longfellow's first American ancestor lost his life (he who had built the Newbury homestead), I sent him a copy, and in my note I asked him for his views on the propriety of printing the private letters of living men without their consent. I had noticed in Barry Cornwall's autobiography several of Mr. Longfellow's own letters, and as I was then examining the very interesting correspondence of the late Professor Samuel Tyler, with a view to publication, I desired to be fortified with the poet's opinion, and the result of my application was as follows: —

CAMBRIDGE, *December* 3, 1881.

DEAR MR. LANMAN: — I was very glad to get your letter and the copy of your "Recollections." It is a handsome volume, and most inviting in appearance. I shall read it with the greatest interest, as soon as I am able to read anything, but at present I am confined to my room by illness. A trouble in the head which prevents continuous attention to anything. I hope this will soon pass away and all be right again.

The publication of private letters of living persons is certainly a delicate question. It is, however, universally practised in biographies. One must be guided by the importance of the letters themselves. I should omit everything that could in any way compromise the writer, as I see by your letter you would. There

are letters that do honor to the writer and the receiver. These certainly should not be omitted.

Meanwhile, accept my sincere and cordial thanks for your kind remembrance, and believe me,

Yours faithfully,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The foregoing letter was among the last written by Mr. Longfellow, and the brief allusion to his illness, as we read it to-day, has a pathos allied to some of his saddest poems. CHARLES LANMAN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *April* 12, 1882.

In a word, Longfellow's sweetness of disposition was unutterable. A description of his visit to Wellesley College one summer day of 1877, in company with James T. Fields, is brimming over with delight at his simple, unaffected geniality. He read a poem; he wrote his name in albums; he said pleasant and humorous things; he was interested in the pursuits of the young ladies. On his seventy-fifth birthday there was a stir in seminaries and schools. At the Perkins Institute for the Blind, in South Boston, founded by Dr. Howe and now superintended by his son-in-law, Mr. Anagnos, there were flowers, and speeches, and recitations. A picture of the poet and his home occupied prominent places on the wall of the chapel, which was handsomely decorated for visitors and guests. A dialogue was arranged to pay honor to the aged poet, and selections from his pieces, printed in raised letters were distributed among the pupils.

Longfellow's love for children has become proverbial. His affection for his own daughters,

"Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair,"

is not exaggerated in the lovely poem, "The Children's Hour," while his sentiment towards childhood is none too strongly expressed in his charming stanzas called "Children." To see him with his grandchild in his arms was to see him as he was. On his seventy-second birthday, the children of Cambridge presented him with the celebrated chair which has been so often described, which occupies a place in the poet's study, and which was acknowledged by the verses, "From My Arm Chair." The chair bore the loving inscription, —

To
THE AUTHOR
of
THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH,
This chair, made from the wood of the
spreading chestnut-tree,
is presented as
An expression of grateful regard and veneration by
The children of Cambridge,
Who with their friends join in best wishes
and congratulations
on
This Anniversary.
February 27, 1879.

In 1880, when the city of Cambridge celebrated the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the town, December 28th, there was a children's festival at Sanders' Theatre in the morning, and the chair stood on the platform in full view of the thousand children assembled. Mr. George Riddle read the poem; then, to the surprise of all, for the dear man's aversion to public appearances was well known, the poet himself came forward and made this charming little speech: —

"My dear young Friends, — I do not rise to make an address to you, but to excuse myself from making one. I know the proverb says that he who excuses himself accuses himself, and I am willing on this occasion to accuse myself, for I feel very much as I suppose some of you do when you are suddenly called upon in your class-room, and are obliged to say that you are not prepared. I am glad to see your faces and to hear your voices. I am glad to have this opportunity of thanking you in prose, as I have already done in verse, for the beautiful present you made me some two years ago. Perhaps some of you have forgotten it, but I have not; and I am afraid — yes, I am afraid — that fifty years hence, when you celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of this occasion, this day and all that belongs to it will have passed from your memory: for an English philosopher has said that the ideas as well as children of our youth often die before us, and our minds represent to us those tombs to which we are approaching, where though the brass and marble remain, yet the inscriptions are effaced by time, and the imagery moulders away."

After the presentation of the chair, no children who came to the house were refused admission. The children felt that Mr. Long-

fellow belonged to them, and he, on his part, encouraged the belief. Many pretty stories are told illustrating this reciprocal feeling; perhaps the prettiest is that repeated often from the lips of Mr. Luigi Monti.

"On Christmas day, as he was walking briskly toward the old historic house, he was accosted by a girl about twelve years old, who inquired the way to Longfellow's home. He told her it was some distance down the street, but if she would walk along with him he would show her. When they reached the gate she said: 'Do you think I can go in the yard?' 'Oh, yes,' said Signor Monti. 'Do you see the room on the left? That is where Martha Washington held her receptions a hundred years ago. If you look at the window on the right you will probably see a white-haired gentleman reading a paper. Well, that will be Mr. Longfellow.'

"As Signor Monti drew near the house, he saw Mr. Longfellow standing with his back against the window, his head, of course, out of sight. When he went in, the kind-hearted Italian said: 'Do look out of the window and bow to that little girl, who wants to see you very much.' 'A little girl wants to see me very much? Where is she!' He hastened to the door, and, beckoning with his hand, called out: 'Come here, little girl; come here if you want to see me.' She needed no second invitation, and, after shaking her hand and asking her name, he kindly took her into the house, showed her the chair made from the village smithy's chestnut tree and presented to him by the Cambridge children, and the beautiful pictures and mementoes gathered in many years of foreign residence. That child will carry all of her life delightful memories of her Christmas call at Mr. Longfellow's."

This instance was one of many. There is a story of a boy who brought his new album in perfect confidence that Mr. Longfellow would write his name in it, as he did most obligingly. There is another story, more comprehensive in its bearing, of a scholar at a Sunday-school who, when asked by the pastor what books were best worth reading, replied without a misgiving, "The poems of Mr. Longfellow." Was she so far wrong?

Longfellow had a keen sense of humor. He could take in the grotesque points of a situation. In "Hyperion" one may find four lines on the "Raven" hotel at Zürich, written in the Traveller's Book at Schaffhausen, as we are there told: —

> "Beware of the Raven of Zürich!
> 'T is a bird of omen ill;
> With a noisy and an unclean nest,
> And a very, very long bill."

It is recorded of him that, on visiting a certain house one day, it was his misfortune to have on a pair of creaking boots. The next day his card was left at the door, with these lines: —

> "I knew by the boots that so terribly creaked
> Along the front entry a stranger was near.
> I said, 'If there 's grease to be found in the world,
> My friend from the East stands in need of it here."

The story is also told, that one day a nephew, who had come to call on him in a boat at Lynn, where he was staying with a friend, was upset and wet through. The host lent the drenched youth fresh clothes and a pair of slippers that were worn away. In a few days the slippers were returned by the poet with this stanza: —

> "Slippers that perhaps another
> Sailing o'er the Bay of Lynn,
> A forlorn and shipwrecked nephew,
> Seeing, may purloin again."

The stories may possibly be apocryphal, but they may be true, and they are characteristic.

He was fond of telling anecdotes like these: An Englishman without letters of introduction said, on coming into the room: "Is this Mr. Longfellow? ah, — as you have no *ruins* in your country, I — ah — thought I would call and see *you*."

A stranger who visited him at Newport remarked with enthusiasm: "Mr. Longfellow, I have long desired the honor of knowing you. Sir, I am one of the *few men* who have read your 'Evangeline.'"

An English lady on being introduced to him observed: "Why, Mr. Longfellow, I thought you were dead." "No madam, you see I take the liberty of living." "Yes — but I thought you belonged to *Washington's* time at least."

One morning a man pushed by the servant at the door, burst in upon the poet in his study, and without preface said: "Mr. Longfellow, you are a poet, I believe." "Well, sir, some persons have said so." "All right, Mr.

Longfellow! Poet it is! Now I 've called here to see if I could n't git you to write some poetry for me to have printed and stuck onto my medicine bottles. You see, I go round sellin' this medicine, and if you 'll do it, it 'll help immensely; and I 'll just tell you right now, if you 'll give me the poetry, I 'll give you a bottle of the carminative, — and it 's one dollar a bottle!" Mr. Winter, the poet, is responsible for this story, which he heard from Longfellow's own lips as he sat by the fire-place in the library back of the study. The comments must have been delicious, for the way of telling the anecdote added vastly to its effect, "Carminative!" "One dollar a bottle!"

The man's industry was incessant. He was an economist of moments. The acquirements that seemed so natural to him were the fruit of hard study. As a young man, in Paris, he lived in modest lodgings, saw few sights, went little to theatre or opera, made rare visits, Lafayette and Madame de Sailly being almost his only French acquaintances, had no companions save Pierre Irving, David Berdan, and a cousin, Dr. Storer, but devoted himself, with the aid of Levizac's grammar, Boniface's dictionary, and some good French author, to perfecting his knowledge of the language which already he was tolerably familiar with. The translation of Dante, so careful, painstaking, faithful, was accomplished by the slow accumulation of lines, the principle being to let no day pass without its contribution to the work; as much as ten minutes in the morning, if no more. He wrought his pieces over and over, revised and re-revised; did no hasty writing; never wrote to order; often left his verses in the drawer for months; would do nothing until his mind was set on fire by an idea; welcomed opportunities, but made them wait till he was ready. His was a literary conscience as well as a poetical genius. His habits were those of one who insisted on doing the best of which he was capable. He could be forbearing towards others; with himself he was exacting in all things, small or great. He remembered where everything was; he took care of things.

He was a man of strong opinions. Though seldom appearing before the public, taking no forward part in political affairs, never a leader or partisan, his convictions were deep and his feelings warm. In private conversation he expressed himself at times in unvarnished phrase on questions of local or national concern. He was frank and honest; no prevaricator or palterer. He had no talent for leadership; he was too modest to esteem his name a power; but he had his thoughts, and he had no scruple at expressing them when they were asked for.

Even at an advanced age it was his habit to rise early, eat a comparatively light breakfast, and then equip himself for walk, if the weather permitted. His gait was firm, his step elastic, his bearing upright; evidently he enjoyed the motion and relished exercise. In his later years, to the very last, indeed, he took pleasure in the theatre. He hoped that his "Masque of Pandora" would be successful on the stage, actually took steps towards it. In fact the piece was brought out at the Boston Theatre, on the 10th of January, 1881, with music by Alfred Cellier, but it did not succeed. When Signor Rossi was acting in Boston during the autumn of 1881, he occupied, one evening, a box with his friend, Luigi Monti, and was as hearty in his demonstrations of applause as any spectator in the house.

Mr. Longfellow looked the poet and the man he was. There was a striking likeness between the youth and the patriarch. There was the same bright eye, the same fresh complexion, the same hearty expression of voice and manner. Age, of course, left its marks upon him, whitened his hair, drew lines about his eyes and cheeks, took the color from his cheek, but it added dignity and majesty to his appearance. His look became at once softer and loftier. His hair fell in more impressive masses, while a thick beard gave a picturesque setting to the face. His lips were full and sensitive, his tones mellow and rich. He was about middle height, rather under it, perhaps; but like his ancestor, Peleg Wadsworth, he looked taller than he was, owing to his straight bearing. His form was light and compact, his carriage buoyant. Artists and women delighted in his aspect. The most elaborate account of his physiognomy is from the pen of a woman who was prepared to sing in the "Masque of

Pandora." He was undoubtedly a singularly handsome man, a certain strength of contour and strongly marked features at all ages of life redeeming the countenance from everything like effeminacy.

Mr. Longfellow was not averse to pleasant words in public or private. There is no reason why he should have been. He was famous, and could not but know it. He had genius, as all the world acknowledged. He was by nature sympathetic and responsive, always courteous and accessible. He was destitute of exclusiveness. He loved his kind, and on every occasion did his utmost to please them. That his goodness was taken advantage of by flatterers of both sexes is certain; goodness like his always is taken advantage of; but in his case it was goodness still, — a wish to gratify others, not a greedy passion to delight himself. The virtue of humility, that "base of all the virtues," he possessed.

There are many portraits of Longfellow, none of them quite satisfactory, but all with good points. Lawrence, Healy, Marshall, Buchanan Read have done well. The line engraving that W. E. Marshall made from his own showy painting was signed by Mr. Longfellow himself among his last performances in that way; he writing his name on more than a thousand impressions not long before he died. The main features of the face and head are familiar through likenesses published in popular journals after his death. Mr. Piatt, the poet, recalled a full length engraving of Mr. Longfellow in "Graham's Magazine" of May, 1843. Early portraits are in existence in Portland and Boston. The Portland home possesses a portrait painted by Badger about 1830. Now and then certain features were grotesquely caricatured, as might have been expected, but in the main the manly, open, noble face was fairly presented. The spirit of the man was preserved. The earliest oil painting of the poet was done when he was professor at Bowdoin College; the latest was also executed for Bowdoin by his son Ernest, who had painted one in 1876. Healy's picture is in Boston, and there is one, perhaps there are two in Philadelphia. There are six portraits in his house at Cambridge, three of them in crayon. The photographs are numberless, and cannot be mentioned. But the sun has no soul; and correct as most of these are, they fail to present the inside of the man.

VIII.

APOTHEOSIS.

Mr. Longfellow's health was usually good. Though not robust, his constitution was elastic, and by proper care was equal to any strain that he put on it. He was never seriously ill. Exercise in the open air, simple habits of living, cheerfulness, freedom from injurious excitements, the pursuit of congenial aims, preserved him from disease. He seemed, and was to all appearance, a privileged mortal, almost his whole life through. On his seventy-fourth birthday, as he sat with his family and a few chosen friends at his dinner-table, he said, "There seems to me a mistake in the order of the years. I can hardly believe that the four should not precede the seven." In July, 1875, the poet went to Brunswick to meet his remaining classmates, and read his "Morituri Salutamus" on the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation, and his voice was firm, his form erect, his manner as attractive as ever. But when the Maine Historical Society celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday with loving admiration, addresses by old friends, reviews of the past, gratitude for the present, hopeful confidence in the future, he could not be present; could only send a telegram expressing cordial thanks and gratitude for the tribute of remembrance. He had been troubled with ailments before, especially with neuralgia. His digestion had become impaired; still there was nothing to cause serious uneasiness to himself or others. But Mr. C. E. Norton, who knew him well testifies that in the year following his seventy-fourth birthday he experienced "the pains and

languor and weariness of age." On one of Mr. Norton's last visits, in response to the greeting, "I hope this is a good day for you," the poet answered, with a pleasant smile, "Ah! there are no good days now."

Still, there were no apprehensions. In the sunny days of the early spring he went out on the sheltered piazza for his usual air and exercise. Only a few days before he died, he walked about his grounds, not, of course, with his old elasticity, but as if it gave him pleasure. His son-in-law, it is said, meditated a trip to Europe, nothing in the poet's condition making such a step unwarrantable. But on Saturday evening there was a chill, and at night there were symptoms of inflammation in the bowels. On Sunday sleep was obtained only by the action of opiates. On Monday his state was so serious that the physicians thought it wise to give the alarm to the family and immediate friends. By Wednesday all seemed so promising that it was confidently hoped the danger was passed. There was no more pain; the patient was conscious; the bright smile came back to his face. On Thursday he had a relapse. In the evening he rallied again, but fell away toward morning, and by daylight was all but speechless. The breathing was labored. During Friday forenoon he lay in a kind of stupor, occasionally moving as if in pain. At ten minutes past three he died peacefully, with his family and a few friends by his bedside. It was the twenty-fourth day of March, 1882.

Now ensued something like a transfiguration. The news of the poet's death gave a shock of surprise to the whole community. A spasm of loving gratitude stirred all hearts. On Saturday flags were hung at half-mast. On Sunday morning the pastors of all the churches spoke tenderly of him to sympathizing congregations. Emblems of mourning were displayed from many dwellings. Portraits and engravings appeared at shop windows. On the afternoon of Sunday a great crowd flocked to Cambridge in the hope of witnessing the last rites. But the funeral services were held at the house, in presence of a company of forty or fifty persons. Emerson was there from Concord, Curtis from Staten Island, while Boston sent a distinguished company of poets, divines, professors, men and women of letters, physicians, teachers, all filled with admiration and affection. The poet's brother, Samuel, then a minister in Germantown, Pennsylvania, conducted the simple ceremony, after which the body was conveyed to Mount Auburn, its final resting-place. The day was as unlike the poetry and life of the dead singer as could be imagined. Nature had no tears for her departed child. The wind blew in bitter gusts; flurries of snow were in the air; the sky was gloomy with clouds; the branches of the trees creaked dismally; the withered leaves of the previous autumn rustled in the blast. But he was at peace. His grave, situated on a hillside on Indian Ridge Path, looks out on the blue hilltops of Arlington Heights, and down on the cemetery lake. Soon the trees were green and the singing of birds made glad the singer's resting-place.

In the mean time Appleton Chapel was filling up. The President of Bowdoin College came early. There were few floral decorations, only a large harp with broken strings which leaned against the altar. Professor J. K. Paine presided at the organ; the Harvard Glee Club sang "Beati sunt mortui"; the Rev. Francis Peabody read inspiring words from Scripture and from the poet's own verse; the Rev. Carroll Everett gave an admirable address, which is printed in full as expressing fitly the scope and tendency of the poet's genius.

"In this service of sympathy and reverent sorrow it is a moving and inspiring thought that the feelings which drew us here are shared by multitudes wherever the English tongue is spoken. Many share them to whom the songs of our poet are known only in what is to them a foreign speech. It shows our civilization in one of its most interesting aspects, that feelings so profound, so pure, should fascinate such a large portion of the world to-day. Here is no dazzling position; here is no startling circumstance. A simple life has uttered itself in song; men listened, rejoiced, and loved, and now they mourn; yet for us there is a deeper sorrow. While others mourn the poet who is gone, we mourn the man who was our townsman, who was our neighbor, who was our friend. We knew the simple beauty of his life; we knew its truth, its kindness, its helpfulness, its strength. We could not, indeed, separate from our thought of him

the knowledge of his fame and of his genius. We saw him bear the honors of the world more easily than many bear the triumphs of our ordinary life. Thus we knew and loved him, and thus we sorrow for him. But this difference of which I speak is, after all, one of degree. He poured himself into his songs, and wherever they went he was found with them, and in these others found the beauty of that spirit which was revealed to us in its nearer presence. Thus he drew very near to many hearts. Thus many who never looked upon his face feel to-day that they, too, have lost a friend. You remember how sweetly and gracefully he greets these unseen and unknown friends in the dedication of one of his books. He feels their presence, though he sees them not. He enters their very households, sure of a welcome. Thus he cries: —

> 'I hope, as no unwelcome guest,
> At your warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted,
> To have my place reserved among the rest.'

"The kindly request was heeded; he found a place in many households which he had never seen. And now, by many a fireside, it is almost as though there was one more 'vacant chair.'

"I have said he poured his life into his work. It is a singular fact, however, that the phase of life which furnishes the material of so large a portion of the poetry of the world, which many sing if they sing nothing else, he was content to utter in prose — if prose we must call the language of his romances. He seemed content to have scattered unbound the flowers of romantic love at the doors of the temple of his song. There is something strange, too, in the fascination which the thought of death has for so many generous youths. You remember that Bryant first won fame by a hymn to death, and so, I think, the first work of Longfellow which won recognition for him was that translation of those sounding Spanish lines which exalt the majesty of death and sing the shortness of human life. But the first song of his own which won the recognition of the world was not a song of death; it was a psalm of life. That little volume, 'Voices of the Night,' formed an epoch in our literary history. It breathed his whole spirit, his energy, his courage, his tenderness, his faith. It formed the prelude of all which should come after, and henceforth we find his whole life imaged in his verse. I do not mean that he tore open the heart or the home, but all is transfigured, enlarged, made universal, made the common property of all. We wander with him through foreign lands; he takes us with him into his studies. In his translations he gives us their fairest fruits. We hear with him the greeting of the new-born child; we are taken into the sacred joy of home; the merry notes of the children's hour ring upon our ears; we feel the pains of sorrow and of loss; we hear the prayer of elevated trust, and when age draws near at last, when the shadows begin to fall, then we share with him the solemnity and sublimity of the gathering darkness. The life which is thus imaged in these songs was one that was fitted for such use. I think we may look at it as one of the most rounded lives that ever has been lived upon earth, there seems so little that was lacking to its perfect completeness. I do not mean there was no sorrow in it. What life can be made perfect without it? What poet's life can be made complete without the experience of suffering? But from the very first his life flowed on its calm and even way. His first songs received the applause of the world, and the sympathy of men moved with him as he moved forward in his work. Travel in foreign lands enlarged his sympathies and added a picturesqueness to his poems which they otherwise might have lacked. The literature of all ages and nations was open to him, and he drew from all. It is said, I know, that thus he represents the culture of the past and of foreign lands; that he is not our poet, not American; but what is the genius of our country, what is American? Is it not the very genius of our nation, to bring together elements from far-off lands, fusing them into one and making a new type of man? The American poet should represent the genius of all lands. He must have no provincial muse. He must sing of the forest and of the sea, but not of these alone. He must be 'heir of all the ages.' He must be the representative of all the culture of all time. He must absorb all things into himself and stand free, strong, able, a man as simple as though he had never strayed beyond his native woods. He must, in other words, be like our Longfellow. When what we may call his preparation was completed, his life flowed on its course, gathering only greater and calmer feelings as it flowed. His age was as beautiful as his manhood and his youth. 'Morituri Salutamus,' that marvellous poem, is, perhaps, the grandest hymn to age that was ever written. Death is no distant dream, as it was when those sounding Spanish lines fell from his pen; he feels its shadows; he feels that the end is drawing near; but there he stands, strong and calm, with sublime faith as at the first; he greets the present as he greeted the past; he gathers from the coming of age, from approaching night, not a signal for rest, but a new summons to activity. He cries: —

> 'It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late
> Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.'

"And so he takes up his glad work again, and I

think some of his sweetest and deepest songs date from this latest period, such as that graceful poem to Tennyson, that chivalrous greeting from one son of song to another, and that tender message that he sent to Lowell across the seas, in 'The Herons of Elmwood.' There comes in a little playfulness, too, of which there is not much in his earlier songs.

"His was a calm, loving age, full of activity, confidence, and peace. He writes upon his latest volume those words that mark the end of his career, and his labors are at an end. The 'Ultima Thule' has been reached. The world's love gathered about him as he lived, and its homage was breathed into his ear. On his last birthday there was paid to him an ovation given to few living. From the home of his youth in Maine came greetings; children's voices, those which were ever most welcome to his ear, joined in the acclaim. Thus the story of his life was completed. His last book had been written and marked by him as his last; the final greeting of the world had been uttered to him, and he passed away. He passed away. I think we have not yet learned the meaning of those words. I think we do not yet quite feel them. We still half think we may sometimes meet him in his familiar haunts. Does not this protest of the heart contain a truth? His spirit, as we trust, has been called to higher service; yet he had given himself unto the world, he had breathed himself into his songs; in them he is with us still. Wherever they go, as they wander through the world, he will be with them, a minister of love; he will be by the side of youth, pointing to heights as yet unscaled, bidding him have faith and courage; he will be with the wanderer in foreign lands, making the beauty that he sees more fair; he will be with the mariner on the seas; he will be in the quiet beauty of home; he will be by the side of the sorrowing heart, pointing to a higher faith. When old age is gathering about the human soul he will be there to inspire courage still, to cry, 'For age is opportunity no less than youth itself.' Thus will he inspire in all faith and courage, and point all to those two sources of strength that never fail — 'Heart within and God o'erhead.'"

The daily papers all over the country contained biographical notices of Mr. Longfellow, accompanied with attempts more or less successful to assign his place among native and foreign bards. So far as I have seen, these notices were eulogistic, most of them extremely so. At the monthly meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, held on April 13th, Dr. George E. Ellis, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Professor Norton, and Mr. William Everett paid touching tributes to the dead poet. At the meeting of the Maine Historical Society, on May 25th, the following resolutions were presented: —

"*Resolved*, That the Maine Historical Society, honored in counting among its members the illustrious poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, lately deceased, desire to join their fellow countrymen everywhere in paying their tribute of gratitude and admiration for those productions of his genius which have made his name immortal.

"*Resolved*, That while death has removed from association with living men his revered presence, and, so far as can be seen, has arrested that assiduous labor which has so enriched the pages of permanent literature, it has extended his fame, and brought to millions who had not known him an appreciation of the nobility of his nature and the purity of his life.

"*Resolved*, That the society whose office it is to cherish the memory of the men of Maine who in literature, science, politics, war, business enterprise, and the inventive arts have shed lustre upon our history, acknowledge the indebtedness of our citizens to Longfellow for the honor his long and brilliant career in the highest departments of creative art has conferred upon our country, and especially upon our State that gave him birth.

"*Resolved*, That the secretary be requested to communicate, with a copy of these resolutions, the respectful sympathy of this society to the family of the distinguished deceased."

In Great Britain all the leading papers paid tribute to Longfellow. The "Times" said: —

"The news of Longfellow's death will be read with deep regret wherever the English language is spoken. The death of no literary Englishman could excite more genuine sorrow than that of the much-loved author of 'Evangeline.' He will be no more sincerely lamented in America than in this country."

The "News" said: —

"Longfellow's death will be lamented in every English home. His verses are not likely to die out of English literature for many generations to come."

The "Daily Telegraph" said: —

"The place Longfellow occupies in English literature is decidedly bright. He is almost as well-known and widely read in England as in America. His influence has been wholly good. As long as the Eng-

lish language lasts, his works will be quoted as models of simplicity of style and purity of thought."

The "Standard" said: —

"Longfellow commands a wider audience among our people than any poet of his age save, perhaps, Tennyson."

On the continent of Europe the sensation was equally strong. The French papers especially were demonstrative. One of them expressed its admiration in the following effusive strain: —

"Longfellow is no more.

"He first filled the New World with the vibrations of lyric poetry.

"His Muse was crowned with the pink lianas of the virgin forest, and soared aloft with the blue bird of Meschacébé. There was an amplitude as of condor wings in her angel-flight. A flame of liberty and love, innocent faith and savage pride, filled her soul.

"Through his songs, in the ecstacy of his 'Excelsior,' one inhales the breeze that blows over desert prairies, perfumed with the breath of unknown flowers, the wind that is cooled by its passage over the great lakes, and embalms the immensities untrodden by the foot of man.

"All the melancholy splendors of solitudes beam in the creations of Longfellow.

"The author of 'Evangeline' was the Lamartine of America, who rejuvenated the poetry of the Old World through contact with virgin nature.

"Some of his works have been translated into French by M. Xavier Marmier with exquisite art and conscientious fidelity."

Other writers were more discriminating. M. Scherer had a good many words of just praise. M. Leon Quesnel wrote: —

"Chaste, pure, and pensive, his Muse always seems to us a beautiful maiden, becomingly and elegantly robed, refined, polished, attractive, and endowed with the divine gift of eternal youth. No poem of Longfellow's will ever be old-fashioned. His poems are the especial favorites of women who appreciate the delicacy of his sentiments and the chasteness of his language. They are also more susceptible than men of being influenced by his subtle charm. . . . But he is not, if loved by ladies, a ladies' poet. There is no artificial scent about him. If there had been, Baudelaire would not have cared to translate many of his verses in 'The Flowers of Evil.'"

M. Louis Depret, the translator of the "Belfry of Bruges" and other pieces, thinks that the American poet has too keen a sense of ideal beauty ever to grow antiquated, and believes he will always remain one of the most universally interesting of literary figures. In his judgment, Longfellow had a dual nature. He was original and natural; he was a New-Englander among New-Englanders, and still he had a faculty for entering into the heart of Old World tongues, literatures, fine arts, modes, and manners. He was a beautiful echo at times of the archaic poets of Europe. He had the tastes of a scholar and the sensibilities which belong to the children of a young civilization. There was never a more elegant scholar, and yet no primitive man ever listened with more reverent attention to the voices of the forest. The American poet, he avers, had an exceedingly fine ear. At the Théâtre Français he observed that the French language, as well as the manner of pronouncing it, had undergone a change between 1829 and 1869.

The Roman Catholics were always interested in Longfellow on account of his freedom from the sectarian spirit. The first in the series of sonnets entitled "Divina Commedia" is, naturally, a favorite with them, and is quoted in a German paper.

"Oft have I seen at some cathedral door
A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er;
Far off the noises of the world retreat;
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an undistinguishable roar.
So, as I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait."

Cardinal Wiseman, alluding to Longfellow, is recorded as saying: —

"Whether we are charmed by his fancy, fascinated by his melodious numbers, exalted by the high moral teaching of his pure Muse, or whether we follow with compassionate hearts the wanderings of Evangeline, I am sure, at all events, that as many as hear my voice will unite with me in paying the highest tribute to the genius of Longfellow."

The choicest of the English people, nobles,

peers, men of letters, poets, petitioned that a memorial of some kind should be erected in Westminster Abbey, in order that the name of our poet might be associated with the most distinguished of the nation, and might show to all men that England and America were one at heart. Nothing was wanting that could give dignity or grace to the request. The Prince of Wales lent his influence to the scheme. The Earl of Granville, at the head of a large and distinguished delegation, waited on the Dean of Westminster with the request. The Dean promptly and cordially complied. The sum of money required is already raised; the spot is chosen; the artist is selected; and before many months have elapsed a suitable monument will be erected among the great poets, to the man who threw such golden lustre on the English as well as on the American name.

It is quite natural that the English people, especially the noble and intellectual order of them, should welcome those traits in Longfellow which, to an aggressive democracy, may be objectionable; his reverence for the Past, his love of European learning and taste, his serene acquiescence in the established order of Providence, his freedom from the spirit of denial and scepticism in regard to religious ideas, the sweet, gracious character of his verse. The increasing familiarity with Europe, the respect for the old countries that is taking possession of the American people, the temper of mild conversation that is stealing over our communities, may, perhaps, in time overcome a part of their objections by reconciling the more indifferent of Americans to Longfellow's foreign dispositions. How far the growing tendency to religious doubt may extend among the readers of his poetry and undermine their tranquil faith in spiritual things, it is at present impossible to tell. A reaction may come, but will it stop at his calm equipoise of trust? If not, his popularity must temporarily decline. That it will fall away permanently one cannot believe who believes in the wonted instincts of human nature. So long as suffering, disappointment, effort, sorrow, death, are universal experiences, the sentiments belonging to them will be universal too; and he who has given most ample, varied, pathetic, simple, and sincere expression to them will be listened to with affectionate interest. The time is not likely to come when men and women will cease to weep, to strive, or to love. Such experiences outlast unbelief in God and immortality, and will make their voice heard above the din of changing years.

ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

The List of Illustrations which stands at the beginning of this volume contains the name of the artist and of the engraver in each case, and in several instances gives special information regarding the original from which portraits and other historical memorials have been taken. There are, however, some facts concerning the illustrations which could not thus be given and serve to indicate the relation which the designs bear to the poetry and the material from which they have been studied.

Page 938. The original from which the portrait of Mr. Fields was copied is a photograph taken by the very successful amateur photographer, Mr. Cameron, of London, and chosen by Mrs. Fields as the most satisfactory likeness which remained.

Page 955. In this illustration the artist has endeavored to give a reminiscence of Rome containing characteristic points, rather than any single point of view.

Page 957. The head of Michael Angelo in the centre is from the print by Bonasoni.

Page 960. This portrait is a study from a steel engraving of Sebastian's painting, St. Agatha, which is accepted as a likeness of Julia Gonzaga.

Page 963. In this composition the portrait of Vittoria Colonna was taken from a sketch attributed to Michael Angelo; that of Michael Angelo is studied from Bonasoni. The figure follows the description given by Michael Angelo's contemporaries, Condivi and Vasari.

Page 971. For the likeness of Valdesso there is no authority, and the conception is therefore the artist's.

Page 976. This is the head attributed to Michael Angelo as a portrait of Vittoria Colonna. There is still some doubt among critics as to the truth of this attribution.

Page 977. The likeness of Vittoria Colonna is taken from Sebastian's portrait; that of Michael Angelo follows no single authority, but is studied from a comparison of authentic portraits.

Page 979. The original of this head was drawn in black chalk by Michael Angelo. It is considered by many authorities to be a study from Vittoria Colonna.

Page 981. The figures, as well as the central head and bust, are from the works of Michael Angelo. They represent slaves, and were originally intended, with four others, to serve as Caryatides at the base of the Mausoleum of Julius II. These two were given by Michael Angelo to Robert Strozzi and by him to Francis I., who afterward gave them to the Constable Montmorency. They passed through various other hands, and at length in the year 1793 they were rescued from neglect and dirt by M. Lenoir, the founder of the Musée des Monumens Français where they now remain.

Page 999. D'Ollanda's portrait of Michael Angelo, which forms the centre of the head-piece was made when the artist was a student at Rome.

Page 1017. Mr. Longfellow placed the interview which is here illustrated on Monte Luca with the valley of Clitumnus below:

> "Through openings in the trees I see below me
> The valley of Clitumnus, with its farms
> And snow-white oxen grazing in the shade
> Of the tall poplars on the river's brink."

A sketch of the valley from this point was made by the artist for the purposes of the picture here given.

Page 1019. A sketch of the Pieta upon which Michael Angelo was working at the time of his death, and which was left unfinished, occupies the central panel. The figure on the left represents Michael Angelo's famous statue of Moses, that on the right, the Virgin and Child now at Bruges, in the church of Notre Dame.

Page 1046. A sketch of Père la Chaise made by the artist at sunset formed the original of this design.

Page 1183. The sketch presented is rather an impression of the spot than an authentic landscape. The valley of the Rhine is seen in the distance.

Page 1211. The original of this engraving was an oil painting by Mr. Yewell, which was greatly admired by Mr. Longfellow.

Page 1293. This illustration of a New England winter's day is engraved by Mr. Kingsley without the intervention of any drawing upon the block. His graver was his pencil.

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